THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[illegible]eekly
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FEBRUARY 2, 1918

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THE LUCK PIECE—By Irvin S. Cobb. **BROKEN ICONS**—By William T. Ellis

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THE LUCK PIECE

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

UNTIL now Trencher—to give him the name by which of all the names he used he best was known—had kept his temper in hobbles, no matter what or how great the provocation. As one whose mode of livelihood was trick and device outside the law it had behooved him ever to restrain himself from violent outbreaks, to school and curb and tame his natural tendencies as a horsebreaker might gentle a spirited colt. A man who held his disposition always under control could think faster than any man who permitted his passions to jangle his nerves. Besides, he had the class contempt of the high-grade confidence man—the same being the aristocrat of the underworld—for the crude and violent and therefore doubly dangerous codes of the stick-up who is a highwayman; and the prowler, who is a burglar; and the yegg, who is a safe blower of sorts.

Until now Trencher had held fast by the self-imposed rules of his self-imposed discipline, and so doing had lived well and lived safe. It was an unfortunate thing all round that this little rat of a Sonntag had crossed him at an hour when he was profoundly irritated by the collapse of their elaborately planned and expensive scheme to divest that Cheyenne cattleman of his bank roll at the wire game. And it was a doubly unfortunate thing for Sonntag seeing that Sonntag had just been shot three times with his own automatic and was now dead or should be.

It was like Sonntag—and most utterly unlike Trencher—to whine over spilt milk and seek to shift the blame for the failure of their plot to any pair of shoulders rather than his own thin pair. And to the very life it was like Sonntag that at the climax of the quarrel he should have made a gun play. As Trencher now realized, it had been his mistake in the first place that he took Sonntag on for a partner in the thwarted operation; but it had been Sonntag's great, fatal mistake that he had drawn a weapon against a man who could think faster and act faster in emergencies than Sonntag ever had been able to do. Having drawn it Sonntag should have used it. But having drawn it he had hesitated for a space not to be measured in computable time—and that delay had been his undoing.

To the Best of Trencher's Belief There Had Been But One Possible Eyewitness to the Actual Shooting

The gun-pulling episode had taken place in Thirty-ninth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, but nearer Broadway than Sixth Avenue, at a moment when that block of Thirty-ninth Street was as near empty as ever it gets to be. The meeting in the darkened place, just where the portico at the side entrance of the old Jollity Theater, extending out across the sidewalk, made a patch of obscurity in the half-lit street, had been a meeting by chance so far as Trencher was concerned. He had not been looking for Sonntag; hadn't wanted to see Sonntag. Whether Sonntag had been seeking him was something which nobody probably would ever know this side the hereafter.

To the best of Trencher's belief there had been but one possible eyewitness to the actual shooting. Out of the tail of his eye, just before he and Sonntag came to grips, he had caught a glimpse of this surmisable third party. He had sensed rather than seen that an elderly bearded man, perhaps the watchman of the closed theater, passed along the sidewalk, going east. It was Trencher's impression that the man had gone on by without halting. However, on that point he could not be sure. What the onlooker had seen—if indeed there were an onlooker—could have been only this: Two men one fairly tall and dressed in a sprightly fashion, one short and dark, engaged in a vehement but whispered quarrel there in the cloaking shadow close up to the locked double doors of the Jollity; a sudden hostile move on the part of the slighter man, backing away and reaching for his flank; a quick forward jump by the taller man to close with the other; a short sharp struggle as the pair of them fought for possession of the revolver which the dark man had jerked from his flank pocket; then the tall man, victorious, shoving his antagonist clear of him and stepping back a pace; and on top of this the three sharp reports and the three little spurts of fire bridging the short gap between the sundered enemies like darting red hyphens to punctuate the enacted tragedy.

Now the tall man, the one conspicuously dressed, had been Trencher. The shooting accomplished he stood where he was only long enough to see Sonntag fold up and sink down in a slumped shape in the doorway. He had seen men, mortally stricken, who folded up in that very same way; therefore he appraised Sonntag as one already dead, or at least as one who would die very speedily.

As he stepped out across the sidewalk into the roadway he let the automatic fall alongside the curb. The instant he had done this the heat of his hate departed from him leaving him cool and clear-minded and alert. It was as though the hot fumes of rage had all evaporated from his brain in the same twentieth part of a second that he had spent in discarding the weapon. For the reason that he was again entirely himself, resourceful and steady, he did not fall into the error of running away. To run away in this instant was to invite pursuit. Instead he walked to the middle of the street, halted and looked about him—the picture of a citizen who had been startled by the sound of shots. This artifice, he felt sure, served to disarm possible suspicion on the part of any one of the persons who came hurrying up from east and west and from the north, across the street. Two or three of these first arrivals almost brushed him as they lunged past, drawing in toward the spot where Sonntag's doubled-up body made a darker blot in the darkened parallelogram beneath the portico.

Trencher had been in close places before now—close places when something smacking of violence had occurred—and he knew or felt he knew what next would happen to give him the precious grace of seconds and perhaps of minutes. Those who came foremost upon the scene would, through caution, hesitate for a brief space of time before venturing close up to where the hunched shape lay. Then having circled and drawn in about the victim of the shooting they would for another brief period huddle together, asking excited and pointless questions of one another, some of them perhaps bending down and touching the victim to see whether he lived, some of them looking round for a policeman, some of them doing nothing at all—except confusedly to get in the way of everybody else. This would be true of ninety-nine average individuals out of an average hundred of city population. But the hundredth man would keep his wits about him, seeking for the cause of the thing rather than concerning himself with the accomplished effect. For the moment it was this hundredth man Trencher would have to fear. Nevertheless, it would never do for him to show undue haste. Bearing himself in the manner of a disinterested citizen who had business that was not to be interfered with by street brawls, he turned away from the south, toward which he had been looking, shrugged his shoulders, and moving briskly, but without any seeming great haste, he made for the revolving door at the Thirty-ninth Street entrance to Wallinger's Hotel, diagonally across from the Jollity. With one hand on a panel of the door he stopped again and looked back.

Already, so soon, a crowd was gathering over the way—a little crowd—which at once inevitably would become a dense jostling crowd. A policeman, not to be mistaken even

at a distance of seventy feet or more for anyone but a policeman, had turned the corner out of Broadway and was running down the opposite pavement. The policeman's arrival was to be expected; it would be his business to arrive at the earliest possible moment, and having arrived to lead the man hunt that would follow. What Trencher, peering over his shoulder, sought for, was the hundredth man—the man who, ignoring the lesser fact of a dead body, would strive first off to catch up the trail of whosoever had done this thing.

Trencher thought he made him out. There was to be seen an elderly man, roughly dressed, possibly the same man whose proximity Trencher had felt rather than observed just before Sonntag made the gun play, and this man was half-squatted out on the asphalt with his back to where the rest circled and swirled about the body. Moreover, this person was staring directly in Trencher's direction. As Trencher passed within the revolving door he saw the man pivot on his heels and start at an angle toward the policeman just as the policeman was swallowed up in the rings of figures converging into the theater doorway.

If the policeman were of a common-enough type of policeman—that is to say, if he were the sort of policeman who would waste time examining Sonntag's body for signs of life and then waste more time asking questions of those who had preceded him to the place, and yet more time peering about for the weapon that had been used; or if, in the excitement with everybody shouting together, the one man who possibly had a real notion concerning the proper description of the vanished slayer found difficulty in securing the policeman's attention—why then, in any one of these cases, or better still, in all of them, Trencher had a chance. With a definite and intelligently guided pursuit starting forthwith he would be lost. But with three minutes, or two even, of delay vouchsafed him before the alarm took shape and purpose he might make it.

Accepting the latter contingency as the assured one he formed a plan instantaneously. Indeed, it sprang full-formed into his mind as the door swung round behind him. It added to the immediate difficulties of his present situation that he was most notably marked—by his garb. He had the dramatic sense well developed, as any man must have who succeeds at his calling. When Trencher played a part he dressed the part. In the staging of the plot for the undoing of the Cheyenne cattleman his had been the rôle of the sporting ex-telegraph operator, who could get "flashes" on the result of horse races before the names of the winners came over an imaginary tapped wire to the make-believe pool room where the gull was stripped; and he had been at some pains and expense to procure a wardrobe befitting the character.

The worst of it was that he now wore the make-up—the short fawn-colored overcoat with its big showy buttons of smoked pearl, the brown derby hat with its striking black band, and the pair of light-tan spats. Stripped of these things he would be merely a person in a costume in nowise to be distinguished from the costumes of any number of other men in the Broadway district. But for the moment there was neither opportunity nor time to get rid of all of them without attracting the attention that would be fatal to his prospects. Men who have nothing to hide do not remove spats in a hotel lobby, nor do they go about public places bareheaded in the nighttime. Now he could do but one thing to alter his appearance.

Midway of the cross hall which he had entered and which opened into the main lobby he slowed his gait long enough to undo the overcoat and slip out of it. The top button caught fast in its buttonhole, the coat being new and its buttonholes being stiff. He gave a sharp tug at the rebellious cloth, and the button, which probably had been insecurely sewed on in the first place, came away from its thread fastenings and lodged in the fingers of his right hand. Mechanically he dropped it into a side pocket of the overcoat and a moment later, with the garment turned inside out so that only its silk lining showed, and held under his arm, he had come out of the sideway and was in the lobby proper.

He was prepared mentally to find signs of an alarm here—to encounter persons hurrying toward the Thirty-ninth Street side of the building. But nothing of the sort was afoot. A darky orchestra was playing a jazz tune very loudly in the café at the left of the Broadway entrance, so it was not only possible but very likely that the sounds of the shots had not been heard inside the hotel at all. Certainly his eye, sweeping the place, discovered no evidences of any unusual stir. Perhaps half a dozen individuals were traversing the tiled floor, but none of them in any seeming hurry.

With no suggestion of agitation about him anywhere and with nothing furtive or stealthy in his movements, Trencher boldly passed the corner of the desk, crossed the lobby, went along the front of the news stand, where a young woman stood among her wares, and through another set of revolving doors came out upon Broadway. It was that one hour of the night—a quarter of eleven o'clock, while the last acts are still going on and before the theaters give up their audiences—when Broadway's sidewalks are not absolutely overflowing with jostling, pouring currents of people. Numbers were abroad, for numbers always are abroad in this part of the town, be the time of day or of night what it may, but there was no congestion. This was as it should be; it suited this man's purposes exactly.

He issued forth, and a few rods north of the corner saw the person for whom he was seeking; at least he saw a most likely candidate—a ragged darky, in a district where ragged darkies unless they be beggars are not often seen, who with his hands in his pockets and his coat collar turned up was staring into the window of a small clothing shop two doors above the narrow-fronted hotel. Trencher made for him. Remember, all this—from the moment of the shooting until now—had taken much less time than has been required for me to describe it in sequence or for you to read about it.

He tapped the darky on the arm.

"Boy," he said sharply, "want to pick up some easy money quick?"

"Yas suh, I does!" The negro's eyes shone.

"Listen then: I've got to catch a train—sooner than I expected. My bag's packed and waiting for me up here at my boarding house in West Forty-fifth Street—Number 374 is the address—just west of Broadway—tall brownstone house with a high stoop. Get me? The bag's downstairs in the hall. The hall boy—a colored fellow named Fred—is watching it for me. If I go in a cab I may not get to the station in time. If you go after it for me at a run I may catch my train. See? Here's a dollar down in advance. Tell Fred Mr. Thompson sent you—that's me, Thompson. He'll give it to you—I told him I'd send for it. I'll be waiting right here. If you get back with it in seven minutes I'll give you another dollar—and if you get back inside of seven minutes I'll make it two dollars more. Got the number in your mind?"

"Yas suh—three seventy-fo' Wes' Forty-fift', you said."

"Correct. Now run like the very devil up Broadway to Forty-fifth and turn west!"

"Boss," cried the darky, "Ise gone!"

He was, too. His splay feet in their broken shoes fairly spurned the sidewalk as he darted northward, boring his way through the lanes of pedestrians, knocking people aside out of their stride and followed as he went by a wake of curses and grunts and curious glances. On a street where nearly everyone trots but few gallop, the sight of a running man catches the popular interest instantly, the common theory being that the runner has done something wrong and is trying to get away, else he would not run.

The instant the negro turned his back on him, Trencher slid inside the recessed entrance of the clothing store and flattened himself against its door. If chance had timed the occurrence just right he would win the reprieve that he required for what he meant next to undertake. And sure enough, as it turned out, chance had so timed it.

He Must Venture Back Into the Dangerous Territory; Must Dare Deadfalls and Pitfalls; Run the Chance of Traps and Nets

For just as he pressed his bulk into the recess the man hunt manifested itself. Bursting headlong out of the front of Wallinger's Hotel came a policeman—doubtlessly the one already seen by Trencher—and just behind the policeman a roughly dressed bearded man, and with these two, at their heels, a jostling impetuous swarm of other men, to be joined instantly by yet more men, who had run round the corner of the hotel from Thirty-ninth Street, instead of passing through its lobby. For the veriest fraction of time they all slowed down, casting about them with their eyes for a trail to follow.

Trencher, looking slantwise to the south, could see them plainly. The foremost members of the hesitating and uncertain group were not sixty feet from him. He forgot to breathe.

Then, all together, half a dozen pointing arms were flung out to the north.

"There he goes, officer, runnin'! See 'im yonder? See 'im?"

With a forward surge and a great clatter of feet the hunt was renewed. Past Trencher's refuge, with never a look this way or that, the policeman, the bearded man, all the rest of them, went pelting along the sidewalk, giving tongue like beagles. He could have put forth his hand and touched some of them as they sped by him. Numbers of foot travelers joined in the tail of the chase. Those who did not join it faced about to watch. Knowing that for a bit he would practically be free of the danger of close scrutiny, Trencher stepped out upon the sidewalk and looking north caught a glimpse of a bent fleeing figure scuttling up Broadway a block and a half beyond.

By this trick he had broken the trail and sent the pack off on a wrong scent. So far so good. He figured the outlook after this fashion: Set upon earning the double fee promised him the deluded darky, as he could tell, was still going at top speed, unconscious of any pursuit. If he continued to maintain his gait, if none tripped him, the probabilities were he would be round the corner in Forty-fifth Street, trying to find a mythical boarding house and a mythical hall boy named Fred, before the foremost of the runners behind overtook and seized him. Then would follow shouts, yells, a babble of accusations, denials of all wrongful intent by the frightened captive and explanations by him to the policeman of his reason for running so hard.

Following on this the chase would double back on its tracks, and at once policemen in number, along with volunteers, would be combing the district for the real fugitive. Still, barring the unforeseen, a few minutes must intervene before this neighborhood search would be getting under way; and meanwhile the real fugitive, calmly enough, was moving along in the rear of the rearmost of those who ran without knowing why they ran. He did not go far though—he dared not go far. Any second the darky might be tackled and thrown by someone on ahead, and besides there might be individuals close at hand who had not joined in the hue and cry, but who in some way had learned that the man so badly wanted wore such-and-such distinguishing garments.

It was because of this latter contingency that Trencher had not tried to slip back into Thirty-ninth Street. That had been his first impulse, but he discarded the thought as it came to him. His mind peopled the vicinity immediately south and east of him with potential enemies. To the north alone, in the wake of the chase, could he count upon a hope of transient security, and that would last only for so long as the negro kept going. He could not get away from the spot—yet. And still it would be the height of recklessness for him, dressed as he was, to linger there. Temporarily he must bide where he was, and in this swarming, bright-as-day place he must find a hiding place from which he could see without being seen, spy without being spied upon or suspected for what he was. Even as he calculated these obstacles he figured a possible way out of the double-ended dilemma, or at any rate he figured his next step toward safety from detection for the moment, and, with continued luck, toward ultimate escape from a perilous spot where now no measure of immunity could be either long-lived or dependable.

I have said he did not go far to reach sanctuary. To be exact he did not go the length of the block between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth. He went only as far as the Clarenden, newest and smartest, and, for the time being, most popular of typical Broadway cafés, standing three buildings north of the clothing shop, or a total distance from it, let us say, of ninety feet. It was while he traversed those ninety feet that Trencher summed up the contingencies that hedged him in and reached his conclusion.

In front of the Clarenden against the curbing stood a short line of waiting motor vehicles. With one exception they were taxicabs. At the lower end of the queue though was a vast gaudy limousine, a bright blue in body color, with heavy trimmings of brass—and it was empty. The chauffeur, muffled in furs, sat in his place under the overhang of the peaked roof, with the glass slide at his right hand lowered and his head poked out as he peered up Broadway; but the car itself, Trencher saw, contained no occupant.

Trencher, drawing up alongside the limousine, was searching vainly for a monogram, a crest or a name on its varnished flank while he spoke.

"Driver," he said sharply, "whose car is this?"

"Mr. O'Gavin's," the chauffeur answered without turning to look at the person asking the question.

Trencher played a blind lead and yet not such a very blind lead either. Big as New York was there was likely to be but one O'Gavin in it who would have a car such as this one anchored in front of the Clarenden—and that would be the noted bookmaker. Trencher played his card.

"Jerome O'Gavin's, eh?" he inquired casually as though stating a foregone conclusion.

"Yes, sir; it's his car." And now the driver twisted his body and half-faced Trencher. "Say, boss, what's all the row about yonder?"

"Crowd chasing a pickpocket, I imagine," said Trencher indifferently. Then putting a touch of impatience in his voice: "Where is O'Gavin—inside?"

"Yes, sir! Said he'd be ready to go uptown at eleven. Must be near that now."

"Pretty near it. I was to meet him here at eleven myself and I thought I recognized his car."

"You'll find him in the grill, I guess, sir," said the driver, putting into the remark the tone of deference due to someone who was a friend of his employer's. "I understood him to say he had an appointment with some gentleman there. Was it you?"

"No, but I know who the gentleman is," said Trencher. "The other man's not such a very good friend of mine—that's why I'd rather wait outside for Jerome than to go in there." He made a feint at looking at his watch. "Hum, ten minutes more. Tell you what I think I'll do, driver: I think I'll just hop inside the car until O'Gavin comes out—better than loafing on the sidewalk, eh?"

"Just as you say. Make yourself comfortable, sir. Shall I switch on the lights?"

"No, never mind the lights, thank you." Trencher was already taking shelter within the limousine, making himself small on the wide back seat and hauling a thick rug up over his lap. Under the rug one knee was bent upward and the fingers of one hand were swiftly undoing the buttons of one fawn-colored spat. If the chauffeur had chanced to glance back he would have seen nothing unusual going on. The chauffeur, though, never glanced back. He was staring dead ahead again.

"Say, boss, they've caught the pickpocket—if that's what he was," he cried out excitedly. "They're bringing him back."

"Glad they nailed him," answered Trencher through the glass that was between them. He had one spat off and was now unfastening its mate.

"It looks like a nigger," added the chauffeur, supplying a fresh bulletin as the captive was dragged nearer. "It is a nigger! Had his nerve with him, trying to pull off a trick in this part of town."

Through the right-hand side window Trencher peered out as the mass moved by—in front a panting policeman with his one hand gripped fast in the collar of Trencher's late messenger, and all about the pair and behind them a jostling, curious crowd of men and women.

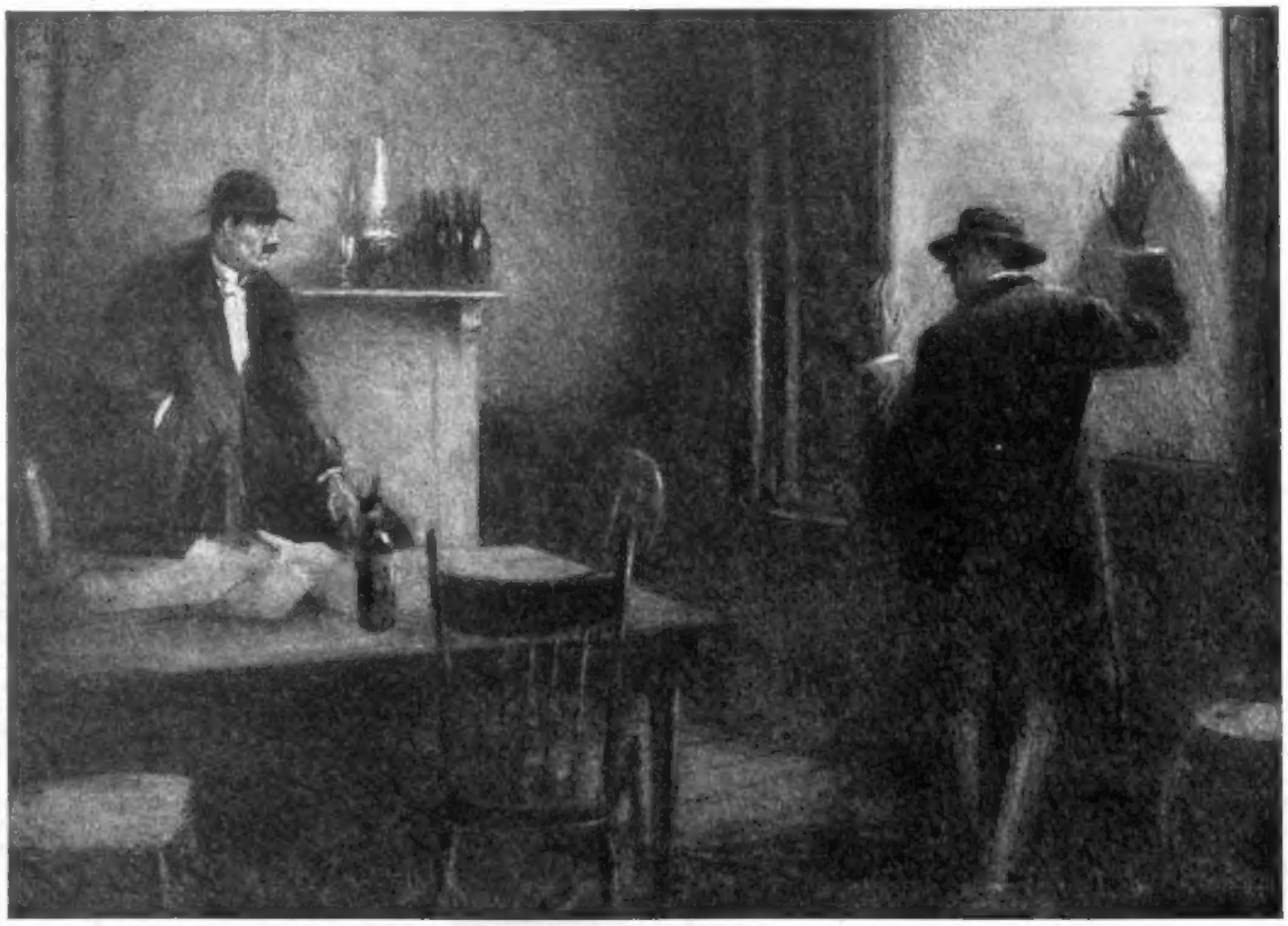
"De gen'l'man dat sent me fur his bag is right down yere, I keeps tellin' you," Trencher heard the scared darky babbling as he was yanked past Trencher's refuge.

"All right then, show him to me, that's all," the officer was saying impatiently.

The chauffeur twisted about in his place, following the spectacle with his eyes. But Trencher had quit looking that way and was looking another way. The center of excitement had been moved again—instead of being north of him it was now approximately ninety feet south, and he, thanks to the shift, was once more behind it. Peering through the glass he watched the entrance to the Clarenden.

There he saw what he wanted to see—a tall man in a wide-brimmed soft dark hat and a long dark topcoat going up the short flight of steps that led from the pavement into the building. Trencher wadded the spats together and rammed them down out of sight between the back cushion and the under cushion of the car seat, and with his overcoat inside out on his left arm he opened the door and stepped out of the car. This retreat had served his purpose admirably; it was time to abandon it.

"Changed my mind," he said in explanation. "If O'Gavin doesn't hurry up we'll be late for an engagement we've got uptown. I'm going in after him."



"That's Right," Said a Voice Behind Him. "Now That You've Got Your Mitts Up, Keep 'Em Up!"

"Yes; all right, sir," assented the chauffeur with his attention very much elsewhere.

In long steps Trencher crossed the sidewalk and ran up the steps so briskly that he passed through the door at the top of the short flight directly behind and almost touching the tall man in the dark hat and black coat. His heart beat fast; he was risking everything practically on the possibilities of what this other man meant to do.

The other man did exactly what Trencher was hoping he would do. He turned left and made for the Clarenden's famous Chinese lounging room, which in turn opened into the main restaurant. Trencher slipped nimbly by his quarry and so beat him to where two young women in glorified uniforms of serving maids were stationed to receive wraps outside the checking booth; a third girl was inside the booth, her job being to take over checked articles from her sister helpers.

It befell therefore that Trencher surrendered his brown derby and his short tan coat, received a pasteboard check in exchange for them and saw them passed in over a flat shelf to be put on a hook, before the other man had been similarly served. When the other, now revealed as wearing a dinner jacket, came through the Orientalized passageway into the lounge, Trencher was quite ready for him. In his life Trencher had never picked a pocket, but as one thoroughly versed in the professionalism of the crime world, in which he was a distinguished figure, he knew how the trick, which is the highest phase of the art of the pickpocket, is achieved.

The thing was most neatly and most naturally accomplished. As the man in the dinner coat came just opposite him Trencher, swinging inward as though to avoid collision with the end of an upholstered couch, bumped into him, breast to breast.

"I beg your pardon," he said in contrite tones for his seeming awkwardness, and as he said it two darting fingers and the thumb of his right hand found and invaded the little slit of the stranger's waistcoat pocket, whisking out the check which the stranger had but a moment before, with Trencher watching, deposited there.

"Granted—no harm done," said the man who had been jostled, and passed on leaving Trencher still uttering apologetic sounds. Palming the precious pasteboard, which meant so much to him, Trencher stood where he was until he saw the unsuspecting victim pass on through into the café and join two other men, who got up from a table in the far corner near one of the front windows to greet him.

Trencher followed leisurely to where a captain of waiters stood guard at the opening in the dividing partition between the lounge and the restaurant. Before him at his approach this functionary bowed.

"Alone, sir?" he inquired obsequiously.

"Yes and no" replied Trencher; "I'm alone now but I'll be back in half an hour with three others. I want to engage a table for four—not too close to the orchestra." He slipped a dollar bill into the captain's hand.

"Very good, sir. What name, sir?"

"Tracy is the name," said Trencher.

"Quite so, sir."

The captain turned to serve a party of men and women, and Trencher fell back. He idled back through the Chinese room, vigilant to note whether any of the persons scattered about it were regarding him with more than a casual interest or, more important still, whether any there present knew him personally.

Reassured on this point he stepped out of the room and along with a quarter for a tip tendered to one of the maids the check he had just pilfered, meanwhile studying her face closely for any signs that she recalled him as one who had dealt with her within the space of a minute or so. But nothing in her looks betrayed recognition or curiosity as she bestirred herself to reclaim the articles for which the check was a voucher of ownership, and to help him into them.

Ten seconds later Trencher, a personality transformed stood quite at his ease on the top step of the flight outside the entrance to the Clarenden looking into Broadway. The long dark overcoat which he now wore, a commonplace roomy garment, fitted him as though it had been his own. With its collar turned up about his cheeks it helped admirably to disguise him. The soft black hat was a trifle large for his head. So much the better—it came well down over his face.

The huge illuminated hands of a clock set in the middle of a winking, blinking electric sign a few blocks north, at the triangular gore where Seventh Avenue crosses Broadway, told him the time—six minutes of eleven. To Trencher it seemed almost that hours must have passed since he shot down Sonntag, and yet here was proof that not more than ten minutes—or at the most, twelve—had elapsed. Well, he had worked fast and with results gratifying. The spats that might have betrayed him were safely hidden in one place—yonder between the seat cushions of O'Gavin's car, which stood where he had left it, not thirty feet distant. His telltale overcoat and his derby hat were safely bestowed in the café check room behind him awaiting a claimant who meant never to return. Even if they should be found and identified as having been worn by the slayer of Sonntag, their presence there he figured would but serve to confuse the man hunt. Broadway's living tides flowed by, its component atoms seemingly ignorant of the fact that just round the corner below a man had been done to death. Only at the intersection of Thirty-ninth Street was there evidence, in the quick movement of pedestrians out of Broadway into the cross street, that something unusual served to draw foot passengers off their course.

In front of the clothing shop three doors south of him no special congestion of traffic revealed itself; no scrouging knot of citizens was to be seen, and by that Trencher reasoned that the negro had been taken elsewhere by his captors—very probably to where the body would still be

lying, hunched up in the shadow before the Jollity's side doors. From the original starting point the hunt doubtlessly was now reorganizing. One thing was certain—it had not eddied back this far. The men of the law would be working on a confused basis yet awhile, anyhow. And Trencher meant to twistify the clews still further, for all that he felt safe enough already. For the first time a sense of security exhilarated him. Almost it was a sense of exultation.

He descended the steps and went straight to the nearest of the rank of parked taxicabs. Its driver was nowhere in sight. A carriage starter for the café, in gorgeous livery, understood without being told what the tall muffled-up gentleman desired and blew a shrill blast on a whistle. At that the truant driver appeared, coming at a trot from down the street.

"'Scuse me, mister," he said as he mounted to his seat at the wheel. "Been a shootin' down the street. Guy got croaked, they say, and they can't find the guy that croaked um."

"Never mind the shooting," said Trencher as he climbed into the cab, whose door the starter had opened for him.

"Where to, gent?"

"Harty's Palm Garden," said Trencher, naming a restaurant a mile and a half away, straight up Broadway. His main thought now was to get entirely out of this part of town.

Riding along uptown Trencher explored the pockets of the pilfered overcoat. The search produced a pair of heavy gloves, a wadded handkerchief, two cigars, a box of matches, and, last of all, a triangular brass token inscribed with a number and a firm name. Without the imprint of the name Trencher would have recognized it, from its shape alone. It had come from the check room in the upper-tier waiting room of the Grand Central Station. Discovery of it gave him a new idea—an idea involving no added risk but having in it added possibilities for insuring the ultimate success of his get-away. In any event there could be neither harm nor enhanced danger in putting it into execution.

Therefore, when he had emerged from the cab at Harty's and had paid the fare and had seen the driver swing his vehicle about and start off back downtown, he walked across Columbus Circle to the west curve of it, climbed into another taxicab and was driven by way of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue to the Grand Central. Here at the establishment of the luggage-checking concessionaire on the upper level of the big terminal he tendered the brass token to a drowsy-eyed attendant, receiving in exchange a brown-leather suit case with letters stenciled on one end of it, like this:

M. K. P.
STAMFORD, CONN.

Waving aside a red-capped negro porter Trencher, carrying the spoil of his latest coup, departed via one of the Vanderbilt Avenue exits. Diagonally across the avenue was a small drug store still open for business at this hour, as the bright lights within proved. Above its door showed the small blue sign that marked it as containing a telephone pay booth. For Trencher's purposes a closed booth in a small mercantile establishment was infinitely to be preferred to the public exchange in the terminal—less chance that the call could be traced back to its source, less chance, too, that some inquisitive operator, trying to kill time during a dull hour, might listen in on the wire, and so doing overhear things not meant for her ears. He crossed over and entered the drug store.

Except for a sleepy clerk at the rear there was no one visible within the place. Trencher crowded his bulk into the booth, dropped the requisite coin in the slot and very promptly got back the answering hail from a certain number that he had called—a number at a place in the lower fringe of the old Tenderloin.

"Is that the Three Deuces?" asked Trencher. Then: "Who's speaking—you, Monty? . . . Know who this is, at this end? . . . Yes, that's right. Say, is the Kid there—Kid Dineen? . . . Good! Call him to the phone, will you, Monty? And tell him to hurry—it's devilish important."

A short pause followed and when Trencher spoke again he had dropped his voice to a cautious half-whisper, vibrant and tense with urgency. Also now he employed some of the argot of the underworld:

"Hello, Kid, hello! Recognize my voice, don't you? . . . Good! Now listen: I'm in a jam. . . . What? . . . Never mind what it is; you'll know when you see the papers in the morning if you don't know sooner. I've got to lam, and lam quick. Right now I've got the bulls stalled off good and proper, but I can't tell how long they'll stay stalled off. Get me? So I don't want to be showing my map round any ticket windows. So here's what I want you to do. Get me coin off of Monty, if you haven't got enough on you. Then you beat it over to the Pennsylvania Station and buy me a ticket for Pittsburgh and a section in the sleeper on the train that leaves round one-twenty-five to-night. Then go over on Ninth Avenue to Silver's place —— What? . . . Yes; sure, that's the place. Wait for me there in the little room upstairs over the bar, on the second floor. They've got to make a bluff of closing up at one, but you know how to get up into the room, don't you? . . . Good! Wait for me till I show up, or if I get there first I'll wait for you. I ought to show inside of an hour from now—maybe in less time than that if things keep on breaking right. Then I'll get the ducats off of you and beat it across through the Hudson Tube to the Manhattan Transfer and grab the rattler over there in Jersey when she comes along from this side. That'll be all. Now hustle!"

From the drug store he went, carrying the brown suit case with him, round into Forty-second Street. He had taken a mental note of the initials on the bag, but to make sure he was right he looked at them again before he entered the big Bellhaven Hotel by its Forty-second-Street door. At sight of him a bell boy ran across the lobby and took from him his burden. The boy followed him, a pace in the rear, to the desk, where a spruce young gentleman awaited their coming. "Can I get a room with bath for the night—a quiet inside room where I'll be able to sleep as late as I please in the morning?" inquired Trencher.

"Certainly, sir." The room clerk appraised Trencher with a practiced eye. "Something for about four dollars?"

"That'll do very well," agreed Trencher, taking the pen which the clerk had dipped in ink and handed over to him.

Bearing in mind the letters and the address on the suit case, Trencher registered as M. K. Potter, Stamford, Conn. Meanwhile the clerk had taken a key from a rack containing a vast number of similar keys.

"I won't leave a call—and I don't want to be disturbed," warned Trencher.

"Very well, sir. Front! Show the gentleman to 1734."

Five minutes later Trencher, in an inner room on the seventeenth floor, with the door locked on the inside, had sprung the catch of the brown suit case and was spreading its contents out upon the bed, smiling his satisfaction as he did so. Plainly fortune was favoring him at each new turning.

For here was a somewhat rumpled black suit and along with it a blue-striped shirt, showing slight signs of recent wear, a turn-down collar that was barely soiled, and a plain black four-in-hand tie. Trencher went through the pockets of the suit, finding several letters addressed to Marcus K. Parker at an address in Broad Street, down in the financial district. Sewn in the lining of the inner breast pocket of the coat was a tailor's label also bearing the same name. At the sight Trencher grinned. He had not missed it very far. He had registered as Potter, whereas now he knew that the proper owner of the suit case must be named Parker.

Parker, he figured, belonged to the race of commuters; evidently he lived in Stamford and did business in New York. Accepting this as the correct hypothesis the rest of the riddle was easy to read. Mr. Parker, coming to town that morning, had brought with him his dinner rig in a suit case.

Somewhere, probably at his office, he had changed from his everyday garb to the clothes he brought with him, then he had packed his street clothes into the bag and brought it uptown with him and checked it at the Grand Central, intending after keeping his evening engagements to reclaim the baggage before catching a late train for Stamford.

Fine! Results from Trencher's standpoint could hardly have been more pleasing. Exulting inwardly over the present development and working fast, he stripped off his clothing down to his shoes and his undergarments—first, though, emptying his own pockets of the money they contained, both bills and silver, and of sundry personal belongings, such as a small pocketknife, a fountain pen, a condensed railway guide and the slip of pasteboard that represented the hat and coat left behind at the Clarenden. Then he put on the things that had come out of the Stamford man's bag—the shirt, the collar and the tie, and finally the outer garments, incidentally taking care to restore to Parker's coat pocket all of Parker's letters.

This done he studied himself in the glass of the chiffonier and was deeply pleased. Mirrored there he saw a different man from the one who had rented the room. When he quit this hotel, as presently he meant to do, he would not be Trencher, the notorious confidence man who had shot a fellow crook, nor yet would he be the Thompson who had sent a darky for a bag, nor the Tracy who had picked a guest's pocket at a fashionable restaurant, nor yet the Potter who had engaged a room with bath for a night. From overcoat and hat to shoes and undergarments he would be Mr. Marcus K. Parker, a thoroughly respectable gentleman, residing in the godly town of Stamford and engaged in reputable mercantile pursuits in Broad Street—with opened mail in his pocket to prove it.

The rest would be simplicity. He had merely to slip out of the hotel, carrying the key to 1734 with him. Certainly it would be as late as noon the following day before chambermaid or clerk tried to rouse the supposed occupant of the empty room. In all likelihood it would be later than noon. He would have at least twelve hours' start, even though the authorities were nimble-witted enough to join up the smaller mystery of an abandoned suit case belonging to one man and an abandoned outfit of clothing belonging to another, with the greater and seemingly unconnected mystery of the vanishment of the suspect in the Sonntag homicide case. Long before this potential eventuality could by any chance develop, he meant, under another name and in another disguise, to be hidden away at a quiet boarding house that he knew of in a certain obscure factory town on a certain trolley line leading out from Pittsburgh.

Now to clear out. He bestowed in various pockets his money, his knife, his pen and his railway guide, not one of these having upon it any identifying marks; he pouched his small change and his roll of bills. Nothing remained to be disposed of or accounted for save the pasteboard square that represented the coat and hat left behind at the Clarenden. When this had been torn into fine and indistinguishable bits and when as a final precaution the fragments had been tossed out of the window, the last possible evidence to link the pseudo Parker with the real Trencher in this night's transactions would be gone.

He had the slip in his hands and his fingers were in the act of twisting it in halves when the thought that something had been overlooked—something vitally important—came to him; and he paused to cogitate. What had been forgotten? What had he overlooked? What had he left undone that should have been done? Then suddenly appreciation of the thing missing came to him and in a quick panic of apprehension he felt through all the pockets of Parker's suit and through the pockets of his own garments, where he had flung them down on the bed, alongside the rifled suit case.

His luck piece was gone—that was it! The old silver trade dollar, worn slick and

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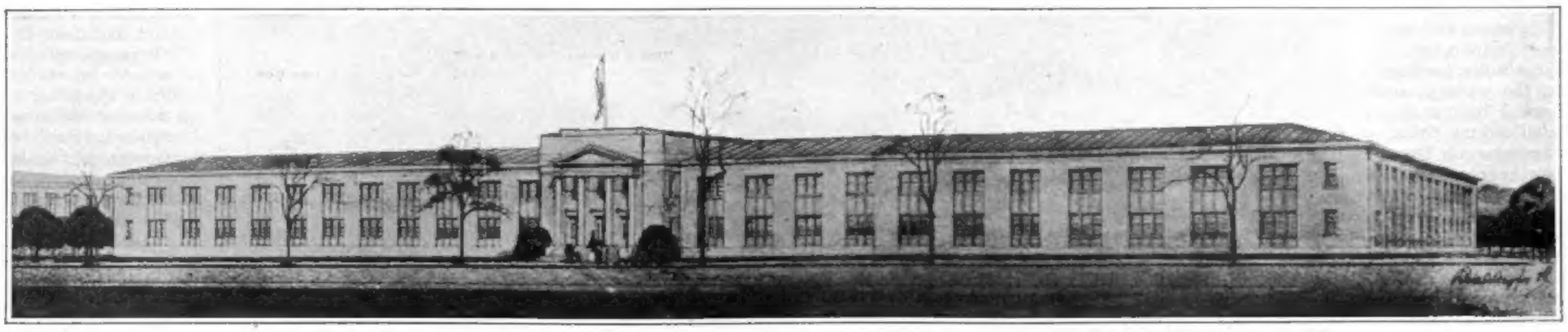
"Boss," Cried the Darky, "Ise Gone!" And His Splay Feet in Their Broken Shoes Fairly Spurned the Sidewalk as He Darted Northward

RED TAPE—By DAVID LAWRENCE



The New Building of the United States Food Administration, Which Has Risen Like Magic on the Square Which All Washington Knows as "The Horse-Show Block"

RED tape and inefficiency are synonymous in the vocabulary of war. Encounter one and you meet the other. Whereupon exasperation, irritation and a verbal procession of uncensored adjectives and words that do not look well in print describe your state of mind. Folks who come into contact with the Government nowadays, personally or impersonally, by letter or by telegram, by telephone or by expensive visit to Washington, city of roomless hotels and foodless meals, attribute their occasional outbursts of temper, their loss of patience and fretfulness, to red-tapism—a disease endemic in government communities the world over.

Dickens begot the phrase in metaphorical reference to the red cord that bound legal documents; but the involved system which bears the name to-day implies something more than unblessed ties that bind. Red tape enmeshes, entangles and restrains—and, having done all that to something which in private business could have been accomplished in a jiffy, it makes you see red.

When the nation is at peace red tape may be endured, because, relatively speaking, nothing matters. Lives do not hang in the balance. There is time for consultation, reflection and even delay. When, however, war upsets the equilibrium of the world, red tape is unendurable, because everything matters, lives do hang in the balance; days, hours, minutes count—a huge machine must move forward with steadfast assurance, marshaling a mighty force against the enemy. Personalities, methods, systems, customs—nothing is essential; nothing except victory.

New Men Caught in the Tangled Web

CIVILIAN scorn for red tape is traditional. Loud has been the outcry against it from those outside the Government. Everybody expected a change when successful captains of industry sat down beside men of military and naval rank. But the newcomers themselves became almost as hopelessly entangled in it as the men they had so glibly condemned. Overwhelmed by the force of authority, wherefrom springs red tape, they could not resist—they were merely patriotic volunteers; so they yielded. And now the efficient civilian, bidden to do things the red-tape way, has superimposed his own ideas, until it can be said without exaggeration that the Government of the United States has the most splendidly developed system of red tape in all its history!

If the United States Steel Corporation or the Baldwin Locomotive Works or the National Cash Register Company, or any of a dozen concerns that buy in the millions and sell in the millions every year, that do a business not less extensive or complicated than any of the respective departments in Washington, operated their plants, kept their books or conducted their affairs with the outside world on the same basis that a government department does, they would be bankrupt in a year. They would be financially discredited and morally boycotted. They would be outlawed and their competitors would, in easy triumph, wrest from them every dollar of trade they had sought to build up. For be it known that a government department differs from a business institution as an amateur from a professional, as an experimentalist from a trained hand, as a hand-to-mouth concern from an established house.

The Government of the United States, for one thing, doesn't pay all its bills promptly. Since the beginning of the war many large concerns have had to ask banks for loans to carry them over in purchases of raw materials needed for government contracts, simply because Uncle Sam is a tardy paymaster. Not that the Government is pinched for funds, or that its credit wouldn't be good if it wanted to reimburse a contractor in bonds or credit paper, but because, as a rule, red tape ties up the papers and authorizations in such an official process that it takes weeks and weeks for all the indorsements necessary on every bill of sale to go through "the proper channels" before the Treasury Department is permitted to discharge the debt.

In several cases the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, composed of men of large business affairs, found contractors reluctant to undertake large orders because they could not feel sure of the payment of funds with sufficient regularity to take necessary risks in the building of new plants or the purchase of needed material. Red tape was thereupon cut with a vengeance; but if this happened with urgent orders it is not difficult to imagine what has been the experience of the smaller contractor, who is even less able to stand the strain and embarrassments of delay.

Does the Government answer its mail? True, many thousands of persons write unimportant letters every day; but others are sending simple communications of inquiry involving all the tension and uncertainty that go with a desire to abandon one's business and family to serve the nation. These are frequently delayed for five and six weeks. The War Department is the principal offender. Clean desks are the exception rather than the rule. Reserve officers from civilian life have effected little improvement. Some of them have become wrapped up in red tape more completely than the regulars. System, speed in handling mail or in delegating tasks to subordinates—for the Government has plenty of money wherewith to employ extra help—is, as yet, known only in a few government departments.

Responsibility for the efficiency of every department rests theoretically upon the shoulders of members of the Cabinet. But cabinets chosen for tasks of peace are not always fitted for the jobs of war, as European ministries can bear witness. And who checks up in our own country on the Cabinet officers? No board of directors as familiar with the intricacies of the business as the general manager himself sits over them to pass judgment on sins of omission as well as commission. Tenure doesn't depend on any board or organization that can dismiss a general manager at a quarterly or an annual meeting. Congress may investigate, condemn and create a hullabaloo over inefficiency, but it cannot directly bring about the downfall of a single Cabinet officer. The people can actually change a national administration only once in four years.

The incentive to efficiency in public business, therefore, is not ordinarily the same as in private enterprise. The captain of industry aims to be efficient and to make money. The manager of a government department has to do neither. There is no profit-and-loss column. Being engaged in no competition, he sets his own standard. He expends the money of others, to be sure, and may be scrupulously economical; but he has little authority or discretion in the application of funds, in investing them in new lines of work that present themselves during the year and may not have been foreseen, in instituting radical changes when circumstances seem to require flexibility and decisions of expediency.

Cabinet officers are not inherently at fault. They are not to blame if they are prevented from spending any money except that specifically appropriated by Congress and in no other way than that set down with legal precision by our national legislators. Cabinet secretaries, too, are as a rule untrained in large business—are not accustomed to handle big commercial transactions. The nation now pays dearly for the unattractive atmosphere with which it has permitted persons in public life to be enveloped heretofore—the calumny, controversy, the chicanery and political maneuvering which have kept many successful business men in the past from entering the government service. For example: in selecting men for the Federal Trade Commission and the Tariff Board, President Wilson met with declinations on every side from some of the best men in the country. So in times of peace it can be understood why the Government is not in the hands of its most competent citizens.

As the Eagle Clings to its Prey

BUT war is different. It makes new demands and attracts into the public service the best brains in the country. Millionaires work for a dollar a year. Sacrifices are made by persons of smaller income, who accept salaries one-fifth or one-tenth as much as they could earn in private business. But unfortunately this additional brain power has not yet been properly distributed. And without a change in the red-tape system in vogue these new forces are rendered impotent from the start. But it is not an easy thing to distribute.

President Wilson recently said to some friends that his burden would be immeasurably lighter if he didn't have to deal every day with so many prima donnas. Rank, formality, tradition, precedent—all have left their imprint of a century on democracy's peacetime organization. To transfer, relieve or dismiss is harder to do in the army and navy, for instance, than to create an entirely new division or bureau and give it entire charge of a separate problem—which accounts for the abundance of boards, commissions, bureaus and committees that are swallowing up hotels and apartment houses right and left in Washington and filling the vacant spaces of the city with a multitude of emergency buildings, in chaotic abuse of the term coördination.

Jealousy, moreover, spreads its pernicious influence everywhere, and as the eagle clings to its prey, so do the officers of the Government hold fast to authority and power, and only grudgingly yield it to the newcomers, the volunteers, the dollar-a-year men, the captains of efficiency whose minds work rapidly, whose hands move decisively, whose ideas of speed take form instantly in telephone conversation to San Francisco to get something done rather than in letters of numberless indorsements that must be properly inscribed, countersigned and labeled by half a dozen bureau chiefs before being put in the slow-moving mails.

What does red tape measure in terms of efficiency and inefficiency in war progress? Nobody can calculate this with accuracy; but a single day in Washington will furnish you with some

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The Temporary Quarters in Washington of the Council of National Defense

BROKEN ICONS

PHOTO. BY CHAS. E. BEATY

Red Cross Litters for Carrying the Wounded on Mountain Roads

By William T. Ellis

LIKE the sea gull which follows in the wake of the steamer, feeding on the wastage, so have I been a belated stormy petrel in coming up from Southeasternmost Russia, through the troubled land, arriving in Odessa for the demonstration attendant upon the revolt of the Black Sea fleet to Ukrainia; in Kieff for the big funerals of the civil war in that city; landing in Moscow amid the débris of eight days of fighting and while hundreds of the slain were still unburied; reaching Petrograd to find the red guard in full control and foreigners in flight; and passing through Finland while the I. W. W. revolution there was coming into its bloody own.

By the luck of the British Army, which has gone with me all over the map, I squeaked through the frontier that was closed to all other members of the Allied nations; and I saw—and heard!—compatriots turned back, after they had spent laborious days in Petrograd securing the documents supposed to be necessary to let them out. For more than a week I have waited for the only boat that links Scandinavia with Britain, and no other American has appeared. So I alone carry the tale to London, after having covered the country from the Yellow Sea to the Black Sea, from the Baltic to the Caspian; from the Urals to the Carpathians; from the steppes of the Volga and the Don to the barren peaks of the Caucasus and Kurdistan.

Nobody knows at what moment the past will rise up to smite or to serve him: If it had not been that a certain unkempt Russian Jew from New York had once peddled THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, so that its representative had more influence with him than an ambassador, I also might still be stewing in the ferment of Petrograd. Perchance the trivial incident will shed a side light upon the way things are going in Russia under Bolshevik control—which, it is commonly said, means control by the Russian Jews who returned from America after the revolution.

An Unexpected Friend

WHEN I reached Petrograd—how, I shall tell shortly—I was informed that the only way out is via Siberia, and that it takes a week or so to get the necessary papers. Now I had entered Russia by that route, and, further, I had business in Europe, so I needs must go through Scandinavia. Being a Philadelphian, I undertook to leave within two days, instead of the two weeks which my New York friend declared necessary. One step in the complicated process required a stamp by the Bolshevik commissaire; so before daylight had fully come—that is, about ten o'clock in the morning—I set off with my interpreter to the appointed place in a sleigh.

Lo! a line a block long of people eager for permits to leave Petrograd for other parts of Russia was ahead of me. I do not know at what hour of the night it had formed. However, there is always another way round; and in a few minutes I confronted the frowsy functionary at a table in a dark hallway who was dealing with the head of the line. He spoke English, with the familiar East Side New York accent, and assured me positively that what I desired was absolutely impossible; the frontier was utterly closed, and no influence could get past it. Bidding him a cheerful farewell I groped my way past workmen with rifles, through the gloomy corridors, upward and onward to some higher authority, I knew not whom or where. My poor muskrat of an interpreter was still down in the street, lost somewhere in the shuffle.

Coming to a spacious room I stalked past attendants and doorkeepers—a huge Cossack cape and fur cap helping not a little!—and got the instant attention of the man in the sanctum sanctorum. Alas, he spoke no English; and in emergencies of the sort my French is an unreliable tool, giving the other party to the conversation all the advantage. So I waited while he stirred round for an interpreter, which is the way things are done in Russia if not in America. The man who was at length produced proved to be none other than the secretary of his Muck-a-Muckiness, the People's Commissaire himself, and a returned exile, from New York. To him a SATURDAY EVENING POST man looked like a messenger from home and I could have the building if I wanted it. At the moment I was in the wrong pew; but if I would return to a designated place at six o'clock that evening the necessary stamp and signature would be mine without a moment's waiting. He himself, Grand Chamberlain to the King, promised it and would put it through, American fashion. With much honor I was shown the way out through the labyrinth, past the patient line, to find my interpreter, who had not yet learned where and how I had gone from him.

There followed a session with the commandant of the station, to secure train accommodations the following morning; but that was old business, and relatively easy. So six o'clock found us at the appointed place, with half a hundred other foreigners who had savvy or influence enough to get this near to The Presence, having overcome all the preliminary obstacles. Offered a penciled number, to indicate my turn, I spurned it of course—but surreptitiously bade the muskrat take it, for emergencies!—since I had a previous engagement with His Mightiness.

It was an anxious crowd that filled that anteroom, with its sumptuous blue silk hanging. Various considerations called them from Russia. Some had high missions to fulfill in the great Allied game of war. Some were bound on important private business. Some had public service for Russia to perform. Others, the majority, were simply fleeing from the wrath to come. And consternation quickly spread among them at the whisper that all requests were being refused. Soon the harried commissaire himself, wearing a dark flannel shirt and showing rather more of spitefulness than accords with high governmental authority, appeared at the door and explained that no passports at all would be viséed. Since the Allied nations refused to recognize the Bolshevik Government the latter must in turn refuse to recognize the citizenship of these other nationals. While he spoke I grabbed my little New York Jew and hustled him in behind the cantankerous functionary; I could not afford to be caught in that dragnet. Wrought up by his own eloquence the little commissaire turned to find his still littler secretary explaining why no rules applied to this particular newspaper man from Philadelphia; and amid the unchristian glances of the thwarted I departed with the coveted indorsements on a much-indorsed passport.

In high spirits, exulting over a long-delayed but successful exit from Russia, I set off on the almost empty Finland train the next morning, all unsuspecting the hurdle ahead, where many were to come a cropper. At the border of Finland the twenty-five foreigners were turned out for a passport examination, and kept waiting for an hour in a dingy little room—sweet are the uses of authority! My French officer friend, the viscount, with whom I had traveled from far Jassy, congratulated me that this was the last of our annoyances in Russia; this absurd and perfunctory examination over, we should have plain sailing through to civilization. Little dreamed he of the drafts that he would make within the hour upon the adequate French language, in an effort to express, in general and in particular, in fullness and in detail, his opinion of Russia and of the Bolsheviki.

Many Travel, But Few are Passed

FOR he and all other representatives of the Allied nations, including the British King's courier, were ignominiously turned back to Russia. I also was informed that my passport visés were insufficient—such being the fiction employed to cover this display of pettiness. But the golden rule for anybody who would do business in Russia now is to remember that these Bolsheviki are essentially subordinates, and only children of a larger growth. A smile, an insistence and some plausible reason that they can accept will usually get one through. In my case, I was not only that friend of all humanity called a journalist but also, incidentally, the diplomatic courier from Rumania; not from Russia, by any means, against whose embassies the radicals were so exasperated, but from Rumania!

When the train at length moved westward it carried nine foreigners—a Swiss family of six, two Swedes and myself. Four times during the next night I was awakened to show myself and my passport; for the government soldiers had drawn the net tight, in the hope of catching Kerensky and certain other fugitives. It was with Christmasy feelings that I passed through beautiful Santa Claus Land, and at length really set foot in Sweden.

Three real battles determined that Bolshevikism should rule in Russia—the fighting in Petrograd, Kieff and Moscow. Kerensky's provisional government had talked and talked until even that talk-loving country was tired. The workingmen, who are the backbone of the Bolshevik or extreme radical party, are "practical" men—men accustomed to doing things with their hands. So it was natural that they should promptly resort to the argument of arms. Their own capacity for organization was surely directed

by more comprehensive minds, else the almost simultaneous battles in Petrograd, Kieff and Moscow could not have been so swiftly staged nor so successfully carried on. In Kieff I was told that Austrian officers in uniform openly fraternized with the committee, and British and Americans assured me that they knew for a certainty that some of the artillery in the battle of Moscow was directed by German officers.

This is a mere detail, for the whole affair served the Kaiser's purpose as thoroughly as though every part bore the "Made in Germany" stamp.

Russian Soldiers in Occupied Turkey

The independence of Ukrainia, which cuts off Little Russia from the Petrograd Government, was somehow merged with the Bolshevik movement. The active agents in it were the soviets, or workmen's and soldiers' committees—such as now control all of Russian life, political and industrial—and the rank and file of the workingmen and soldiers. I chanced to be in Odessa when the Black Sea fleet formally went over to the Ukrainian Government. It was little more than an enthusiastic parade by soldiers and sailors; for in this, as in all things else, the Bolsheviki may command the allegiance of the soldiers, who, in Russia to-day, are more conscious of their class relationships than of their national allegiance. They will fight for their class when they will not fight for their country. It was not any real sense of Ukrainian identity that prompted this severance: the men who conducted the revolution care no more for Little Russia than they do for Great Russia. They merely were in revolt against the existing order, just as at an earlier date several of the Volga cities declared themselves independent governments.

The Journey to Moscow

IT WAS a battle between Bolsheviki and Cadets, with some older military officers aiding the latter, and not between secessionists and nationalists, that settled the Ukraine question; on one side were the few officers, young and old; and on the other the private soldiers and the workingmen. The committee in control of the city of Kieff, and of the fighting, was the usual soviet, with a private at the top. To this group the artisans of Kieff gave allegiance, and from it they received their arms. They fought for six days on the streets; and aside from broken glass and scarred walls the only real damage visible was at the arsenal, which bore several pictorial shell marks. The British consul told me that the total casualties numbered about six hundred, but I am inclined to consider his figures high.

There was a big Bolshevik funeral the day I arrived; and the characteristic aspect of it was the great turnout of workingmen, in their working clothes, each carrying a rifle. They made an ominous procession. Soldier parades may be mere pomp or routine, but these stern-visaged toilers were not on review; they had used those guns for killing purposes, and were ready to do so again, for the attainment of what they deemed the objective of the revolution. While I was in Kieff the city was patrolled by squads of these workmen with rifles—afoot, on motor trucks and in armored cars.

Meanwhile the city was abustle as usual, the luxurious shops being replete with food and other merchandise, including gorgeous displays of flowers. To one out of the wastes of Rumania and the Caucasus it seemed unreal that there should be any spot left on the map where food was so abundant, at any price, and where gay crowds thronged the highways and the stores and the moving-picture theaters. Little did Kieff seem to care that she had won her independence from Petrograd!

By this time the inspired publications of the Bolsheviki were reporting great battles in Moscow. Trains had been turned back that tried to go north, and the air was rife with dire rumors from the holy "heart of Russia" as well as from Petrograd, where, it was categorically stated, the embassies had been attacked and driven into Finland. When I undertook to go to Moscow I was solemnly warned by the railway officials against the danger I ran; but Russia is the original rumor land, and every traveler in troubled regions knows that the one golden rule is to go right ahead as usual; for if one were deterred by reports of disasters in front he would get nowhere. So on the first train attempting to make Moscow I set out; and it was the only one on which I had traveled for months that had not been jammed and crowded in a manner incredible to America, with passengers on the roofs and on the bumpers and on every other foothold. There was room and to spare for anybody who was foolhardy enough to risk Moscow, especially since the railway bridges were both under fire and on fire. As a matter of fact the journey was entirely comfortable and uneventful, and the train pulled into the Moscow terminal almost on schedule time.

Still and stern and businesslike was the atmosphere that we entered. Workingmen with rifles guarded the gates. Every officer and foreigner was taken before the station soviet, or committee, for examination, and the officers deprived of their arms. Peasants and soldiers passed without hindrance. A young British officer and myself were courteously handled and swiftly dismissed into the night. Leaving my muskrat of an interpreter to follow—which he never did, being too scared to leave the station, where he spent the night and was examined fifteen times by the red guards—we set out for the Metropole Hotel. The city was in darkness and the streets were almost deserted. The electric-light station for this district, like the city telephone exchange, had been wrecked. The eight days of pitched battle had terminated the preceding day, but there was still firing as we made our way through the city. Apparently the fighting had been quite generally distributed. Bullet marks were everywhere—stores, homes, churches and even icons had been shot up. As usual, the bad marksmanship was the outstanding impression: half a hundred bullet splashes would show round a single window that had been an objective.

Much Shooting but No Hits

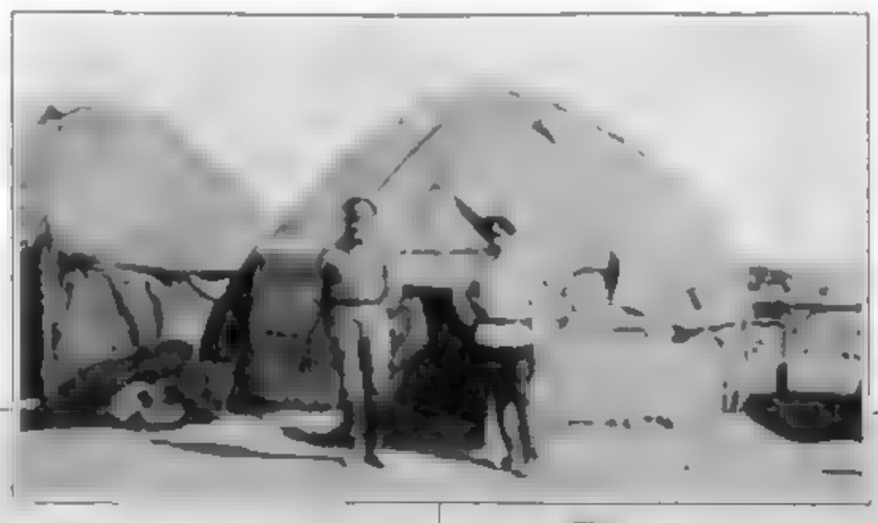
REAL injury, of a pictorial character, had been done to the ornate Metropole Hotel. Aside from a couple of apartment houses burned to the ground, this was the worst-damaged structure in Moscow. The Red Gate of the Kremlin had been smashed, and the beautiful Cathedral of St. Basil, outside the Kremlin, had been seriously injured, as had one of the churches inside; and a hundred structures had been chipped and scarred by shells and bullets. But it was the Metropole Hotel that had caught the worst. For six days a hundred and fifty officers and Cadets had held it against the Bolsheviki, while the four hundred guests cowered in the basement billiard room, fed by the cooking of one of their number. Rifles and shrapnel had done their worst by this citadel. The ornate façade was simply pounded to dust. Cornices were gone, and entire windows shot out. Great holes were driven through the walls. All the glass was broken. A seeker after a sight of the wreckage of war would have been satisfied with this spectacle. Yet not a single one of the defenders had been hit! On the last day of the fighting they sneaked out at three o'clock in the morning, and most of them escaped.

When the young British officer and I presented ourselves at the battered doors of the darkened hotel, having waded through the debris of battle up to our shoe tops, we found two soldiers in control of the scene of desolation inside.

We were given the Russian equivalent for "Nothing doing," and bidden begone.

But my friend was concerned about his effects; he had a room in the hotel.

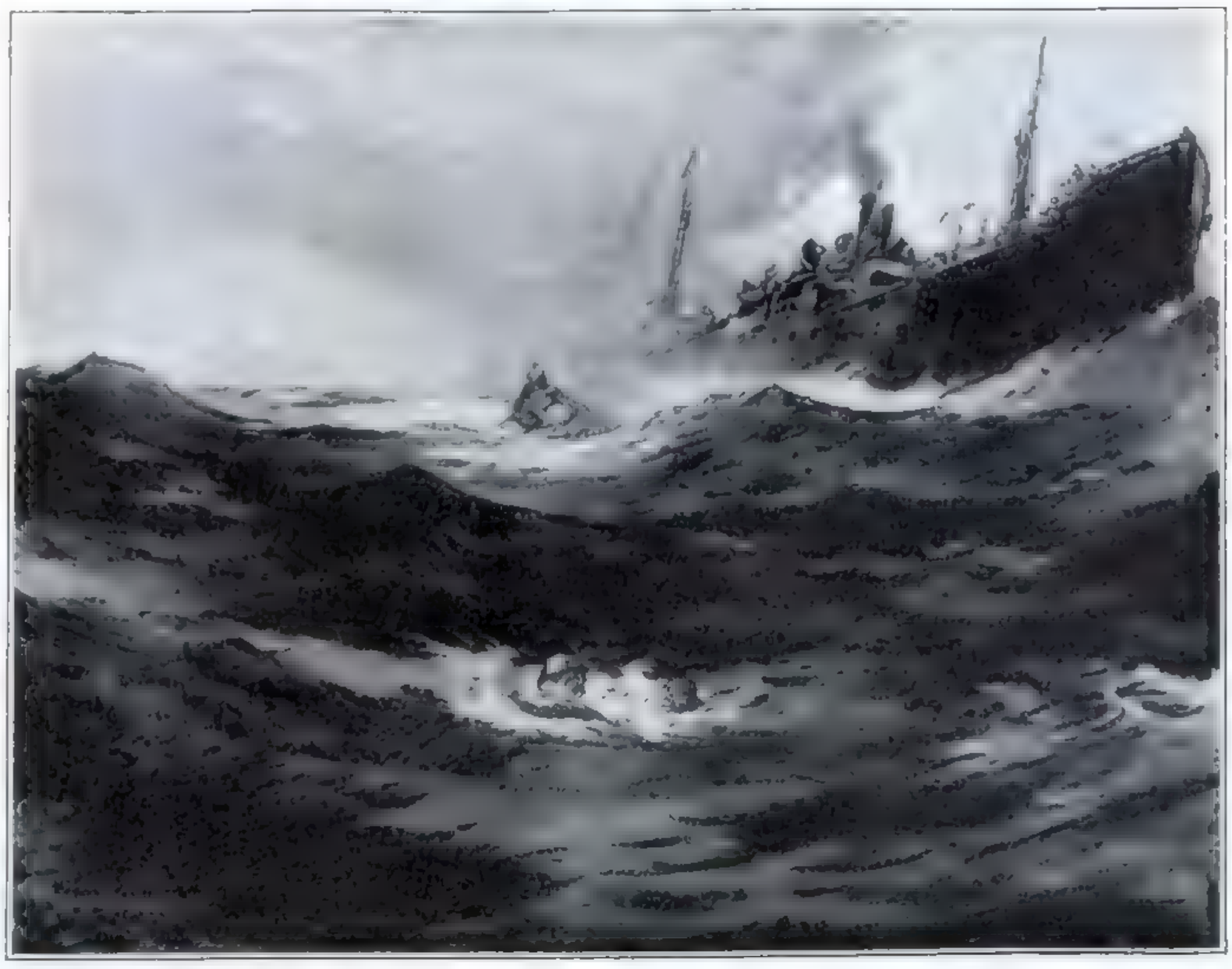
(Continued on Page 54)



A Russian Red Cross Train With Armenian Refugee in Front. Above—Huts From Tartary are the Homes of Russian Soldiers

UNCLE HYACINTH

By ALFRED NOYES



In This Case There Would be No Survivors at All. They Would Not Dare to Fail

ON A BRIGHT morning, early in the year 1917, Herr Sigismund Krauss, secret agent for the German Government, stopped at the entrance of Harrods' Stores, looked at himself in one of the big mirrors, thought that he really did look a little like Von Hindenburg, and adjusted his tie. To relieve the tension, let it be added that this scene was not enacted in London, but in the big branch of Harrods' that had recently been opened in Buenos Aires.

Nevertheless, it was because it looked so very much like the London branch that it had rasped the nerves of Herr Krauss. He was in a very nervous condition, owing to the state of his digestive system, and he was easily irritated. He had been annoyed in the first place because the German houses in Buenos Aires were unable to sell him several things which he thought necessary for the voyage he was about to take across the Atlantic. He had been almost angry when the bald-headed Englishman who waited on him in Harrods' advised him to buy a safety waistcoat. All that he needed for his safety was the fraudulent Swedish passport, made out in the name of Erik Neilsen, which he carried in his breast pocket.

"I am an American citizen," he said. "I am sailing to Barcelona on an Argentine ship, vich the Germans are pledged nod to sink."

"This is the exact model of the waistcoat that saved the life of Lord Winchelsea," said the Englishman. "I advise you to procure one. You never know what those damned Germans will do."

Here was a chance of raising a little feeling against the United States, and Herr Krauss never lost an opportunity. He pretended to be even more angry than he really was.

"That is a most ungalled-for suggestion to a citizen of a neutral guntry," he snorted. "I shall report id to the authorities."

These mixed emotions had disarranged his tie. But he had obtained all that he wanted, and when he emerged into the street the magic of the blue sky and the brilliance of the sunlight on the stream of motor cars and gay dresses cheered him greatly. After all, it was not at all like London; and there were still places where a good German might speak his mind, if he did not insist too much on his allegiance.

He was in a great hurry, for his ship, the Hispaniola, sailed that afternoon. When he reached his hotel he had only just time enough to pack his hand luggage and drive down to the docks. His trunk had gone down in advance. It was very important, indeed, that he should not miss the boat. There was trouble pending, which might lead to his arrest if he remained in Argentina for another week; and there was urgent—and profitable—work for him to do in Europe.

In his cab on the way to the docks he examined the three letters which had been waiting for him at the hotel. Two of them were requests for a settlement of certain bills. "They can wait," he murmured to himself euphemistically, "till after the war."

The third letter ran thus:

Dear Erik: Bon voyage! Most amusing news. Operation successful. Uncle Hyacinth's appetite splendid. Six meals daily. Yours affectionately, BOLO.

This was the most annoying thing of all. Herr Krauss knew nothing about any operation. He knew even less about Uncle Hyacinth; and in order to interpret the message he would require the code—Number Six, as indicated by the last word but two, and the code was locked up in his big brass-bound steamer trunk. It was not likely to be anything that required immediate attention. He had received a number of code messages lately which did not even call for a reply. It was merely irritating.

When he reached the docks he found that his trunk was buried under a mountain of other baggage on the lower deck of the Hispaniola, and that he would not be able to get at it before they sailed. He had just ten minutes to dash ashore and ring up the German legation on the telephone. He wasted nearly all of them in getting the right change to slip into the machine. A most exasperating conversation followed.

"I wish to speak to the German minister."

"He is away for the week-end. This is his secretary."

"This is Sigismund Krauss speaking."

"Oh, yes."

"I have received a message about Uncle Hyacinth."

"I can't hear."

"Uncle Hyacinth's appetite!" This was bellowed.

"Oh, yes." The voice was very cautious and polite.

"I want to know if it's important."

"Whose appetite did you say?"

"Uncle Hyacinth's!" This was like Hindenburg himself thundering.

There seemed to be some sort of consultation at the other end of the wire. Then the reply came very clearly:

"I'm sorry, but we cannot talk over the telephone. I can't hear anything you say. Please put your question in writing."

It was an obvious lie for anyone to say he could not hear the tremendous voice in which Herr Krauss had made his touching inquiry; but he fully understood the need for caution. He had tapped too many wires himself to blame his colleagues for timidity. He had only a minute to burst out of the telephone booth and regain the deck before the gangplanks were hoisted in and the ship began to slide away to the open sea.

He was more than annoyed, he was disgusted, to find that half the people on board were talking English. Two or three of them, including the captain, were actually British subjects; while the purser, a few of the stewards and several passengers were citizens of the United States.

It was late that evening and the shore lights had all died away over the pitch-black water when the brass-bound trunk belonging to Mr. Neilsen, as we must call him henceforward, was carried into his stateroom by two grunting stewards. The mysterious letter could be of no use to the Fatherland now, and he certainly did not expect it to be important from a selfish point of view. Also, he was hungry, and he did not hurry over his dinner in order to decode it. It was only his curiosity that impelled him to do so before he turned in; but a kind of petrifaction overspread his well-fed countenance as the significance of the message dawned upon him. He sat on a suitcase in his somewhat cramped quarters and translated it methodically, looking up the meaning of each word in the code, like a very unpleasant schoolboy with a dictionary. He was nothing if not efficient, and he wrote it all down in pencil on a sheet of notepaper, in two parallel columns, thus:

Bon voyage	U-boats
Most	Instructed
Amusing	Sink
News	Argentine
Operation	Ships
Successful	Destruction
Uncle Hyacinth's	Hispaniola
Appetite	Essential
Splendid	Cancel
Six	Code number
Meals	Passage
Daily	Immediately

Perhaps to make sure that his eyes did not deceive him Mr. Neilsen wrote the translation out again mechanically, in its proper form, at the foot of the page, thus:

U-boats instructed sink Argentine ships. Destruction Hispaniola essential. Cancel passage immediately.

It seemed to have exactly the same meaning. It was ghastly. He knew exactly what that word "destruction" meant as applied to the Hispaniola. He had been present at a secret meeting only a month ago, at which it was definitely decided that it would be inadvisable to carry out a certain amiable plan of sinking the Argentine ships without leaving any traces, while an appearance of friendship was maintained with the Argentine Government. Evidently this policy had suddenly been reversed. There would be a concentration of half a dozen U-boats, a swarm of them probably, for the express purpose of sinking the Hispaniola, just as they had concentrated on the Lusitania; but in this case there would be no survivors at all. The ship's boats would be destroyed by gunfire, with all their occupants, because it was necessary that there should be no evidence of what had happened; and necessity knows no law. There was no chance of their failing. They would not dare to fail; and he himself had organized the system by which the most precise information with regard to sailings was conveyed to the German Admiralty.

He crushed all the papers into his breast pocket and hurried up on deck. It was horribly dark. At the smoking-room door he met one of the ship's officers.

"Tell me," said Mr. Neilsen, "is there any possibility of our—of our meeting a ship or [illegible] the other way?"

The officer stared at him, wondering whether Mr. Neilsen was drunk or seasick.

"Certainly," he said; "but it's not likely for some days on this course."

"Will it be possible for me to be taken off and return? I have found among my mail an important letter. A friend is very ill."

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible. In the first place we are not likely to meet anything but cattle ships till we are in European waters."

"Oh, but in this case, even a cattle ship——" said Mr. Neilsen with great feeling.

"It is impossible, I am afraid, in any case. It is absolutely against the rules; and in wartime, of course, they are more strict than ever."

"Even if I were to pay?"

"Time is not for sale in this war, I am afraid; it's *verboten*," said the officer with a smile; and that of course Mr. Neilsen understood at once.

He was naturally an excitable man, and his inability to obtain his wish made him feel that he would give all his worldly possessions at this moment for a berth in the dirtiest cattle boat that ever tramped the seas, if only it were going in the opposite direction.

He returned to his stateroom almost panic-stricken. He sat down on the suit case and held his head between his hands while he tried to think. He was a slippery creature and his fellow countrymen had often admired his "slimness" in former crises; but it was difficult to discover a crannied hag enough for a cockroach here, unless he made a clean breast of it to the captain. In that case he would be incriminated with all the belligerents and most of the neutrals. There would be no place in the world where he could hide his head, except perhaps Mexico. He would probably be penniless as well.

At this point in his cogitations there was a knock on the door, which startled him like a pistol shot. He opened it a cautious inch or two—for his papers were all over his berth—and a steward handed him a telegram.

"This was waiting for you at the purser's office, sir," he said. "The mail has only just been sorted. If you wish to reply by wireless you can do so up to midnight." The man was smiling as if he knew the contents. There had been some jesting, in fact, about this telegram at the office.

A gleam of hope shot through Mr. Neilsen's chaotic brain as he opened the envelope with trembling fingers. Perhaps it contained reassuring news. His face fell. It simply repeated the former sickening message about Uncle Hyacinth. But the steward had reminded him of one last resource.

"Yes," he said, trying hard to be calm; "I shall want to send a reply."

"Here is a form, sir. You'll find the regulations printed on the back."

Mr. Neilsen closed the door and sank, gasping, onto the suit case to examine the form. The regulations stated that no message would be accepted in code. This did not worry him at first, as he thought he could concoct an apparently straightforward and harmless message with the elaborate vocabulary of his Number Six. But the code had not been intended for agonizing moments like these. It abounded in commercial phrases, medical terms and domestic greetings; and though there were a number of alternative words and synonyms it was not so easy as he had expected to make a coherent message which should be apparently a reply to the telegram he had received. After half an hour of seeking for the *mot juste* which would have melted the heart of a Flaubert, he arrived at the purser's office with wild eyes and handed in the yellow form.

"I wish to send this by Marconi wireless," he said.

The purser tapped each word with his pencil as he read it over:

Splendid. Most—amusing. Use—heaps—butter. Congratulate—Uncle Hyacinth. Love. ERIK.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the purser, "but we can only accept messages *en clair*."

"It is as clear as I can make it," said Mr. Neilsen; and he was telling the truth. "It is the answer to the telegram which was handed to me on board."

"It looks a little unusual, sir."

"It is connected with an unusual operation," said Mr. Neilsen, who was getting thoroughly rattled, "and concerns the diet of the patient."

"I see," said the purser. "Well, I'll take your word for it, sir, and tell the operator."

At this moment the steward, who had entered Mr. Neilsen's stateroom during his absence, was laying out that gentleman's pyjamas on his berth. He shook them out in order to fold them properly; and in doing so he shook a round ball of paper onto the floor. He unrolled it and discovered two parallel columns of words, which gave a new meaning to the telegram. He put it in his pocket, looked carefully round the room, took all the torn scraps out of the wastepaper basket and put those also in his pocket. Then he went out, just in time to avoid meeting Mr. Neilsen, and trotted by another companionway to the purser's office.

Ten minutes later a consultation was held in the captain's cabin. The two messages and the scraps of paper were spread out on the table, while the purser took another large clean sheet, on which he jotted down as many of the words as could be deciphered, together with their equivalents, in two parallel columns, almost as neat as those of Mr. Neilsen himself. When he had finished there was a very nice little vocabulary—though it was only a small part of the code; and in a very short time they were staring in amazement at the full translation of the messages concerning Uncle Hyacinth. Then they proceeded to business.

Captain Abbey was an Englishman who had commanded many ships in many parts of the world. He had worked his way up from before the mast, and in moments of emotion he was still inclined to be reckless with his aitches. He was very large and red-faced, and looked as the elder Weller might have looked if he had taken to the sea in youth. Captain Abbey was not a vindictive man; but the Hispaniola was the finest ship he had yet commanded, and the opportunity had come to him as a result of the war and the general dearth of neutral skippers who were ready to take risks. He was not anxious to lose the ship on his first voyage, and his face grew redder and redder as he sat reading the messages on the table.

"What's the translation of onions?" he said.

"I think it means abroad, according to this column," said the purser.

"Put it down. Now, what does tonsils mean?"

"Tonsils? Tonsils? Oh, yes; here we are. It means Von Tirpitz."

"The devil it does," said Captain Abbey.

"And what does meat mean?"

"German, I think."

"And colossal?"

"I had it here a moment ago. Ah, colossal means twenty."

"Just like 'em," said the captain. "Here's appendix! I suppose they find these medical terms useful. How do you translate that?"

"Appendix? H'm; let me see. Appendix means treacherous."

"'E deserves to 'ave it cut out with a blunt saw, blast 'is eyes. And what d'you make of this message 'e's just 'anded in?"

"As far as I can make it out this is the translation: 'Cancel instructions sink; message too late; aboard Hispaniola.'"

"And the lily-livered little skunk wanted to get orf and save his own 'ide! But 'e was quite ready to let the rest of us go to 'ell! There are twenty women and four children aboard too; and we're guaranteed by the German Government! It would serve 'im right if we made 'im walk the plank, like they used to do. But drowning's too good for 'im. If we put 'im in irons 'e'll know we're on the watch, and that'll ease 'is mind too much. I know what to do with 'im when we get 'im on the other side. But in the meantime we'll give that little bit of sauerkraut a taste of 'is own medicine. 'Ere's the idea: We've got enough of the code to work it. We'll give him another radiogram to take to bed with 'im to-night. 'Ow's this? Steward, get me one of them yellow telegraph forms and one of the proper envelopes. We'll fix it all up in good shape. And, look 'ere, steward; not a word about this to anyone, you understand?"

The steward departed on his errand. Captain Abbey took another sheet of paper and laboriously, with tongue outthrust, constructed a sentence, consulting the purser's two columns from time to time, and occasionally chuckling as he altered or added a word.

The purser slapped his thighs with delight as he followed the work over the captain's shoulder; and when the form arrived he wrote out the captain's composition in a very large, clear hand, with the fervor of a man announcing good news. Then he licked the flap of the yellow envelope, closed it, addressed it and handed it to the steward.

"Give this wireless message to Mr. Neilsen in half an hour. Tell him it has just arrived. If there is any reply to-night he must send it before twelve o'clock."

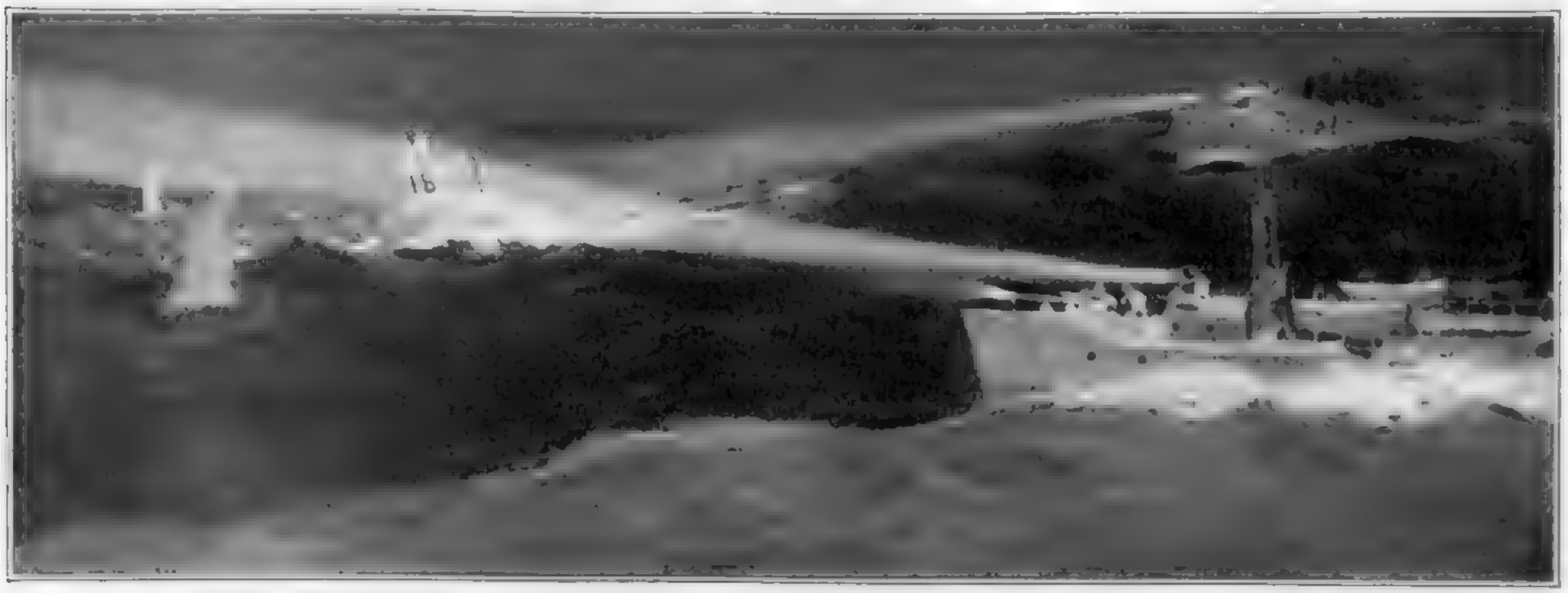
"I 'ope that will make 'im sit up and think," said Captain Abbey. "I'll consider what steps I'd better take to save the ship; and then I shall probably 'ave a wireless or two of my own to send elsewhere."

Mr. Neilsen was greatly excited when the steward knocked on his door and handed him the second wireless message. He opened it with trembling fingers and read:

Still more successful. Uncle Hyacinth's tonsils removed. Appetite now colossal. Bless him. Taking large quantities frozen meat.

He could hardly wait to translate it. He sat down on his suit case again, and spelled it out with the help of his Number Six, word by word, refusing to believe his eyes, refusing even to read it as a consecutive sentence till the bottom of the two parallel columns had been reached, thus:

Still	Impossible
More	Total
Successful	Destruction
Uncle Hyacinth's	Hispaniola
Tonsils	Von Tirpitz
Removed	Advises



"They're Wonderful Little Beggars, Those Patrol Boats! They're the Police of the Seas! In Fact They are Doing the Work of Civilization"

Appetite	Essential
Now	Squadron
Colossal	Twenty
Bless him	Submarines
Taking	Waiting
Large	Appropriate
Quantities	Death
Frozen	Good
Meat	German
Best	Enviable
Greetings	Position

This was hideous. He remembered all that he had done all over the world in the interests of the Fatherland. He remembered the skillful way in which long before the war he had stirred up feeling in America against Japan, and in Japan against both America and England. He remembered the way in which he had manipulated the peace societies in the interest of militarism. He had spent several years in London before the war, and he believed he had helped to make the very name of England a reproach in literary coteries; so that current English literature, unless it went far beyond honest criticism of English life, unless indeed it manifested a complete contempt for that pharisaical country and painted it as rotten from head to foot, lost caste among the self-enthroned British intellectuals.

It was very easy to do this, because, though English editors paid considerable attention to their leading articles, some of them did not care very much what kind of stuff was printed in their literary columns; and they would allow the best of our literature, old and new, and the most representative part of it, to be misrepresented by an anonymous Sinn Feiner in half a dozen journals simultaneously. The editors were patriotic enough, but they didn't think current literature of much importance. He had been able, therefore, to quote extracts from important London journals in the foreign press.

He had been helped, too, by lecturers who drew pensions from the British Government for their literary merits, and told American audiences that the one flag they loathed was the flag of the land that pensioned them. He had reprinted these utterances, together with the innocent bleatings of the intellectuals, and scattered them all over the world in pamphlet form. He had marked passages in their books and sent them to friends. Thousands of columns were devoted to them in the newspapers of foreign countries, while the English press occasionally referred to them in brief paragraphs, announcing to a drugged public at home that the vagaries of these writers were of no importance. He had carried out the program of his country to the letter, and poisoned the intellectual wellsprings.

No grain of poison was too small. He had even written letters to the newspapers in Scotland, which had stimulated the belief of certain zealous Scots that whenever the name of England was used it was intended as a deliberate onslaught upon the Union. There was hardly any destructive force or thought or feeling, good, bad or merely trivial, which he had not turned to the advantage of Germany and the disadvantage of other nations. Then when the war broke out he had redoubled his activities. He was amazed when he thought of the successful lies he had fostered all over the world. He had plotted with Hindus on the coast of California, and provided them with the literature of freedom in the interests of autocracy. He worked for dissension abroad and union in Germany. He was hand-in-glove with the I. W. W. He was idealist, socialist, pacifist, anarchist, futurist, suffragist, nationalist, internationalist and always publicist, all at once, and for one cause only—the cause of Germany.

And this was the gratitude of the—of the—swine! Well, he would teach them a lesson. God in heaven! There was only one thing he could do to save his skin. He would send them an ultimatum! It was their last chance. He shivered to think that it might be his own!

But it was not so easy as he thought it would be to burn all his boats. It cost him two days and two nights of tortuous thinking before he could bring himself to the point. At eleven o'clock on the third night the purser brought the captain a new message, which Mr. Neilsen had just handed in to be dispatched by wireless. It ran as follows:

Continue treatment. Vastly amusing. Uncle Hyacinth's magnificent constitution stand anything. Apply mustard. Try red pepper.

The group that met to consider this new development included three passengers, whom the captain had invited to share what he called the fun. They were a Miss Depew, an American girl who was going to Europe to do Red Cross

(Continued on Page 37)

With Neatness and Dispatch

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE morning sun threw golden rays across the thick green rug and the imposing mahogany desk in the office of Police Commissioner Burgess. The commissioner himself, benevolent of face, iron-gray of hair, and perfectly garbed in immaculate morning clothes, puffed meditatively on a cigar and scrutinized the report of Inspectors Green and Lynch on the activities of pickpockets known to be within the city limits.

The door opened softly and a blue-uniformed shoulder, surmounted by a grinning Irish face, appeared in the opening.

"Who is it, Murphy?" asked the commissioner, surrounding himself with a haze of cigar smoke.

"A young lady, sir," said Murphy. "Says her name is Geraldine Ames. Wants to talk to you confidential, sir. She looks all right."

The commissioner smiled and laid aside his cigar. "Show her in, Murphy," said he. "Show her in at once. Dear, dear! Looks all right, does she, Murphy? She always looked all right to me! Yes, yes! Show her in, by all means!"

When a few moments later the door swung open to admit his caller the commissioner was on his feet, adjusting his tie in a manner that clearly showed that Miss Ames was a person who stood high in his estimation.

"My dear Geraldine!" he cried, leading her to a chair, "this is indeed a pleasure! You're a sight for sore eyes! How is your delightful aunt, and your charming sister? By Jove, it has been months since I have seen you! Where have you been keeping yourself? And how dare you desert me for such an infinite stretch of time?"

"It has been a long time, hasn't it?" she agreed. "I'm quite ashamed of myself; but we have been so busy with our Red Cross work and our knitting and things of that sort that we seem to have little time for other duties. Mary is quite well, thank you; and Aunt Ellen is just the same as ever."

"From the tone in which you say that, young lady," growled the commissioner, caressing his mustache to conceal a smile, "I gather that your delightful aunt still attempts to rule her nieces with a firm, not to say an iron hand."

Miss Ames sighed. "She does indeed," she admitted. "I never could have got away to-day if it weren't for the fact that just now she is suspicious of Mary's activities and is engaged in shadowing her every move."

The commissioner shook his head dubiously. "It is most unfortunate," he declared. "Why won't people realize that constant efforts to suppress normal desires almost invariably result in increasing them many fold? I predict that your delightful aunt is riding to a fall." He stared at Miss Ames with troubled eyes. "I sincerely hope," he continued, "that she won't pull down anybody else with her. What is it you wish to see me about, Geraldine? Have you been breaking and entering the heart of some defenseless young man, or have you been fracturing the speed laws in that little ninety-horse-power drawing-room on pneumatic tires that your aunt has recently acquired? I gather that this call isn't purely social on your part."

"Are You Here, Mr. Keegan?" She Whispered, and in That Moment a Firm Hand Met Her Own

"No," she said frankly, "it isn't. I want your help—not for myself, but for someone who is very dear to me. The reason for it I would prefer not to tell you just at present, because I am afraid that you might not approve of my methods. The time is too short to permit of any argument and I am satisfied that my plan will work out to everyone's advantage. You know that I would do nothing dishonorable, don't you?"

"My dear child," said the commissioner with a quizzical gleam in his kindly eyes, "I scent a profound mystery. I stand ready to aid and abet you in any nefarious scheme, whatever it may be. In what way can I help you? I am consumed with curiosity."

She leaned forward eagerly. "I want you to find someone—a professional thief or something of the sort—who would be competent to cut telephone wires so that no message could be sent from a house, and gag a woman if need be. Of course I should like to have him as respectable-looking as possible, and as nice as possible, for I shall have to have some dealings with him."

The commissioner considered her solemnly. "Of course you understand," said he, "that a professional crook isn't overburdened with moral fiber. One might pick out a crook who seemed both respectable and nice, only to find him quite the opposite. As long as the person whom you need won't be required to murder anyone or burn down a schoolhouse, I would suggest that it would be preferable to requisition the services of a friend. Haven't you some young man in mind who would be delighted to show his esteem for you by gagging one or more ladies?"

"Now you are laughing at me," protested Miss Ames. "You ought to know that Aunt Ellen has made it impossible for me to be intimate with any young man. And even though I knew of one, which I don't, I should be reluctant to ask him to do anything that might get him into difficulties. With a professional crook I should feel far differently. What reputation he might have couldn't be damaged by what I want him to do; and the whole affair would be on a business basis. He would be paid for what he did, and I should owe him no debt of gratitude."

The commissioner frowned. "Look here, Geraldine," said he, "I'll do this for you if you insist, but I'd much rather not have you mixing up with a crook. They're a bad lot at bottom, in spite of what the uplift people say. Couldn't you hire your aunt's chauffeur to tackle the strong-arm job you appear to be contemplating?"

"No, I couldn't," replied Miss Ames. "He might lose his position. I don't want anyone to be hurt by this affair."

The commissioner sighed deeply and pressed a button on his desk.

"Murphy," said he as the door opened and the blue-uniformed shoulder and Irish face appeared once more, "Murphy, send Corcoran in here."

When the burly Corcoran arrived, with his red face and his square-toed shoes, Burgess glared at him glumly. "Corcoran," he said, "is there any decent-looking crook in the city who would be competent to perform a delicate mission for a young lady, and perform it with neatness and dispatch?"

Corcoran coughed portentously and shifted his weight heavily from his left to his right foot. "There is, sir," he replied hoarsely. "Slim Keegan is in town. You probably remember, sir; they gave him two years for cracking a safe in Morton & Co.'s office. He just got out of Sing Sing three months ago, and I've had my eye on him ever since.

He's a clean-looking young fellow, sir, and I think he could forge a check or jimmy a door to any young lady's satisfaction."

"Good enough, Corcoran," said the commissioner. "Do you think you could locate Keegan on short notice?"

"Indeed I could, sir!" replied Corcoran. "He has a job in Tolson's place up on Broadway. Every noon he walks across to Logan's Chop House on Seventh Avenue. I can lead the young lady to him in fifteen minutes. We could get him coming out of the store. If the young lady wants to keep the job quiet it would be just as well not to tackle him before anyone who knows him."

The commissioner turned to Miss Ames. "How does the prospect strike you?" he asked. "Would you care to take a chance on Slim Keegan?"

"I think he would be just the person," she replied enthusiastically. "Could you spare Mr. Corcoran for the next half hour? If so I think we might go in search of Mr. Keegan at once. Burns is outside with the car, so we shouldn't be long."

The commissioner frowned at her. "It is discouraging," said he, "to see one so young as yourself in such haste to embark on a criminal career. Still, I suppose the only way in which I can ever see you with any frequency is to let you go ahead and get arrested. Corcoran, this young lady is Miss Geraldine Ames, my very dear friend. Her father, who is dead, was also my very dear friend. Kindly regard her as my own daughter and gratify her slightest whim. But then, Corcoran, she'd wheedle you into doing that anyway. The rising generation makes fools of us old chaps, Corcoran. Now run along, my dear, and good luck to you!"

Rewarded by a kiss on his ruddy cheek, Commissioner Burgess sank back in his chair, growling ferociously at his folly, while Miss Ames, followed by the lumbering Corcoran, tripped airily from the office and down the marble stairs to the street.

As Corcoran climbed into the waiting limousine after his charge he shot a swift glance at the chauffeur. When the car was under way he jerked a thick thumb toward him. "Who's the driver?" he whispered behind a protecting palm.

"His name is Burns," whispered Miss Ames in return. "He's a splendid driver, and very efficient."

"How long have you had him?" pursued Corcoran.

"Eight months," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't like the corners of his nose," said he. "They're cut like a crook's."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Ames. "As if a person's character had anything to do with the shape of his nose!"

Corcoran was abashed. "That's right, ma'am," said he. "I guess it is foolish. Just an idea of mine, that's all. Forget it!" None the less, his eyes continued to study the back of Burns' head until the machine drew up at its destination on Broadway.

"Across the street is Tolson's," he explained to Miss Ames. "He'll come out of there at five minutes past twelve, Keegan will, and turn the corner toward Seventh Avenue. I'll get out and nab him for you and put the fear of God into him. Then you won't have any trouble with him."

"Oh, I'd much prefer you wouldn't!" said she. "That would frighten him, and then he mightn't do his best. I shan't have any trouble with him. If you will point him out to me as he leaves the store Burns and I can follow him alone and pick him up."

"But," protested Corcoran, "the commissioner said that I was to watch out for you. How do I know but what this guy Keegan may try to start something?"

"Please don't worry about that, Mr. Corcoran," urged Miss Ames sweetly. "The commissioner also said that you were to gratify my slightest whim, don't you remember? I'm sure you'll do as I ask, won't you?"

"Oh, all right! All right!" rasped Corcoran, setting his teeth a little more firmly in his cigar. "Only don't blame me if anything goes wrong."

The minutes passed slowly. The purring of the motor was unheard beneath the crash and roar of Broadway traffic. Corcoran, hat brim pulled down over his eyes, glowered relentlessly at Tolson's door, while Miss Ames, with downcast head, toiled with slender fingers and shining needles at the fashioning of a steel-gray sock.

"Here he is!" growled Corcoran suddenly, touching Miss Ames on the arm. "See the man in the brown felt hat and the blue suit, walking toward the corner?"

"Yes, I see him! I see him!" she exclaimed, placing her knitting in its gayly colored bag. "Please leave me now, Mr. Corcoran!"

Corcoran hesitated.

Miss Ames stamped her foot imperiously. "You are delaying me, Mr. Corcoran," she cried. "Please go at once!"

Grumbling, Corcoran opened the door of the limousine and climbed out heavily. No sooner had he left the car than the girl seized the speaking tube.

As Her Eyes Fell on the Lieutenant and the Occupant of His Arms Her Stare Became Fixed and Glassy

"Round the corner toward Seventh Avenue, Burns," she called. "Hurry until we are off Broadway; and then drive slowly. We are going to pick up a man."

The car lurched forward into the cross street a second before the crossing policeman raised a warning arm behind them and permitted the stream of Broadway traffic to resume its torrential course once more—a course which separated Miss Ames and her automobile from Corcoran as effectually as a brick wall might have done.

Burns, coached by Miss Ames, tooled the car slowly along the curb. The girl's cool gray eyes scrutinized the noonday crowds. Eventually she spied the blue suit and the brown felt hat for which she was looking.

In response to her orders Burns stopped the car, jumped from his seat and hastened after the blue-clad figure. Miss Ames could see that the man regarded Burns' overtures with suspicion. He shook his head coldly at the chauffeur's words. Burns persisted and pointed toward the waiting machine.

The man looked back at it dubiously. The girl leaned toward him with an appealing glance. He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, then walked slowly toward her. She sank back in her seat with a sigh of relief.

A moment later Burns opened the limousine door and Miss Ames found herself looking into a pair of disconcertingly piercing eyes.

"Your chauffeur tells me that you wish to speak with me," stated the owner of the eyes abruptly. "What is it you wish?"

Miss Ames had made careful plans regarding the manner that she should adopt toward Slim Keegan. For a while she had wavered between a frank and sisterly attitude and a graciously condescending pose; but eventually she had decided on an air of businesslike yet comradely directness. Her plans were rudely upset by Keegan's initial hostility.

She examined him with shocked surprise. In place of the drooping eyelids, the weak chin and the pliant body that she had expected, she saw level hazel eyes whose fierce directness made her feel uncomfortably small and helpless, a chin that lost nothing in firmness because of a pronounced cleft, and a high-chested, small-waisted body whose slimness was shown to be a snare and a delusion by the width of coat sleeve between elbow and shoulder. There was something about his gaze that prevented her from assuming an air of businesslike yet comradely directness, much as she wanted to. It filled her with a sense of guilt. In her earlier days she had been similarly oppressed whenever she violated her father's orders and interrupted him at his writing to ask him for money. She realized that her manner was childishly apologetic. The thought angered her.

"You must get in at once!" she commanded. "I will explain later."

His eyes narrowed. "You are very kind," said he, "but under the circumstances I fear I must decline your invitation."

"How dare you, Mr. Keegan!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Commissioner Burgess and Inspector Corcoran said that you would be glad to help me. You won't be in any danger, because the commissioner will protect you in case anything goes wrong. And anyway, nothing will go wrong; because you won't have to do anything but gag Aunt Ellen. If I should tell the commissioner that you weren't nice to me he would have you put back in jail again."

He shook his head sadly. "You wouldn't do that, would you? I don't believe you would!"

Miss Ames produced a tiny square of lace from her glove with the skill of a prestidigitator and pressed it to her eyes. "Maybe I wouldn't," she moaned, "but I shall feel terribly if you won't help me. It means a great deal to us; and if you fail me I shall have nowhere else to turn. Please, Mr. Keegan! Mr. Corcoran said that you were a perfectly lovely—er—crook! And I will pay you one hundred dollars. Please, Mr. Keegan!"

He nodded gravely. "I have had little experience in gagging ladies," said he, "but I am under the impression that your offer is more than generous. I accept, on the condition that the gagging be completed by seven o'clock this evening. I have an important engagement at eight."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" cried the girl, dabbing at her eyes with her wisp of lace and spiriting it back into her glove. "Please get in, Mr. Keegan; and Burns, we will go back to Ardsley as quickly as possible."

He seated himself beside her. "If you don't mind," said he as the car rolled northward, "you might tell me more about Aunt Ellen and the reasons for the gagging. Of course it can't be because she talks too much, for in such a case gagging would only give temporary relief."

Miss Ames smiled. "No, it's not that, Mr. Keegan," said she. "Aunt Ellen is perfectly lovely; but she isn't quite normal on one subject. It is her belief that the young men of the present generation are devoid of morals. She says that she has studied the subject deeply and that she is convinced that all men have been weakened by the sybaritic tendencies of the age. My sister Mary and I have lived with her ever since our parents died, and in all that time she has never allowed us to go to dances or to receive visits from men. We cannot go out alone, and she insists on reading all our correspondence."

"I see," said Keegan. "The result is, of course, inevitable. One of you is about to marry the butler or the furnace tender and live unhappily forever after."

"Not at all!" declared Miss Ames with some asperity. "Even if we were, what would be wrong about it?

Why can't a butler or a furnace tender be as good a man as a banker or a munitions manufacturer?"

Keegan laughed. "I thought you'd say that," said he. "In this day and generation too much intolerance begets overtolerance. There is so much freedom that if one is swung too far in one direction there is plenty of room for him to swing back too far in the other direction. The capitalist's son nowadays frequently swings over to socialism. The minister's son sometimes swings into overindulgence. The daughters of those who suspect all men have been known to marry the first men who came to hand, without regard for their mentality or their desirability as husbands. Of course a butler or a furnace tender can be as good a man as a banker or a munitions manufacturer. He might be a better fighting man or executive or dreamer—if given the opportunity and if his ambition were roused. But you must agree that he probably wouldn't be so good a husband for you or for your sister Mary as the banker or the munitions manufacturer would be. You can readily understand that after the honeymoon were over you might find conversation dragging a trifle at the dinner table if you were married to the furnace tender."

He turned toward her and found her gray eyes looking curiously into his. She flushed and turned away.

"I trust," said he morosely, "that I haven't trampled on your feelings. If you love a butler or a furnace tender, marry him, by all means! It's the greatest thing in the world if it's real. I've hunted it up and down the world and I've found nothing but tawdry imitations."

"Your love affairs have no interest for me," said Miss Ames, "and I do not care to discuss private matters with—with a person who has been in jail."

"You are quite right," said Keegan. "When this unfortunate subject was introduced you were speaking of the peculiar beliefs of your Aunt Ellen. Suppose you go on from there. You understand, of course, that I spoke as I did because it made me furious to think that a girl like you might be wantonly robbed of her chance to discover love, and be led through ignorance to accept the shadow for the substance."

"If you are quite done," said Miss Ames with frigid calm, "I will go on."

"Forgive me!" said Keegan contritely.

The girl stared out at the sapphire reaches of the Hudson on their left, and the man stared at the hair that looped like golden silk about her ears.

"Mary," said she at length, "has fallen in love ——"

"With the butler?" he asked.

"With Lieut. John Pierce, of the 393d Infantry," she went on. "He stopped our car one day when Aunt Ellen and she and I were riding, and demanded to be carried from Ardsley to Tarrytown. He had seen Mary before, and only did it to get a chance to meet her. Aunt Ellen was terribly angry, but she didn't dare to refuse his demand. When he left the car he introduced himself. He also got the chauffeur's name, and on the following day he wrote to the chauffeur, inclosing a note to Mary and a ten-dollar bill. It was a case of love at first sight."

"Do you believe in that?" asked Keegan.

"In what? In sending notes clandestinely?"

"No; in love at first sight."

"Of course! Don't you?"

"I don't know," he replied, and again he fell to staring at the golden coils about her ears.

"To-morrow," she went on, "Lieutenant Pierce sails for France, and this afternoon they will be married. The lieutenant comes for Mary at four o'clock. But Aunt Ellen suspects something, and for days she hasn't allowed Mary out of her sight. That is how I happened to be able to get away to-day. Mary and I planned the whole thing this morning. She walked in the woods, while I pretended to be ill. Of course Aunt Ellen went with Mary, and while they were gone I took the car and went into New York to see Commissioner Burgess."

"And the commissioner told you about me?" suggested Keegan.

"No," said Miss Ames, "it was Inspector Corcoran. He knew you had been in Sing Sing for several years, and had been watching you since you got out. That was how he knew you were working in Tolson's. We waited outside until you started for lunch, and after the inspector had pointed you out to me I went ahead and picked you up."

"Good old Corcoran," he murmured.

Miss Ames hesitated, then turned impulsively toward her companion. "Mr. Keegan," she asked, "whatever led you to be dishonest? Your carriage and deportment are those of a gentleman; your ideas seem perfectly sound and your mind thoroughly alert; and your eyes are as clear and as straightforward as those of a man who has never done anything wrong in his life. Surely with those assets you might have risen to any heights in an honorable business if you had labored as diligently at it as you must have labored at your evil ways."

"Thanks," said Keegan dryly. "Let me assure you that the notion that a man's nature is shown in his eyes is a mistaken one. Some of the worst criminals in the world have had the most innocent babylike stares ever encountered outside a nursery. Furthermore, let me assure you that I would infinitely prefer certain lines of criminal endeavor to various businesses which you might class under the head of 'honorable.' Would you think more of me if I sold stocks short at a period of great national stress and depression than you would if I should break into the safe of a man who had made millions of dollars by taking advantage of his country's needs in its hours of agony? The first is listed as an honorable business; the second is a crime. If I had to choose between the two ways of getting money, however, I should unhesitatingly select the latter; wouldn't you?"

"Why," stammered Miss Ames, "I—I ——"

"You needn't incriminate yourself," smiled Keegan. "I think I know what your answer would be. If we had sufficient time at our disposal I'm sure that we could correct a number of faults that now exist in our country's social conditions. But since our time is limited I think you'd better tell me more about the knavish duties that will devolve on me prior to your sister's wedding."

Miss Ames sighed. "Of course," said she. "I had forgotten that I hadn't told you." She frowned portentously at the top of the limousine. "In the first place Burns will drop you at the entrance to the grounds. When he has left me at the house he will come back and get you and take you round to the servants' entrance, so that Aunt Ellen won't know about you. You are to hide in the room under the staircase, where we keep the firewood. At fifteen minutes before four o'clock you are to come out, cut the wires of the telephone in the hallway and conceal yourself behind the big tapestry just beyond the telephone. By cutting the wires you will make it impossible for Aunt Ellen to telephone anywhere in sufficient time to have Mary stopped."

"It will seem quite like the old criminal days," said her companion enthusiastically.

"Promptly at four o'clock," continued the girl, glancing at him reproachfully, "Lieutenant Pierce will drive up in a limousine. The front door will be unlocked and he will walk right in."

"I take it," ventured Keegan, "that your aunt begins to scream at this juncture, unless deterred by me."

"Yes; we think so, too," she replied; "and she mustn't be allowed to scream. She has a very penetrating voice and she might rouse the neighbors. Since Mary must have sufficient time in which to go upstairs and get her traveling bag after Lieutenant Pierce arrives, it would be fatal if any of the neighbors heard screaming and ran over to investigate."

"Very well," said Keegan with a resigned air. "I'll gag her."

"Poor Aunt Ellen," sighed Miss Ames. "She will be quite frantic."

"Without doubt," agreed Keegan. "She will probably attempt to bite me. That, however, is a minor detail. The chief thing to be considered, as I see it, is the ultimate result of this affair on you. Won't Aunt Ellen make life miserable for you after your sister has gone?"

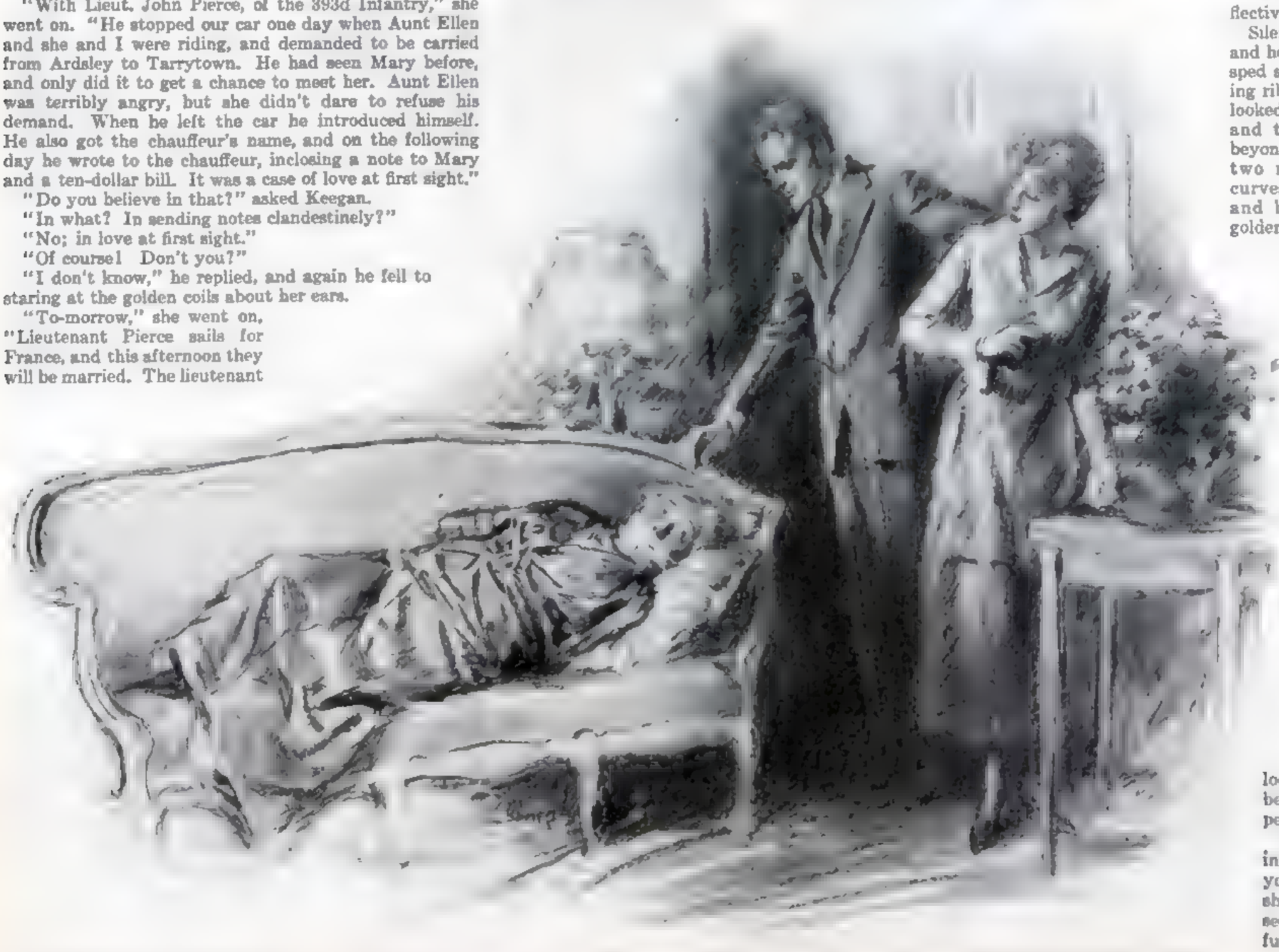
"I suppose she will," admitted Miss Ames; "but it won't be much worse than what I have been accustomed to. You see, her only relaxation has been obtained from inflicting her ideas on us. If the poor thing were deprived of that pleasure she wouldn't have anything to live for. When I think of it in that way I feel that for her sake I should be willing to endure a few discomforts."

"I see," said Keegan reflectively. "I see."

Silence enveloped the girl and her companion. The car sped swiftly over the glistening ribbon of road. The girl looked out at the brown fields and the sparkling Hudson beyond. The man looked at two red lips, the tender curves of a faultless cheek and burnished strands of golden hair.

Two stone posts loomed up at the right of the road. The car swung in between them and at an order from the girl came to a stop just beyond.

As it lurched forward again the man, left behind at the edge of the driveway, sighed and followed it with his eyes. A moment later he drew a deep breath. The girl had looked back.



"Thanks to Your Endeavors She Has Actually Been on the Verge of Falling in Love With Me—a Man She Knows to Have Served a Jail Sentence"

II

THE wood room beneath the staircase in the Ardsley home of Miss Ellen Judson was as dark as the proverbial pocket. For that reason, when Miss Ames opened its door and sought to look within, her gray eyes beheld nothing but impenetrable blackness.

Her hand groped blindly into the velvet dark. "Are you here, Mr. Keegan?" she whispered. "I can't see!" She glanced fearfully behind her, over a

(Continued on Page 73)

FOR THE LOVE OF LULU

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

IF MY fairy godmother were to come to me tonight—cloaked, hatted and staffed in the immemorial manner—and if she were to say to me "My son, whatever you pray for before you go to sleep, your last three prayers will be answered," I'm not exactly sure what I might pray for in the early part of the evening, but as soon as I caught myself blinking and dozing and snatching myself awake again I should hastily carry out the following program:

First I should offer up a prayer touching on and appertaining to this war.

Next I should ask for something Private and Confidential—something which even my fairy godmother hasn't given me yet.

And finally, just before I went down into the Sea of Slumber for the third and last time I should echo the immortal prayer of Tiny Tim: "God bless us, every one!"—one of the finest, shortest prayers ever conceived by man. And after that, catching myself with one last start, I should add this sleepy postscript: "And please—please don't forget the poor clerks!"

For surely if there was ever a class of human beings in this world who need a few extra words of prayer, I wish someone would tell me why it isn't the clerks—the office clerks, store clerks, bank clerks, insurance clerks, stenographers, typewriters, bookkeepers, grocery clerks, dry-goods clerks, drug-store clerks, and all and sundry—those clerks who are neither capital nor labor, fish nor flesh, hare nor hound—who get a wage so low that it has to be called a salary, and who are expected to dress like ladies and gentlemen on an income that a hodcarrier would laugh at!

Yes, heaven help the poor clerk—the clerk who daily finds himself ground a little more finely between the upper and nether millstones of the cost of existence—the clerk who is always "it" in that great game of tag which is sometimes called life—the ultimate goat of creation; the ultimate consumer who has no organization by which he can engage in that spirited pastime vulgarly known as passing the buck; the ultimate George who has to do it himself, personally, *in propria persona*—as the Latinists have it—and by no third party, or agent, or proxy whatsoever. Yes, and heaven help him in particular if his foot should chance to slip, or his hand should falter, or his women folks should go on strike some day and ——

But there! In my righteous indignation I was going so fast that I nearly ran ahead of my story—a story which starts on a gray May morning when Mrs. James Allison, who was not yet thirty and was the wife of one of those clerks aforesaid, got up on the wrong side of the bed and found herself the possessor of a dull headache just behind the budding wrinkle on her forehead, and a fever blister just behind the budding pout on her lower lip.

Assured of these possessions, a cloud of such heroic proportions passed over her face that the moment her husband saw it he hurriedly stretched his arms and disguised his concern with a yawn.

"My!" he exclaimed, "I certainly feel lucky to-day!"

Steeling her heart, she turned upon him like a tiger.

"Is that so!" she cried. "Well, I must say, it's just about time you did!"

At that Jimmy sat up very straight indeed, never having heard the lady speak that way before.

"Why, Lulu!" he said. "Whatever is the matter with my Little Bright-Eyes?"

"Your Little Bright-Eyes!" she scornfully cried. "Your Little Bright-Eyes! Your Little Fool, you mean!"

And the next moment she had burst into tears.

II

NOW no young lady is likely to burst into tears so early in the morning, to say nothing of doing it right in her husband's face, unless she has some cause and provocation. And while Jimmy is trying to soothe his Lou in the immemorial manner and making very wretched weather of it, I am going to take you back for a few long strides through the previous romance and history of my heroine.

Jimmy's Greatest Adventure Was to Get Up Early on Sunday Morning and Take Lou Her Breakfast to Bed

In the flowery language of a bygone age, she had been sweetly raised and delicately nurtured—a style of raising and a system of nurture which had suited her very well.

Her father, a handsome old gentleman with gray hair and black eyebrows, had owned a furniture store in Cornish, a Jersey town not far from the somewhat greater city of New York; and though he had spent the better part of his latter years in securing extensions of his notes at the local bank, often coming home quite hoarse and exhausted and looking like a fine old stag who had been hunted all day for his horns, he was nevertheless one of the leading citizens of his town, and nothing on this our earth was any too good for his daughter Louisa.

When she was ten years old she could play the Maiden's Prayer. When she was twelve she could play Narcissus—all except the hard part—and the Black Hawk Waltz. When she was eighteen she graduated from the Cornish High School—"fitted," as her father proudly stated, "both by birth and education to make a good wife for the President of these United States"—a nice girl, a sweet girl and a girl who had no temper.

And when she was twenty-one she apparently decided not to wait any longer for a president, but after carrying on a somewhat intensive correspondence with Jimmy Allison, a Cornish boy who had gone to New York five years before to seek his fortune, she was married, to quote the Daily Record, at "high noon" at the Old First Church in such a burst of éclat that her father never recovered himself financially, but a week after the wedding he came home one night so hoarse and exhausted that he had to have his feet in hot water and his back rubbed; and a few days later Ed Lucas went and painted two big signs on the windows of the Cornish Furniture Emporium—signs which proclaimed:

"Selling Out Sale" and "All Prices Slaughtered."

But Lou never saw that, and never knew how near the sale came to slaughtering her father as well as the prices. At the wedding the old gentleman kept up his front to the last—as handsome a figure as ever walked up the aisle of a church with a dewy-eyed daughter in bridal array on his arm.

"It's hard to see her go," was one of his last remarks to the bridegroom. "But there's nothing here in Cornish any more. If you want to make big money you've got to go where the big money is—and that's New York!"

As you can guess from that, it had been arranged that the newly married couple should live in New York, where, to quote the Record again, "Mr. Allison holds an important position of trust with the Eastern Supply Company." They had already rented a flat in the Bronx. The furniture was the gift of Lou's father. And when after a three days' honeymoon at Atlantic City they unlocked the door of their future home and passed inside, the door quickly closing behind them, Lou's romance might be said to have ended and her history begun.

III

IF I REMEMBER the poets aright they have a favorite theme in the feelings of a mother who sees her only son leave the shelter of home and march off in mingled sunshine and showers to find that pot of gold which is supposed to hang on the end of the rainbow.

And yet, so far as I can see, the only son isn't up against it half so hard as the only daughter who leaves the shelter of home with a practically strange man and rolls away, tin-canned and slippered, to find that world of happiness which is supposed to exist at the end of the honeymoon.

But starting now with the history of Louisa, I must tell you first that the important and responsible position which her husband held with the Eastern Supply Company was the position of catalogue clerk. For his grave and serious duties in this capacity he received sixteen dollars a week, but Lou was sure they could make a start on that.

"You'll soon be getting more," she said. "And I've often heard mother say that when she married poppa he was only getting twelve dollars a week, and that those were the happiest years of her life."

So Lou, who had dreamed in the romance of her youth of having a cook, a waitress, a chambermaid and a laundress—she now became her own cook, her own waitress, her own chambermaid and her own laundress.

She who had dreamed in the romance of her youth of sitting in a drawing-room reading a novel or playing the piano, and greeting her husband with a kiss—she generally found herself leaning over a hot stove when Jimmy came in, trying to make twenty-five cents of raw material taste like two dollars' worth of finished product.

By degrees her novel became the groceryman's account book and the washboard was her musical instrument.

In her youth, to use her own phrase, "she would cry all night if she had to wash the dishes. Dishwater! Ugh!" But now her hands were in dishwater three times a day, and none to sigh or shed the least semblance of a tear!

At school she had rather prided herself on being dumb at figures, dimly feeling that this dumbness was a mark of caste and a feminine attribute not without charm. But she hadn't been married a month to Jimmy Allison and his sixteen dollars a week when she developed a faculty for figures which would have done credit to a certified public accountant, and could trace a missing nickel through a labyrinth of financial transactions with a skill that asked no odds of Sherlock Holmes.

She learned to turn skirts once, twice and again—and then to convert them into petticoats. She learned how to make one pair of good stockings out of two pairs of poor ones. She learned how to patch Jimmy's trousers with his waistcoats. She even learned that last lesson of practical economy—how to buy a small roast, and ten cents' worth of pieces for a mythical dog, and how to make the roast give up a steak before it goes into the oven, and how to make soup and hash out of the other ten cents' worth, the remainder furnishing a ghostly meal for the equally ghostly Bruno. And remembering the lifetime of extravagance which had been visited upon her father at home, she also learned how to respect him at a distance more than she had ever respected him close at hand, especially when she recalled how he had sometimes come home, tired and discouraged, looking like a fine old stag who had been hunted all day for his horns.

"Oh, well," she gently told herself, "I must be careful never to do anything to make Jimmy look worried like

that." Yes, and through all her earliest history she preserved the smiling tranquillity of her disposition—a nice girl, a sweet girl and a girl who had no temper.

And yet, as the years began to march along with majestic strides, even Lou couldn't hide it from herself that they were steadily losing ground.

Her wardrobe began to run out and there was nothing new to replenish it. Her Apple Blossoms began to fade. Some of the furniture began to look shabby. The balance at the corner store had reached three figures. They also owed the baker and the milkman—not much, to be sure, but more than they could pay at any one time in a lump sum, Lou being obliged to pay a few dollars now and then on account, and trying to speak cheerfully about it, as though she would rather do it that way than not.

I have mentioned her Apple Blossoms. I must tell you more about those, first because they figure prominently in this story, and second because it's a subject too good to keep.

When Lou was getting her trousseau together there hung in the show case of the Cornish Art Exchange a pair of silk brocaded corsets with an apple-blossom design and hand-painted accessories—corsets fit for a Pompadour or a Du Barry—corsets that carried the beholder back to the days of deathless romance when the gentlemen wore lace cuffs and swords and died poetic deaths for the smile of Beauty. And who do you suppose made those dashing, colorful corsets? Nobody else but little Miss Minturn, who kept the art exchange—the primmest old maid in Cornish! That, however, is a story by itself, and what I want to tell you is this: One day just before her marriage Lou went into the art exchange to buy a lace jabot and came out with those corsets, Miss Minturn needing the money that day and Lou being a perfect thirty-six. Later Jimmy named them the Apple Blossoms, and as the years rolled on those Apple Blossoms seemed to be the epitome of Lou's married life.

So beautiful, so romantic at first, they presently faded a bit and then showed signs of wear. Next they began to sag and give and crack and show ridges and gape—dispirited in action and mournful in repose.

Thus for five long years, though seldom worn at last, they kept growing a little shabbier, a little more hopeless; and each year for five long years saw Lou a little more thoughtful, a little more amazed at that dim past when she had been so sweetly raised and delicately nurtured—fitted by birth and education to make a wife to the President of these United States.

And then suddenly appearing on the scene one night with the disconcerting magic of an old morality play came Master Baby, and after they had let Jimmy in and he had tenderly kissed them both Lou gave him a somewhat disconcerting look—a long, long look which seemed to say: "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to stick to sixteen dollars a week all your life? Or are you going to be a worthy father of this little angel who is lying cradled in his mother's arm?"

IV

AND now at last, laying aside all further signs and ceremonies, I must tell you a few things about James Allison, Esquire, the husband of our Lulu and the father of her child.

He was a quiet young man, serious of mien, and, though he had never had a music lesson in his life till Lou taught him his notes, it wasn't long before he could even play some of those good old gospel songs which are written in five flats. From this I think you will be able to guess that he was an intelligent and earnest young worker, who neither smoked, chewed nor used alcohol in any manner or form. Where another man might have sworn, Jimmy sometimes mildly exclaimed: "For the love o' Lulu!" Where another man might have worked himself into a rage, Jimmy smiled through his eyeglasses and, having counted up to ten, he found himself feeling better again.

As you can see at once, my hero is really no hero at all according to the present brilliant criterions. He couldn't jump off a roof and land on a horse's back, he didn't talk like one of George Ade's Fables in Slang, never won a football game for his dear old Alma Mater, nor saved the heiress from death or worse, nor detected the spy, nor hit a villain on his beak and laid the rascal low. No, poor Jimmy never did any of these things, perhaps because he simply never had the chance. He wasn't a cow-puncher, you see, or a senior, or a soldier, or a secret-service agent, or a handsome surveyor, or a rich young bachelor traveling in his father's private car and absolutely bored to death by the world, the flesh and the devil—oh, absolutely, you know! No, no; my hero was simply a clerk, a catalogue clerk.

His greatest treat was to buy half a pint of oysters on Saturday afternoon for Sunday morning's breakfast. His greatest adventure was to get up early on Sunday morning, cook these oysters, make the coffee and take Lou her breakfast to bed.

And his greatest excitement was to hope that some day he might find a pearl among those oysters—a pearl of great price—a pearl that would make them rich beyond the well-known dreams of avarice.

That's the sort of a man my hero was.

Once on Lou's birthday he bought her a canary and called it Dicko, and after that his greatest sport was to put his little finger in Dicko's cage and let the lion-hearted bird peck it and drive it out again.

Yes, that's the sort of a man my hero was.

"Jimmy," said Lou one evening when the Li'l Angel was a few weeks old, "just what do you do in the office every day?"

"I'm the catalogue clerk," he proudly replied—with a touch of dignity, too, as Talleyrand might have answered, "Madame, I am secretary of foreign affairs."

"Yes, I know," she said. "But what does a catalogue clerk have to do?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said: "The Eastern Supply Company buys all its stuff from outside and then sells it again. It's my business to keep track of the catalogues and prices of the people we buy from. I have to index them—thousands and thousands of them—and every catalogue and every letter has to be filed away in such a way that I can lay my hands on it at a moment's notice."

Lou was ready and waiting with her answer. "I think they ought to give you more than sixteen dollars a week for that," she promptly remarked.

In his response Jimmy showed those two characteristics which were at once his weakness and his strength: First a sense of humor and second the ability to appreciate the contrary point of view.

"Thank you, Mrs. Allison, for those kind remarks," he said. "I have often thought the same as you. You must remember, though," he continued in a more serious voice, "that I was only getting twelve dollars a week when I struck this job, and there are plenty of young fellows getting twelve dollars a week to-day who would jump at my job to-morrow if I were to get proud and quit."

He didn't tell Lou that three times since they had been married he had tried to get a raise; partly because he didn't like to admit even to himself that sixteen dollars a week looked like his absolute limit, and partly because he was one of those earnest young men who don't believe in telling their troubles to their wives. But a few days later Lou was at him again.

"I see in the paper," she said, "that the railway men have got their raise and so there won't be any strike."

It was Saturday afternoon and Jimmy had just put the Li'l Angel to sleep and was playing with Dicko.

"That's good," he said. "Ouch! This little fellow nearly bit my finger off." And returning to the topic of the railway men's raise he added, "So we'll be able to start for California to-morrow morning after all—that is, of course, if Uncle Jabez dies to-night and leaves us all his gold."

But Lou wasn't smiling that afternoon at the hypothetical Uncle Jabez and his equally supposititious gold. For one thing her last pair of corsets had simply fallen apart and the Apple Blossoms, pressed into service for the last time, had grown so old that the bones stuck into her whenever she sat down. And for another thing the Li'l Angel needed new shoes and new clothes and a baby wagon—the fortunate youngster having nearly everything else.

"No, Jimmy, listen!" she said. "I'm awfully serious; really I am. It's in the papers all the time about the carpenters getting more money—and the masons getting more—and the ironworkers—and the garment workers—and everybody! And they don't need it half so badly as we do—oh, not half! Now, why do you suppose it is that they can get more—and you can't?"

But Jimmy, with his rare gift of being able to put himself in the other fellow's place, had long ago worked that out.

"It's easy enough," he smiled, though there was a trace of sadness in his eyes as well; "when I go and ask for a raise I have no pistol in my hand. Don't you see?—I can't threaten anything. If I could tie up the company or threaten it with ruin or take its business away or cause it to lose money if I left or something like that—why, then I suppose I'd get my raise. But the way it is now, I am like a highwayman without a weapon—a sort of a joke, that's all."

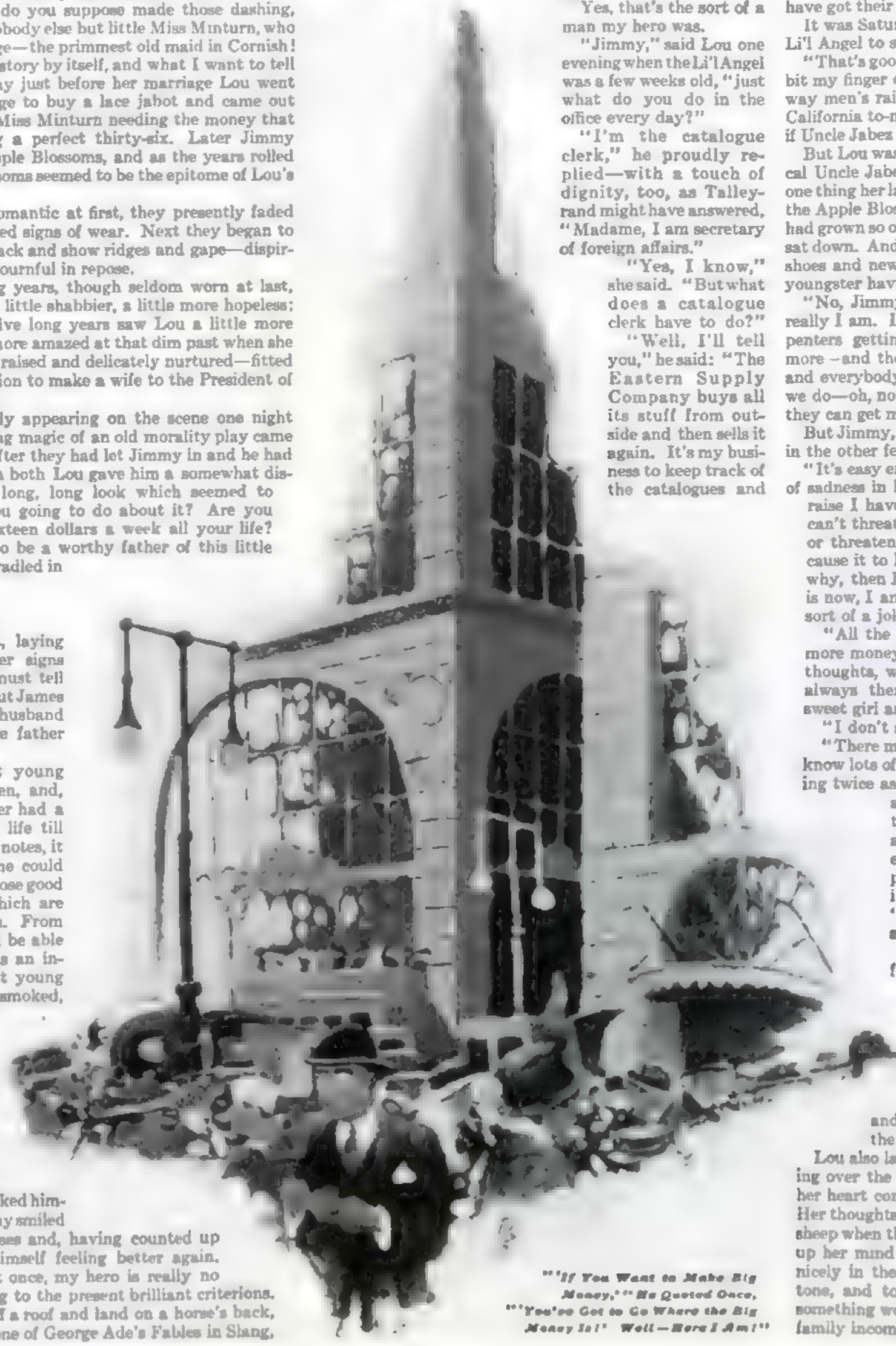
"All the same," said Lou, "you've got to get some more money somehow." And she frowned openly at her thoughts, which was something new to her, who had always theretofore frowned in secret—a nice girl, a sweet girl and a girl who had no temper.

"I don't see how I can," sighed Jimmy.

"There must be some way," she almost snapped. "I know lots of men not half as smart as you who are making twice as much—and so could you, too, if you went at it different. You're too easy; that's your trouble. You've got to get good and mad and fight for your rights; I can see it plainer every day I live. Not sit back, namby-pamby, and keep me all day"—sob—"stuck in this hole without a decent dress"—sob—"and that poor child nearly naked; and an awful lot you c-c-c-c-ca-a-a-are!"

It was, in short, a bad time—a bad time for Lou and a bad time for Jimmy; and though she went no further that afternoon than the incoherent flare-up which I have just recorded, Jimmy had an instinctive feeling that he was fast approaching a crisis in his life—a feeling that kept him awake nearly all night, wondering what would happen to them if he lost his job, and wondering what would happen to Lou and the Li'l Angel if he were to die.

Lou also lay awake, pretending to be asleep but thinking over the past, frowning over the present and feeling her heart contract whenever she thought of the future. Her thoughts ran in circles, like the milling of frightened sheep when the dogs are after them, and though she made up her mind over and over again to speak to Jimmy nicely in the morning, and argue with him in a loving tone, and to point out gently but unmistakably that something would simply have to be done to increase the family income—yet when she finally woke up with that



"'If You Want to Make Big Money,'" He Quoted Once, "'You've Got to Go Where the Big Money Is!' Well—Here I Am!"

dull headache which I have already mentioned, and that horrible fever blister as big as an epidemic on her lower lip, all her plans for moderation seemed to slip away from her. Perhaps she thought she had tried moderation long enough, or perhaps she simply couldn't help it. Whatever the cause may be, when Jimmy stretched himself that morning and, trying to dispel her frown, exclaimed "My, I certainly feel lucky to-day!" she turned upon him like a tiger.

"Is that so!" she cried. "Well, I must say, it's just about time you did!"

At that Jimmy sat up very straight indeed, never having seen the wife of his heart in a temper before.

"Why, Lulu!" he said. "Whatever is the matter with my Little Bright-Eyes?"

"Your little Bright-Eyes!" she scornfully cried. "Your Little Bright-Eyes! Your Little Fool, you mean!"

And the next moment she had burst into tears.

■

LOU was sick of the whole business; that was the matter with Lou, and she told him so as well as she could speak for the passion of indignant remonstration that had suddenly fallen upon her. She wouldn't let him touch her—wouldn't let him come near her—flounced away when he tried it—couldn't sob for talking and couldn't talk for sobbing—snatched up her clothes and began to dress herself—sobbing afresh at the patches on her stockings and the holes in the soles of her shoes.

"No other woman—in the world—but me—would stand it!" she half gasped, half choked. "Been nothing but a fool all my life—sick of it won't stand it any longer!" At this unfortunate moment she happened to pick up the old Apple Blossoms, that pair of priceless antiques with the bones that stuck in her every time she sat down, and all her rage seemed to focus for a moment on Miss Minturn's masterpiece. "Damn things!" she cried, and would have hurled them violently across the room if they hadn't happened to catch Sir James on the side of his head instead.

In that spontaneous, unexpected burst, Lou's temper might be said to have reached its height, but for the next few minutes she kept it upon that elevated plane.

"I tell you I won't stand it!" she shouted, turning a tear-streaked, unfamiliar face to Jimmy, who was standing there looking foolish with the Apple Blossoms in his hand. "I'm going back to Cornish. Mother can look after the baby and I'll get a job somewhere—even if I have to wash dishes or scrub floors; I'll get something for it anyhow, and that's more than I'm getting now!"

Though nearly blinded with her own tempest she was able to see how this shot went home, for it had always been a comforting thought to Jimmy that the people back home, at least, had no idea how life was faring with him.

"Bluffing all our lives!" she cried, rubbing it in and feeling a dreadful satisfaction in the process. "What's the use? What do we get by it? I'm ashamed to go past the corner store—ashamed to meet the milkman when he calls for his money—ashamed to let the neighbors see our poor old sheets out on the line! Sticking in all day long—and pretending there's nobody home when the bell rings—and drying the sheets in the kitchen! I tell you I'm sick of it sick of it all!"

Gradually then she began to subside and at last she let Jimmy put his arm round her and comfort her, his eyes nearly as swollen as hers, his nose nearly as red.

Yes, she knew she was tired and she knew she was nervous, but there was one point which she made very clear—she meant exactly what she had said about going back to Cornish.

"It's absolutely no use to go on the way we are," she earnestly told him. "It simply stands to reason that if you can't make enough to support this family decently I've got to turn in and help. Mother can take care of Junior just as well as not, and I can earn twenty-five or thirty dollars a month doing housework ——"

"No, sir!" Jimmy cried excitedly, and even as Lou had grown ejaculatory a few minutes before, so now did he. "By God!" he said. "I can earn enough to support my family, or I want to know the reason why!" He presently ate his breakfast with the brisk absentmindedness of a man who is about to embark upon great enterprises, and when he reached the street a few minutes later he didn't walk like the James of yesterday, friendly with all the world and smiling up at the sun.

But if you can imagine a lion tricked out in a brown suit and a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses, perhaps you can follow me when I say that Jimmy walked more like a hungry young lion stalking forth to the jungle to seek his prey.

"I Know Lots of Men Not Half as Smart as You Who are Making Twice as Much—You're Too Easy; That's Your Trouble"

"There!" mused Lou, secretly watching him from her window. "I had to get good and mad to do it, but I think I've woke him up at last!"

VI

ON HIS way downtown Jimmy's feet began to feel frosty. His first stirring idea had been to get down to the office just as quick as he could, lock horns with old man Edgren, and go down on the mat with him for that other four dollars a week. In the first flush of this decision he felt within him that faith which moves mountains. "I can get it if I tackle him right!" he had kept repeating to himself. "I can get it if I tackle him right!"

But as the train rumbled downtown he began to entertain a growing doubt of any such easy victory.

"Suppose he thinks I'm getting too fresh and gives me the bounce instead?" he asked himself, and habit being strong within him he felt the coldness of his feet strike up to his stomach.

"But what if he does?" he asked himself next. "If Lou's going back home to get a job at housework and everybody in Cornish is going to know that I'm no good I don't much care whether I get the bounce or not. I guess I'm not going to starve to death, even if I have to go back to Cornish and get a job there myself ——"

Yet the very thought of it made him pull such a face that if you had been hanging on the next strap you might have thought that he had a toothache—one of those brisk affairs which are generally described as "jumping."

"No, sir!" he muttered to himself. "I can support my family without being shown up back home like that. And even if I do get through with the Eastern Supply Company there are plenty of other ways of making a living."

One of the sayings of Lou's father came to his mind: "If you want to make big money you've got to go where the big money is—and that's New York!"

"Yes, and he was right too," mused Jimmy, almost savagely nodding his head. "New York's full of money; but how am I going to get my share? How am I going to get mine?" Another thought came to his mind: "If there was only something that I could do better than anybody else! Just one thing! Just one thing!" In searching his soul for that one thing he came across the memory of what Lou had once told him.

"Jimmy," she had said, "you do write the nicest love letters! I don't believe there's anybody in the world who can write a nicer letter than you!"

"A great chance of making a fortune there," thought James with a sheepish grin. "Love letters written while you wait!" And then he recalled that one of his friends had once written him: "Write again, soon, Jim. Your letters are a treat. We all read your last one, and then we read it to the cat. The cat ran right upstairs and had six kittens, and now they all run to the door and mew every time the letter carrier blows his whistle ——"

"All the same," smiled Jimmy again, not without a touch of pride, "I guess I do write a pretty good letter—though how I can make anything out of that ——"

Dimly, obscurely, though, the great idea had begun to rise in his mind, invisible, intangible, flying in a fog of confused impressions.

If you had asked him, for instance, what the great idea was he would have answered uneasily enough: "I can't quite tell you yet"

But if you had asked him how he knew it was there he could have truthfully told you, like that other boy who once flew his kite in the fog, "I can tell by the pull on the string."

VII

NOW if my hero had really been a hero with his jib properly cut according to the present romantic standards, with a fighting face and a nonchalant manner and a method of making his chest heave up and down like a storm at sea whenever he clapped eyes on a villain—why, then his story, from this point forward, would be one triumph after another, achieved with a sort of glorious graciousness and ending in a grand climacteric slam. But you know by now the sort of a hero that Jimmy was, and when he reached the office that morning and realized that he was about to engage in that unpopular pastime technically known as striking the old man for a raise, you know as well as I do that every other thought temporarily left his mind, and the palms of his hands and the small of his back went moist with perspiration, and somehow or other his breakfast didn't set any too well.

Indeed, if it had been any other morning he would certainly have postponed the operation and with a fine air of resignation he would have started to hum, instead, "It May Be in the Coming Years." But suddenly the memory of Lou's red eyes and tear-streaked cheeks rose before him—to say nothing of the manner in which she had sworn at the old Apple Blossoms and slammed them up against his ear—and simultaneously he knew that this crisis which had fallen on him like a brick in midocean had got to be handled to-day—not sometime in the coming years—but hurry up, immediately, right away and at once!

"Oh, well," he thought, swallowing hard, "I can't do any worse than get the bounce." And a minute later he had entered the Great General Headquarters of the Eastern Supply Company's staff.

"Mr. Edgren," he began, "I'm sorry to bother you, but I've simply got to have a little more money a week."

At this the grumpy old president grunted, as though to say "I've heard that song before—many a time—many a time." And bending his bull-like neck over his desk he opened the next letter from the pile.

"I've worked here nearly ten years now," bravely continued our James; "just as hard as I know how. I've never been away sick a day, get here on time every morning, work late whenever it's necessary; I've improved my department, learned to run a typewriter, kept my work up ——" At this the grumpy old president grunted again, and then suddenly growing loquacious and eloquent he grunted half to Jimmy and half to the letter he was reading: "Sorry. Can't do it."

(Continued on Page 88)

UNDER THE GUNS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

A FEW men are born with the knack of authority; some acquire it; and the rest of us are just naturally dubs. That fact becomes more apparent with every day that we are at war.

There was a rear-rank private in an infantry company of the first contingent. A year ago he was selling cheese and canned tomatoes and molasses in a crossroads store in Minnesota. He enlisted the moment the United States took up Germany's challenge; and a day or two later he was telling the top sergeant how the clerical work of the company ought to be handled.

"All right," was the prompt reply. "You're it. I'll get the captain to make you company clerk."

And it was even so. But in the course of a week they awoke to a painful discovery—the grocery clerk was trying to run the whole company. He bossed all the men and had the sergeants listening to him as they would have listened to an officer. Furthermore, he did not begrudge his spare hours to instruction of the captain, to whom he imparted many useful hints. The captain had had only twelve years experience of soldiering.

"I can't stand this much longer," said the latter desperately to the top sergeant. "And the worst of it is, he's right! Suppose we give him a squad?"

If they thought the care of a squad would prevent the recruit from horning into company affairs they were sadly mistaken. He rapidly whipped his men into shape and then started blithely to show the other noncoms how it ought to be done.

"The only way we'll ever get rid of that guy," reported the top sergeant, "is to recommend him for a commission."

That has been done; and the man from Minnesota will end up either with two stars or in the guardhouse.

The Eyes of the Trench Fighters

ON THE other hand, take my own case. It may be that I am chatting with a couple of staff officers and from time to time addressing them in familiar fashion as "Bill" or "John Henry." Up comes a soldier with a message; so long as the officers are present he stands stiffly at attention and replies "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." Of course it is my new uniform; he has sized me up for one of the higher command!

Then the officers go on about their business, leaving the soldier and me in conversation, and instantly it becomes apparent that his manner was nothing but camouflage. Relaxing, he leans his back against the wall, crosses his feet and borrows a match. Then he calls me "Brother," and wants to know whether I happen to have any kinfolks in Georgia.

"Say, what does that 'C' on your arm stand for? Correspondent?"

"It isn't 'C.' It's a 'G.' Means General."

"Sure!" says the soldier. "But what kind? General Disorder?"

It's all the fault of the accursed tailor. He has failed to make me look like a soldier. But, fellow citizens, I'm only one of several hundred thousand. The woods are full of able-bodied Americans in the same plight. They're all dressed up as soldiers and know where they want to go, but they're a long way from feeling in perfect harmony with khaki.

No uniform on earth can turn a civilian into a soldier. It takes long, hard months of training on the physical side, and then some more to fix his habit of mind; even then he will be only a peacetime soldier. He may know all the drill anybody can teach him; he may be an expert with the bayonet, a crack rifle shot, and able to take a machine gun apart and reassemble it in the dark by sense of touch; possibly he is champion bomber of his platoon;

"Wilhelm Dugout." The Winter Equipment of a Signal Corps Sentry on Guard.
Above: The Uniform of the U. S. Soldiers is as Picturesque and Interesting to the Frenchmen as the Villages are to Our Boys

he may be master of every trick of attack and mopping up; and he may be tough as rawhide. But he isn't a fighting man until he has done a tour in the front trenches. The army in training at home will discover that when they get over here.

You can distinguish the types in a flash; there is no mistaking the trench fighter. The newly finished product of the training schools may possess a swing and snappy precision he lacks; but the man who has been at the Front has gained something infinitely more valuable. It shows in his eyes. Just what the look is it would be impossible to define. I have seen it in the eyes of every poilu and Tommy who has long faced the boches in the rat-pit warfare of the Western Front. Absolute sureness of self is the basis.

One day I stood in a little French town and watched a battalion of new troops march to their train, en route to Verdun. They maintained a perfect column of fours; the rhythmic tread of their feet was like music. With rifles freshly cleaned and oiled and all their accouterments shining they made a fine appearance, and knew it.

Down from the station came a company of men just out of the trenches. They straggled along any old way, loaded down like peddlers with extra boots and picks and shovels, helmets, bedding and mess tins. The straw of the box cars in which they had traveled clung to their overcoats and stuck out of their hair. Their legs and backs were plastered with dried mud, and anyone could see with half an eye that they hadn't had a bath in weeks. What's more, they weren't worrying about it. Nearly all were smoking; hardly any of them bothered to talk, even with the townsfolk they passed. Their commander stumped along with a stick, limping slightly, as though his feet hurt him. They were the genuine, Simon-pure article—real old hairy poilus, fresh from their lairs.

They glanced casually at the outgoing battalion—without curiosity, without a vestige of appraisement. In their eyes was the look of men who had found themselves.

Toward the end of October the first American contingent seemed to be about as letter-perfect in their work as could reasonably be hoped. There was even a danger that further application to the same training might make them stale. They had come along in grand style physically. Boys whose blouses used to sag on them like a middy last summer were now bursting the chest buttons of the same uniforms. And they had learned to perform like clockwork everything their instructors had taught them. They were a pretty fine lot of soldiers, as we used to know soldiers in those piping days of ease, before 1914. But they were not yet fighting men.

Finishing Touches in a Quiet Sector

IT WAS to make them fighting men that General Pershing put them into the front line with the French. There is a vast difference between learning things in a training camp and doing them opposite an active enemy, so the American commander planned to put the finishing touches on the first contingent by some work within reach of the boche guns, to harden the men and teach them how to take care of themselves in trench warfare.

He selected a quiet sector for the purpose; probably he could not have found a more reposeful sector in all Europe. His idea was to round out training with as little fuss as might be, so that the men of the first contingent would be competent to instruct the green troops coming from America. And as soon as all had been given the experience the battalions were withdrawn.

That is all there was to it. The proceedings were devoid of fireworks. The Paris edition of an American newspaper solemnly announced that our forces had taken over a sector of the Front during the dark hours of the night and that when dawn broke the astounded Germans were apprised of the event by the spectacle of the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from our parapets; but actually there was no moving-picture stuff whatever. The troops eased in with the French.

The more quietly it was done the better satisfied were the American and French commands. They wanted no blare of bands, and Old Glory on a front-line trench could wait until the trench was empty.

Moving out of villages back of the line the companies marched along the roads leading to the communication trenches and, arrived there, went in to relieve the poilus in platoon groups. It was very dark and the rain fell drearily. About the only persons who saw this movement were a few French soldiers *en repos* in the villages, some old men and women, and a little girl in a cape, who trotted along beside the marching column of one battalion, talking to the intent, silent men. As they reached the crossroads where they turned to go along the canal she stopped and waved her hand at them for luck. May heaven bless her!

Here is a picture of the way you go in. Your experience will differ from this in the local setting and details when the time comes, more especially if you happen to be hurried up to support battalions that are being strafed; but in the ordinary course of events you will do it about the way the first contingent did it.

They have been keeping you back in a village during the training period, sixty or seventy or ninety kilometers behind the Front. In plain sight is another village and there are American troops billeted there also. Everywhere you turn in this section of France you find them. The roads and fields are full of khaki figures; the streets of every hamlet swarm with them. And there is a hamlet every two or three miles.

Well, they have gradually seasoned you by the hardest kind of work. You are physically fit to tackle your weight in wild cats. Out on the training ground beyond the village you have practiced every form of trench work and open warfare until you do it automatically at command. And you have grown acclimated too; your billet, which used to be a storehouse with a hayloft in it, no longer seems chilly when the temperature is at a raw damp fifty-five degrees. Or if you have been living in one of the frame barracks provided, you don't begin to think of pneumonia every time the roof leaks or a cold wind comes tearing through a fissure in the wall. In fact, you're fit, my boy—fitter than you ever were in your life, not even barring the proud day you made the eleven.

On a day your battalion receives orders to get ready to move. Perhaps you know what is coming off, perhaps you don't. At any rate that is none of your business; all you've got to do is obey orders and keep your rifle clean. So you hustle round, pack your kit, stall off Abe Green when he inquires whether you feel like paying back that twenty francs you borrowed, and presently parade with the others in full marching order and your helmet on.

This Company Doesn't Look Underfed, Nor as Though It Would be for One More Meal at Least

The Songs of the Sammees

STRAPPED to your back is the kit—a full seventy pounds, and more. The official figures give the weight as something less; but I have weighed a dozen of them. In the kit you carry your bedding, which consists of three blankets, extra socks and extra shoes, mess tins and emergency rations, first-aid dressings, ammunition, everything you will require for a ten-day tour in the trenches. With bayonet and pick and shovel the kit is a sizable load. You bend forward as you march, and if it doesn't sit snugly heaven help you!

Long lines of motor trucks are in the road. You pile into one of them; and when all is ready the driver lights a cigarette, says "Well, we're off! Giddap, Sarah!" and a moment later you go careering out of the village. Behind you comes another truck, and another, and another—trucks are strung out as far as the eye can reach.

It isn't such a bad business, bowling along a country road in France, even in a motor truck. The driver keeps his machine on the crown of the road and lets the automobiles that overtake him do the worrying. The wild warning shrieks of their sirens seem to fill him with a holy joy; a smile of infinite peace comes to his face as he holds the nose of the truck exactly in the middle.

It is a sweet land, this France; mellow as a matron, tender as a lass. The rich chocolate loam lies newly turned in the fields; cattle graze in the valleys; a young girl is tending a flock of sheep; and the swelling bosoms of the hills are veiled in gauzy mists. You go thumping through another village—oh, those beautiful, red-roofed hamlets that seem to snuggle close to Mother Earth! A church bell begins to ring; sweet and clear its notes carry to you above the jangling tumult of your three-ton truck. The village seems part of another life—of a cleaner, less stressful time. How like a benediction it is, breathing the spirit of ages of placid content and fertilizer.

For now you are in its main street and your nostrils are assailed with a rich, healthful barnyard odor, so that you begin to wonder what the folks are doing on the farm back home. And you discover for the hundredth time that French villages are like a great many other things in this vale of tears—they look better at a distance.

Up the street you go, between the rows of old, old stone-and-plaster houses, mildewed by the centuries. There are neat square piles of manure in front of them, which are steaming pleasantly. Chickens scurry to get out of the way; geese waddle at slower gait, very reluctantly; the dignified gander turns his head to hiss. A slinking dog awakes to animation with a start and rushes out to bark at the truck. And women, children and old men crowd to the doors to watch the Americans go by. They are used to you by now, and they no longer stand at the roadside with beaming faces to shout "*Vive l'Amérique!*" but perhaps a prescience of what this procession portends comes to them, for they wave their hands and wish you "*Bonne chance!*"

A minute, and you are beyond the village in open country again. Somebody starts a song. Now when a doughboy is in fine spirits and everything is well with him he invariably hits on the most lugubrious dirge he knows. He is strong for sentimental stuff.

"*Are we almost there? Are we almost there?*"
Cried the dying gur-r-l as she neared her home.
"*Them are pop-u-lar trees that ra-hair*
Their tall green forms to heaven's blue dome."

That is the sort of vocal effort in which he mingles when everything is lovely. But the instant stern work looms ahead his mood changes. He wants his songs livelier. Soldiers never sing The Star-Spangled Banner or God Save the King when they are bound for battle. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will hit upon an absurd parody, or a song of which you and I would want the children out of the way to enjoy properly.

To-day you are heading for the Front at twenty miles an hour. So you lift your voice in a ditty picked up from the British instructor who has been teaching you how to snipe. The tune is an old one. You learned it in Sunday school back home, but the words there were The Church's One Foundation. But you mean no irreverence when you sing it now—slowly, like a choir boy, prolonging the syllables of the last line:

They are a rag-time army;
They come from U. S. A.
They cannot march; they cannot shoot;
What bloody use are they?
But when they get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say:
"*Hoch! Hoch! Mine Gott, what a damn fine lot*
Are the boys from U. S. A."

You pass through a score of villages, and toward dusk arrive at one which shows the scars of war. The stark ribs of ruined houses stick up through piles of débris. Where a "Jack Johnson" landed is a jumbled mass of bricks and twisted metal and shattered stone.

"That used to be the *mairie*."

You're in the fighting zone now, but the trucks keep on; and it is dark when you arrive at your destination.

The Movies at the Front

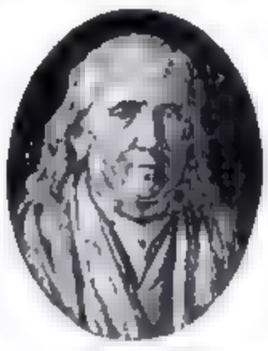
EVERYBODY piles out and eases cramped legs. You are in a tiny village and few people are stirring. Opposite you is a café called the Cheval d'Or; through the window you make out the figures of several poilus seated at a table, drinking wine. There is a wide, old-fashioned fireplace at the end of the room and over it a woman is cooking supper on an andiron contrivance that holds a pan and two kettles. The order is given to fall in. The darkness deepens as you stand there in the road waiting for the command to move. A door farther up the street opens, emitting a flood of light, and you perceive with amazement that inside is a movie theater, comfortably filled with French soldiers.

The film is evidently American and depicts the adventures of a sewing-machine agent who starts out to cross the trackless prairies near Chicago in a buckboard. He has a passenger; with him is the lovely Vera, a young and innocent school-teacher from Hingham, Massachusetts. Vera is going to get a job teaching the sturdy children of those parts, and maybe grab a husband. She is a true and noble girl.

(Continued on Page 45)

Unloading Food and Munitions From the United States at a Railway Station in the Hills of France

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 2, 1918

The World's Future Money

EUROPE has issued at least fifteen billion dollars of paper money since war began. The paper was redeemable in gold on demand; but the stock of gold has increased little relatively to the increase in paper money. Will Europe get back to a gold basis? How long will it take? If it does not get back what substitute will it use? Financiers are already pondering those problems.

Their practical importance lies in this: With an irredeemable paper currency, government has a more or less arbitrary command over prices. Broadly speaking, and other things remaining equal, it can raise or lower prices by arbitrarily expanding or contracting the currency. Is government—also broadly speaking—wise and honest enough to be intrusted with this power? For example, it would mean the power of paying interest on its debts in cheaper dollars.

For one thing, bimetalism is proposed—that is, making the paper money redeemable in silver as well as in gold, or in both equally. As the world's stock of silver is about a quarter of the stock of gold, that would at once increase the base by a quarter. But experience has shown the instability of bimetalism.

To this generation all kinds of money have looked just alike, for all kinds are interchangeable. Practically, if a man had any other kind of dollar he could change it for a gold dollar whenever he wished. Under that condition nobody cares which kind he has. But as soon as one kind goes to a premium it disappears from circulation, as gold did after the Civil War.

If a man can sell a gold dollar to a bullion dealer for a dollar and ten cents in paper, he will, of course, not use it to pay a hundred cents of debt which the paper dollar will pay equally well.

Experience shows the difficulty of keeping gold and silver tied together as basic or redemption money. One tends to become worth more or less than the other, and the cheaper supplants the dearer for money purposes.

Probably the choice will be between gold and irredeemable paper; and every conservative influence will pull toward gold. Probably, also, getting back to an actual gold base will be the work of years.

Avoiding War

FEW points in history are better settled than that up to April 12, 1861, neither the North nor the South wanted war. A competent observer who spent that winter in Washington declared: "Not a man in America wanted war, or expected or intended it." There is abundance of other evidence to the same effect. After Sumter was fired on, James A. Garfield cried out over "the shame, the folly, the outrage of civil war in our land!"

The Southern States held that they had an inalienable right to withdraw from the Union. Undoubtedly they expected to go in peace. They saw it as a question of political liberty, essentially like that which had confronted the Revolutionary Colonies. The North, with Lincoln, saw it as a question of the perpetuation of free government and the majority rule that is implicit in free government. He said if a minority could destroy a government at any time by seceding from it, a republican form of government would not work.

Both North and South were democracies in form. Neither had any imperialistic or dynastic ambitions. Neither wanted war. But there was no method of mediation between them. There was no tribunal to which they could appeal; no superior organ to take up the quarrel judicially.

Events helplessly took their own course. Sumter was a Federal fort and the Federal Government must hold it. It was in South Carolina and the sovereign state must claim it. A shot was fired, and nothing remained but to fight it out.

Democratic form of government is not enough. Absence of designs of military conquest is not enough. There must be a method of mediation, a superior organ to which international differences are referred—in short, an international organization to preserve peace.

So-Called Socialism

THE extension of the power of the state that has been going on in Western Europe and America since August, 1914, is not the Socialism that Socialists have preached. Only in Russia has the working class, or the proletariat, in any degree increased its control of industry; and industry controlled by the working class is the very crux of Socialism.

What has happened is an enormous concentration of power in few hands. Our trusts look like toddling infants in comparison with the vast powers over industry now exercised by a few men at Washington, London and Paris. This new control is no more socialistic in the Marxian sense than the old control was. Its one object is to quicken the pace, to increase production.

Essentially it is the capitalistic system seeking dividends in military efficiency. The workers no more elect its managers and fix its conditions than they did before—not so much, in fact.

American railroads illustrate the situation. They are operated in the same way, by the same persons and in the same spirit as before; but the operators are armed with new powers. The roads had gotten into an almost impossible situation. Government neither directed them itself nor permitted private management to direct them efficiently. It takes them over, guaranteeing private owners the same returns as before and paying labor the same wages. If it raises wages it must raise rates to the public, and private owners were willing enough to do that. Labor has no greater share in the management or in the earnings.

What has been taken over everywhere consists almost wholly of old standardized things, like railroads and steamships, which capitalism had already developed and exploited until the return on the invested capital had declined to a fairly fixed and quite moderate rate. If government retains those fully developed and standardized things capital presumably will simply turn to fresher fields.

The Last Fifteen Per Cent

YOU remember that 1914 was not reckoned a good year in business, while 1917 was a boom year. But you get the proportions all wrong if you measure it in dollars. Bank clearings throughout the country are usually taken as indicating the volume of domestic trade. In 1914 they were a hundred and fifty-odd billion dollars; in 1917 they were over three hundred billions—practically double. But far the greater part of this increase is accounted for by higher prices for everything, rather than by a greater volume of goods.

The farms actually produced only a little more in 1917 than in 1914. Chief grain crops were larger by about fifteen per cent.

The cotton crop was smaller by one-third. Of iron, coal and petroleum we produced one-eighth to one-quarter more in 1917 than in 1914.

Measured in total goods produced and consumed, the difference between a good year and a bad year is always a comparatively small percentage. As the manufacturer's profit usually arises from the last one-fifth or one-quarter of his output, so the whole difference between good and bad lies in the last fifteen or twenty per cent. The rule for the littlest business or the biggest business, or for an individual or for the nation, is that it is the last fifteen per cent which puts it over.

We do not need miracles now. We need the last fifteen per cent, which is always to be had by screwing up energy another notch all along the line.

Snap Judgments

IN THE summer of 1861 Frémont, with headquarters at St. Louis, was in command of the Western Department, which he scandalously mismanaged. August 31, on his own responsibility, he issued a proclamation freeing the slaves in his territory. Lincoln was then bending every energy to hold the allegiance of the border slave states. Writing confidentially he gave it as his opinion that to lose them was "nearly the same as to lose the whole game." He believed Frémont's proclamation would throw them to the Confederacy, and felt obliged, in effect, to annul it. The whole Northwest hated slavery. Frémont's proclamation stirred its deepest enthusiasm. All contemporary records show that public opinion was strongly in favor of Frémont and against Lincoln.

Ardent Union men denounced the Administration. An excellent judge declared that if Frémont were displaced, and an election should be held that fall, he would be made president. But it is well settled now that Lincoln was right and Frémont was wrong.

The following November a "rash and self-willed" naval commander held up the British mail packet Trent and forcibly took from it Mason and Slidell, the Confederacy's commissioners to England and France. The North was delighted with this exploit. The commander was acclaimed and lionized. But his act was squarely in violation of neutral rights upon which the United States had most vigorously insisted in dealing with England. It brought war with England to the very door. Lincoln felt obliged to surrender the prisoners.

Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. When the extent of Union casualties was known, Grant was hotly attacked in the press and in Congress. Men close to Lincoln urged his dismissal.

A witness speaks of the "overwhelming tide of popular sentiment" and "the almost universal conviction of the President's friends." Lincoln, distressed and, for a time, perhaps uncertain, could only reply: "I can't spare this man: he fights."

Examples out of American history might be multiplied. No little part of the difficulties of Lincoln and of Washington arose from wrong public opinion.

In wartime events react upon the public mind in a tense and emotional state. There is constant danger of snap judgments. The good rule is to take a little time, to wait for the second thoughts.

Commercial Aviation

A WELL-KNOWN American company announces that it is now prepared to write insurance on airplanes, when not engaged in warfare, just as many companies write insurance on automobiles. This means that mechanical flight has developed to the commercial stage. The risk attending an airplane in peaceful operation can be calculated with sufficient accuracy to make it insurable. The risk, in fact, is far smaller than nervous terrestrians imagine. If the war hazard could be eliminated from recent aërial experience in Europe it would probably be found that riding in an airplane, with a competent driver, is about as safe as any other mode of locomotion.

Scientific students of the subject confidently predict regular mail and passenger routes immediately after the war. Probably the Atlantic will be crossed this year, whether war ends or not, for machines have already performed a continuous flight of sufficient duration to cover the distance between Newfoundland and Ireland. New York to London in twenty-four hours is just round the corner.

Three and a half years of war have carried airplane development to a point that would have taken ten or more years in peace. The commercial stage is at hand. The present year will probably see the United States where it should have been always—at the head of the line in airplane development.

An Unofficial Tax

THE Bankers' Magazine, of London, shows that from the beginning of the war to the close of 1917 the market value of securities listed on the London Stock Exchange decreased nearly four billion dollars. Within a year there has been a huge fall in the market value of American securities.

War inflates the price of practically everything else; but it depresses the price of investments. One reason arises from simple supply and demand.

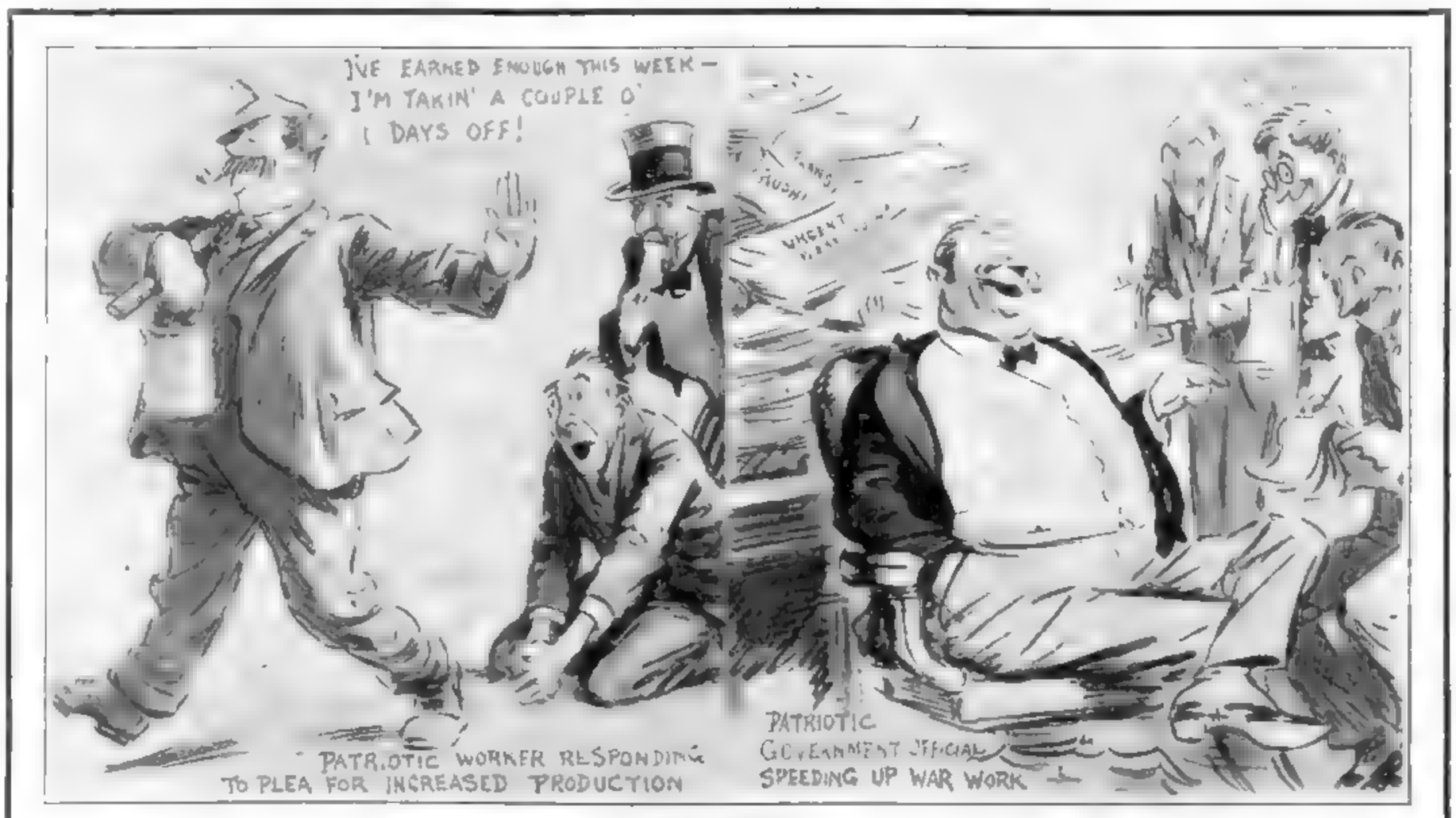
As governments almost monopolize investable capital there is very little left to function as demand for other securities; and in the absence of demand—as for one reason or another there is always a supply of securities pressing on the market—prices fall.

Another reason is that war, by raising the prices of commodities, lessens the value of investments. The investments may yield as many dollars as before; but as each dollar is worth less, the investments are worth less. It amounts to an unofficial war tax on capital invested in securities yielding a more or less fixed return.

Government securities are comparatively little affected, because a powerful motive of patriotism sends capital to them, with only secondary regard to the return on the investment. But the tax really falls on them too; for the higher commodity prices go, the less their coupons will buy.

THE PRICE OF A DOLLAR

By WILL PAYNE


I'VE EARNED ENOUGH THIS WEEK— I'M TAKIN' A COUPLE O' (DAYS OFF!
PATRIOTIC WORKER RESPONDING TO PLEA FOR INCREASED PRODUCTION
PATRIOTIC GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL SPEEDING UP WAR WORK

SPEEDING UP

EVERYONE is talking about inflation nowadays, and with good reason. Time was when a man measured his material well-being by the number of dollars he received. But fifteen years or more ago people everywhere began to notice that a given number of dollars didn't go so far as formerly, because the price of everything they bought had gone up. This was happening all over the world; and it continued until in the United States, at the beginning of the European War, a dollar was worth no more in purchasing power than sixty-five cents had been when the movement began, in 1897.

Meantime professors of economics were explaining this disagreeable phenomenon. Doubtless the public didn't pay attention to all the professors said on the subject; but it did get the outstanding point—namely, that the more dollars you have in circulation the less a given dollar will be worth.

The commonly accepted theory about it is simply an application of the familiar old law of supply and demand. We have a poor wheat crop; so the supply of wheat decreases. Then the price of wheat advances—that is, a given bushel of wheat becomes worth more in proportion to other articles. We have a big wheat crop; the supply increases, and the price falls—a given bushel of wheat becomes worth less in proportion to other things.

Just so with money. We increase the number of dollars. The price of a dollar falls. In other words, its exchange value, or value in proportion to other articles, decreases.

When Beads Passed as Money

IMAGINE a community of Massachusetts Indians in the days before the Mayflower landed and started all the trouble which subsequently befell them. They possessed a stock of goods—furs, deerskins, bows and arrows. They also possessed beads about the size of a pea, with a hole bored through the middle, and polished as smooth as glass. The Indians prized them for ornaments. The most prized sort was made out of clamshells. With the tools at their command, cutting these beads out of hard clamshell, boring a hole through them and polishing them required a good deal of labor.

Everybody wanted them, for everybody always wants fashionable ornaments, whether they have enough to eat or not. They were practically impervious to time and weather and could be easily carried about.

So the Indians used these beads, called wampum, for currency. For a string of them a foot long an Indian would exchange, say, a fur robe, because if he didn't want to wear the wampum himself he could always exchange it for something else. When white men came they promptly recognized this Indian currency and formally ordained that in trade with the Indians three beads should have the value of a penny and a fathom of wampum should be equivalent to five shillings. Connecticut accepted wampum in payment of taxes.

The price of wampum—its exchange value—was undoubtedly determined by the amount of labor required to produce it. By expending a given amount of labor an Indian could make an arrow. By expending the same amount of labor he could make four clamshell beads. So he would exchange an arrow for four beads.

That is the way currency systems came into being, for a great many things were used as currency before the world settled down to gold and silver. Far south of Massachusetts the Indians had discovered a pretty yellow metal in dustlike particles along the beds of mountain streams. They used it for ornaments and also to an extent for currency—until the followers of Cortés and Pizarro took it all away from them and murdered and enslaved them to get more.

Suppose some Indians in the pre-Mayflower day had discovered a cache of wampum—many bushels of it. They would at once have begun offering their superfluity for other articles—furs, deerskins, bows and arrows, and so on—thereby setting up a greatly increased demand for those articles. The prices of the articles would have gone up, and a given quantity of wampum would have bought less than before. The Indians, in short, would have suffered an inflation of the currency. That did happen later on when white men, with superior tools and inferior commercial morality, unloaded a lot of poor, hastily made wampum on the Indians and so nearly destroyed its exchange value.

Keeping in mind the familiar old law of supply and demand you will see that it isn't the absolute number of dollars that counts, but the relative number; it isn't simply the supply but the supply relatively to the demand. Everything that is offered for sale is a demand for money. If the supply of money increases and at the same time the demand for it—that is, the quantity of goods offered for sale—increases in the same proportion the exchange value of money will not alter.

This has been visualized by drawing a picture of an old-fashioned balance. All the dollars in the country are put into the right-hand scale. All the goods for sale are put into the left-hand scale. If you pour more dollars into the right-hand scale while the heap of goods in the left-hand scale remains unchanged, the dollars scale will dip down and the goods scale will rise—in other words, prices will go up. If you increase the heap in both scales equally the balance will hold even—that is, prices will remain unchanged.

This money theory was worked out from experience. Between the years 1500 and 1600 commodity prices in Europe more than doubled—according to calculations based on the best available data—and the literature of that period contains complaints about the cost of living that sound quite modern. The reason was that in the fore part of that century Spaniards discovered American gold and silver mines, which more than trebled Europe's stock of money metals.

The world's gold production declined somewhat after about 1870, but the production of goods continued to increase, and for some twenty-five years prices in Europe and the United States tended steadily downward. Then the great gold mines of South Africa began to be opened up. Annual production of gold, which had averaged about a hundred million dollars a year since 1873, began to mount. By 1896 it had reached two hundred millions. Ten years later it was four hundred millions. For five years before the great war it averaged more than four hundred and fifty millions. Weighted by this increased stock of money the right-hand scale began to dip down about 1897. In other words, prices of goods began to go up. They have been going up ever since.

There is another factor of considerable importance—the turnover, or the rapidity with which the dollars move. For two thousand years India has been draining gold and silver from Europe; but the price level in India remains low because the money is hoarded and doesn't move. But as a rule in Europe and America the more money there is the faster it turns.

The Golden Flood Brings Higher Prices

THE heap of dollars in the right-hand scale by no means consists exclusively or even chiefly of what we commonly call currency—that is, gold, silver and paper money. The greater part of it consists of credit: mostly bank credit, or bank deposits. Taking it by and large, about nine times out of ten when a man buys anything in the United States he pays for it not with currency but with a check against his credit or deposit at the bank; and a bank-check dollar counts for just as much in purchasing power as a currency dollar.

From 1897 to 1914 the stock of money in circulation in the United States somewhat more than doubled. Bank deposits, excluding deposits of one bank with another, somewhat more than trebled. And wholesale prices of all leading commodities taken together, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in the Department of Labor at Washington, increased about one-half.

The total heap of dollars increased about threefold. The heap of goods also increased greatly, but not enough to offset the increase in dollars. So prices went up about fifty per cent—which means that the value of each dollar, as measured by what it would buy, shrunk in proportion. In the total dollar heap in 1914 there were about five and a half bank-check or bank-deposit dollars for every currency dollar; and the bank-check dollars move faster, so their relative influence on prices is even greater than five and a half to one.

War has increased the number of currency dollars in quite bewildering fashion, operating in that respect in about the same way in all belligerent countries, though not to the same extent. The first effect of war in every belligerent country was both to give a tremendous jolt to credit and to put the government to a great immediate expense for mobilizing the army, transportation, supplies, and so on. This expense was far beyond the immediate cash resources of the government. Also it was necessary to bolster up panic-stricken credit. For both purposes all belligerent countries at once issued large quantities of paper money. To a lesser extent this happened in neutral countries.

A recent tabulation covering eleven European countries shows that the amount of paper money outstanding in July, 1914, was roughly three and three-quarter billion dollars. By last October it had risen to nearly nineteen billion dollars. In July, 1914, the gold reserve which was held for the redemption of this paper money amounted to two and a half billions. By various expedients—as by

calling in gold coins from ordinary circulation—the gold reserve had been increased to three and three-quarter billions. So the "uncovered" paper money—that in excess of the gold reserve—increased from a little more than one billion to about fifteen billion dollars.

At last accounts Russia alone—where bank checks are comparatively little used and where the government's credit is comparatively weak—had issued about seven billion dollars of paper money since war began. Circulating notes issued by the Bank of France have increased from about a billion and a quarter dollars to more than four billions. Germany is not far behind.

Soon all belligerent countries began floating war loans. Of course every country wanted to make credit as easy as possible so that everybody would be encouraged to subscribe to the bonds. The banks were called upon to extend credit liberally, especially to bond subscribers. In Germany a special sort of bank was set up to facilitate borrowing. And when the bonds were issued the banks everywhere loaned money on them at a low rate of interest and on easy terms. All this war financing increased not only the number of currency dollars but the number of bank-check or bank-deposit dollars. In England, where on the whole it has been more conservatively managed than anywhere else in Europe, the number of currency dollars has increased mostly through the issuance of a special war currency—by nearly one billion; and up to June 30 last deposits of the leading commercial banks had increased about a billion and a half. Also, commodity prices, as indicated by the London Economist's index number, increased from July, 1914, to November, 1917, by a hundred and twenty per cent. The Englishman's dollar had shrunk more than half.

War began increasing the dollar heap in the United States while we were nominally at peace. The Allies bought enormous quantities of goods here and paid us partly in gold. In the fiscal years 1915 and 1916—years ending June 30—our stock of that money metal increased more than four hundred million dollars.

As soon as we declared war the processes that increased the heap of bank-deposit dollars abroad began operating here. To encourage subscriptions to the Liberty Loans, banks made borrowing easy. When the second Liberty Loan was floated, for example, all the leading banks in New York joined in publishing page advertisements agreeing to carry the bonds until such time as subscribers could pay for them, at the same interest that the bonds bore—four per cent. Anybody with a bank account could simply sign an application blank and his bank would carry the bonds until he paid off the loan.

Say your bank is a member of the Federal Reserve system—as all national banks and a great many state banks now are. You subscribe to a thousand dollars of Liberty Bonds and borrow the money from the bank. The bank takes your note at ninety days, with the Liberty Bond as collateral security. It can immediately carry that note over to the Federal Reserve bank in its district and the Federal Reserve bank will rediscount it, giving your bank credit for the proceeds.

By pledging its customers' notes as collateral your bank can get Federal Reserve circulating notes—currency dollars—from the Reserve bank. But probably, having rediscounted your note, it would simply take a credit on the books of the Reserve bank. That credit on the books of the Reserve bank becomes lawful reserve for your bank.

(Continued on Page 85)

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

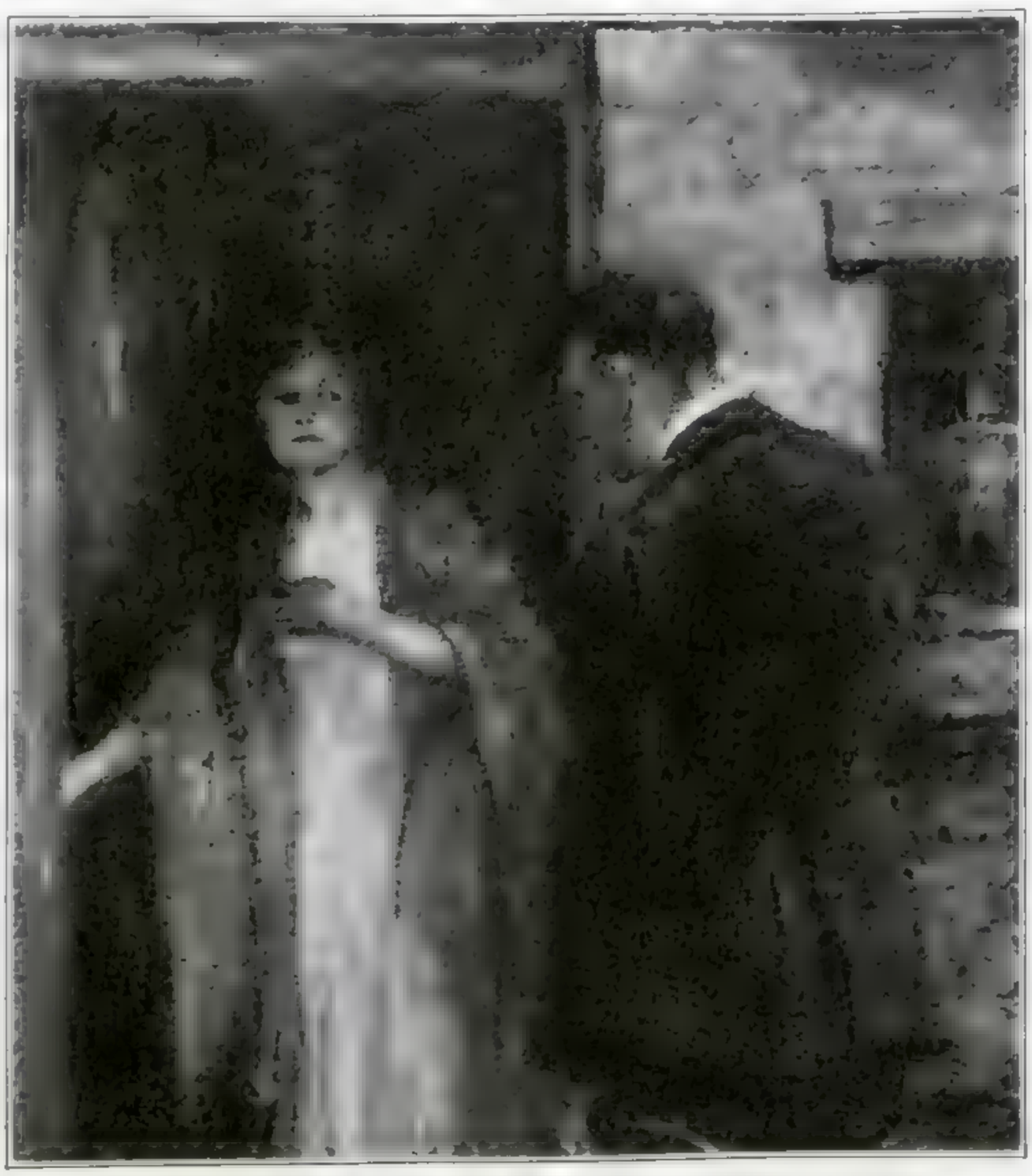
XV

UPON descending to the courtyard of the Hotel of the Three Kings I took a seat on a bench beneath a trellis, which a little later would be picturesquely covered with vines and purple flowers. To stop here for a time, smoking, would seem a natural proceeding, and while I held such a post of recognizance nothing overt could transpire in the environs without being seen. Enough had developed already though, heaven was witness! I lit a cigarette and prepared for a résumé.

Like a sleuth noting salient points I glanced round the rectangular court. At my right, off the gallery, was Miss Falconer's room, shrouded in darkness; at the left, up another flight of stairs, my own uninviting domain. The quarters of Van Blarcom and his uniformed friends opened from the gallery above the street passage, facing the main portion of the inn, which sheltered the kitchen and *salle à manger*. Such was the simple, homely stage setting.

Bleau, I now felt tolerably sure, was merely a milestone on the route of Miss Falconer. Next morning, at sunrise probably, she would resume her journey for parts unknown. Would they arrest her before she left the inn or merely follow her? The latter doubtless, since they said she was on her way to get the papers which they wanted for France.

Upstairs in the room where Van Blarcom and I had held our conference the shutters had been reopened. There was just one light to be seen, a glowing point, which beyond all question was the tip of a cigar. If I was keeping vigil below, from above he returned the compliment; nor did he mean that I should hold any secret colloquy with the girl that night. I swore softly but earnestly. Considering his rather decent attitude, his efforts from the very first to enlighten me as to the dangers I was running, it was odd how thoroughly ingrained was my detestation of the man!



"You Mean," She Whispered, "That Something Dreadful Has Happened. Is It About the—the Men Who Came Last Night?"

The mystery of the gray car had been solved, and with a vengeance. Instead of being freighted with accomplices, as I had at first thought possible, it had carried the representatives of justice, in the persons of three officers and my secret-service friend. A queer conjunction, that; but, then, my ignorance of French methods was abysmal. Perhaps such was the usual mode of doing things in time of war.

Van Blarcom's explanation, though it made me furious, had brought conviction. There was a certain grim appositeness about it all. The night in New York, the events of the steamer, the unsatisfactory character of the girl's actions—all fitted neatly into the plan; while the mere personnel of the pursuing party was sufficient assurance—French officers, as I well knew, being neither liars nor fools. Neither, I patriotically assumed, were the men of my country's secret service, however humble their part as cogs in that great machinery or however distasteful Mr. van Blarcom, personally, might be to me. And finally, I could not deny that women, clever, well-born and beautiful, had served as spies a thousand times in the world's history, urged to it by some sense of duty, some tie of blood.

Yes, that was it, I told myself in sudden pity, recalling how Miss Falconer had stood on the steps in her nurse's costume, straight and slender, her gray eyes full of fire, her face glowing like a rose. Perhaps she was of the enemy's country. Perhaps those she loved, those who made up her life, had set her feet in this path that she was treading. If she was a spy—Lord, how the mere word hurt one!—it wasn't for ignoble motives; it wasn't for pay!

I came impulsively to the conclusion that there was just one course for my taking: To see her, and to beg, bully or wheedle from her the unvarnished truth. Then, if it was as I feared, she should go back to Paris if I had to carry her; she should accompany me to Bordeaux, and on the first steamer she should sail from France. Yes, and the army should have its papers, for she should tell me where they were hidden. Her work should end; but these men upstairs should not track her, and trap her, and drag her off to prison, perhaps to death!

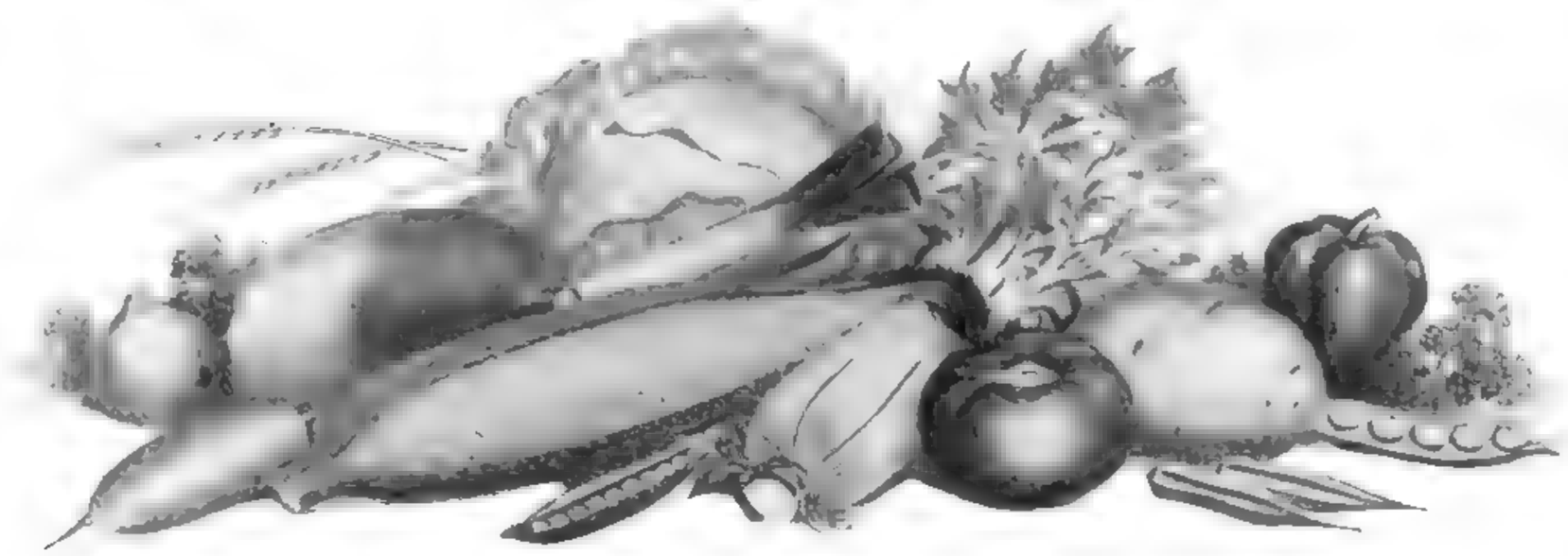
There was danger in the plan, even if I could accomplish it. I would get myself into trouble, dark and deep. Well, if I had to languish behind bars I could survive it—and she mightn't. As I thought of that I knew I had irrevocably made up my mind.

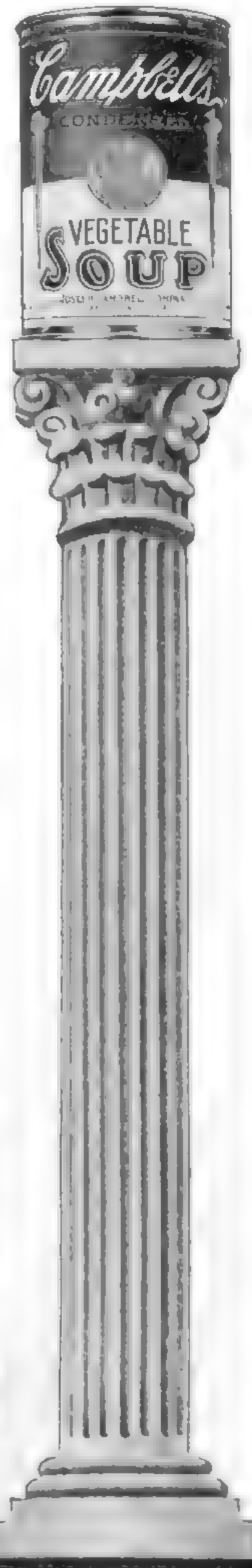
It was a problem, nevertheless, to arrange an interview, with Van Blarcom sitting at his window watching me like a lynx. I couldn't go up the stairs and batter on her door till she opened it; apart from the reception she would give me it would simply amount to making a present of my intentions to the men across the way. Yet who knew how long they would keep up their surveillance? Till I retired probably!

"I'd give something to choke you and be done with it!" was the benediction I wafted toward the sentinel above.

I was owning myself at my wit's end when a ray of hope was vouchsafed me, the kitchen door opening and giving egress to a leather-clad figure which strode across the courtyard, lantern in hand, and let itself into the garage. Despite the dimness I recognized Miss Falconer's chauffeur, the man she had addressed as Georges when they left the Rue St. Dominique. The very link I needed, provided I could get into communication with him! I rose, stretched myself lazily and began to pace the court.

(Continued on Page 34)





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In using *Campbell's* you have the benefit of the entire Campbell organization—the extensive Campbell farms, the Campbell agricultural staff, our staff of expert buyers and experienced chefs, the Campbell kitchens with their unequaled equipment and facilities.

All this is co-operative economy on the largest scale. It insures you the finest and freshest ingredients. It eliminates the loss, waste and spoilage of retail marketing. It makes a difference in your gas bill or coal bill. Best of all it provides you with a never failing source of health and vigorous condition.

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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

Perhaps a dozen times I crossed and recrossed it, each turn taking me past the garage and affording me a brief glance within. The chauffeur, coat flung aside, sleeves rolled up, was hard at work, overhauling his engine. Up at the window I could see the glowing cigar tip move now to this side, now to that—not for an instant was Van Blarcom allowing me to escape from sight.

After taking one more turn I halted, yawned audibly for the sentry's benefit, and seated myself once more, this time on a bench by the door of the garage. Van Blarcom's cigar became stationary again. The chauffeur, who had satisfied himself as to the engine and was now passing critical fingers over the gashes in the tires, looked up at me casually, then resumed his work. Kneeling there, his tools about him, he was plainly visible in the light of the smoky lantern—a young man, twenty three or four, perhaps, strongly built and obviously of French-peasant stock, with honest blue eyes and a face not unduly intelligent, but thoroughly frank and open in its cast. The actors in my drama, I had to own, were puzzling. This lad looked no more fitted than Miss Falconer for a treacherous rôle.

How theatrical it all was! And yet it had its zest. I confess I experienced a certain thrill, entirely new to me, as I bent forward with my arms on my knees and my head lowered to hide my face.

"*Attention, Georges!*" I muttered beneath my breath.

The chauffeur started, knocking a tool from the running board beside him. His eyes, half-startled, half-fierce, fixed themselves on me; his hand went toward his pocket in a most significant way. In a minute he would be shooting me, I reflected grimly. And upstairs, the very stillness of Van Blarcom shrieked suspicion—he could not have helped hearing the clatter that the falling tool had made.

"Don't be a fool," I muttered, low but sharply. "I know where you and mademoiselle come from; I know she is upstairs now; if I wished you any harm I could have had the mayor and the gendarmes here an hour ago! Keep your head—we are being watched. Have a good look at me first if you feel you want to. Then take your hand off that revolver, and pretend to go to work!"

Throwing my head back I began blowing clouds of smoke, wondering every instant whether a bullet would whiz through my brain. I could feel Georges' gaze upon me; I knew it was a critical moment. But as his kind are shrewd judges of caste and character I had my hopes.

They were justified, for presently I heard him draw a breath of relief. His hand came out of his pocket. "Pardon, monsieur," he whispered, and began a vigorous pretense of polishing the car.

Again I leaned forward to hide the fact that my lips were moving. "When you speak to me keep your head bent, as I do."

"Monsieur, yes."

"Now listen: Men of the French Army are here, with powers from the police. They accuse mademoiselle of serious things, of acts of treason, of being on her way to secure papers for the foes of France. They are watching. To-morrow if she departs they mean to follow, and to arrest her when they have gained proof of what she is hunting."

"*Mon Dieu, monsieur!* What shall I do?"

There was appeal in his voice. Convinced of my good faith he was quite simply shifting the business to my shoulders—the French peasant trusting the man he ranked as of his master's class. And oddly enough I found myself responding as if to a trusted person. I smoked a little, wondering whether or not Van Blarcom could catch the faint mutter of our voices. Then I gave my orders in the same muffled tones:

"You will tell the servants that you wish to sleep here to-night, to watch the car. You will stay here very quietly until it is nearly dawn. Then you will creep to mademoiselle's door and whisper what I have told you, and say that I beg her to meet me at five o'clock, before those others have awakened, in ——"

Pondering a rendezvous, I hesitated. The room where I had dined, with its stone floor, its beamed ceiling and dark panels, came first to my mind. I fancied, though, that some outdoors spot might be safer. Opportunely I remembered that a passage led past this room, and that at its end I had glimpsed a little garden behind the inn.

"—— in the garden," I finished; and risked one straight look at him. "I can trust you, Georges?"

The young man's throat seemed to close. "Monsieur le Duc was my foster brother, monsieur," he whispered. "I would die for him."

Who the deuce Monsieur le Duc might be I did not tarry to ponder. I had done all I could; the future was on the knees of the gods. Having smoked one more cigarette for the sake of verisimilitude I rose and crossed the courtyard to the stairs, where madame was descending. She had, she informed me, been preparing my bed.

"And I wish monsieur good repose," she ended volubly. "Hitherto no Zeppelins have come to Bleau to disturb our dreams. Though, alas, who knows what they will do, now that we have lost our most gallant hero? Monsieur has heard of the Firefly of France?"

That name again! Odd how it seemed to pursue me. "I believe I shall meet that fellow some time, if he's living," I reflected as I climbed the stairs.

In my room, my candle lighted, I resigned myself to a ghastly night. I don't like discomfort, though I can put up with it when I must. The bed looked as hard as nails; the bowl made cleanliness a duty, not a pleasure. And to think that I might have been sleeping in comfort at the Ritz!

Tossing from side to side, pounding a cast-iron pillow, I dozed through uneasy intervals and woke with groans and starts. I could not rid myself of the sense of something ominous hanging over me. The gray car ramped through my dreams; so did Van Blarcom; and between sleeping and waking I pictured my coming interview with the girl, her probable terror, the force and menaces I should have to use, our hurried flight.

Across the Courtyard I Recognized Miss Falconer's Chauffeur—the Very Link I Needed, Provided I Could Get Into Communication With Him!

At length I fell into a heavy, exhausted slumber, from which, toward morning I fancied, I sat up suddenly with the dazed impression of some sound echoing in my ears. Springing out of bed I groped my way to the window. The galleries lay peaceful and empty in the moonlight; and down in the courtyard there was no slightest sign of life.

I went back to bed in a state of jangled nerves. Again I dozed, and a dim light was creeping through the window when I woke. I looked out again. "Hello!" I muttered, for though the hotel seemed wrapped in slumber the door of the garage now stood ajar. Was it possible that Miss Falconer had stolen a march on me—that the automobile could have left the premises without my being roused? It was only four o'clock, but all wish for sleep had left me. I decided to investigate without any more adieu.

I made the best toilet that cold water and a cracked mirror permitted, longing the while for a bath, for a breakfast tray, for a hundred civilized things. Taking my hat and coat I went quietly down the staircase. The garage door beckoned me—and all unprepared I walked into the tragedy of the affair.

In the dim place there were signs of a desperate struggle. The rugs and cushions of Miss Falconer's automobile were scattered far and wide. The gray car had vanished; and in the center of the floor was Georges, the chauffeur, lying on his back with arms extended, and staring up at the ceiling with wide, unseeing blue eyes.

XVI

KNEELING by the young man's side I felt for his pulse, but the moment my fingers touched his cold wrist I knew the truth. There flashed into my mind queerly, as things do at grim moments, an often-heard expression about *rigor mortis* setting in. With this poor fellow it had not started; but he was dead, for all that. The most skillful surgeon in Europe could not have helped him now.

It was murder, I never doubted. The confusion of the garage was proof of it; and the instrument, once I looked about me, was not far to seek. Divided between rage, horror and pity I saw a sort of sharp stiletto, suitable for use as a penknife or letter opener, which after doing its work had been cast upon the floor.

I remained on my knees beside the lad, smitten with a keen remorse. I knew no good of him; I had even suspected him; but he had an honest face. Why had I not kept watch all night? The instructions I had given, the plan I had thought so clever might be responsible for the killing; it must have been some echo of the struggle that had roused me when I had wakened and glanced out, and gone placidly back to sleep!

Had Van Blarcom caught our whispered colloquy—or surmised it? Helped by his precious colleagues he must have taken Georges unprepared, throttled him to prevent his shouting, and ended his frantic struggles with one swift, ruthless blow. But why? What sort of soldiers could these be who wore the uniform of a brave, chivalrous country and yet did murder? And what sort of mission were they bound upon that for no visible gain or motive they risked desperate work like this?

And the girl upstairs? The thought was like a knife thrust; it brought me to my feet, my heart pounding, my forehead cold and wet. I told myself that she must be safe, that wholesale killing could not be the aim of these wretches, that the gray automobile was not what certain of our sheets, in their tales of gunmen, like to call a "murder car." But what did I know about it? I was in a funk, a funk of the bluest variety. In that one age-long moment I learned what sheer fright meant.

Without knowing how I got there I found myself in the gallery. The doors that lined it were rickety and worm-eaten; I stared sickly at them—a mere twist of practiced fingers and they could be forced open by anyone who cared to try! I thought I heard a faint breathing inside the girl's room; but I wasn't sure; I was too rattled. Very guardedly I knocked—and got no answer. Then in utter panic I knocked louder, at risk of disturbing the whole house.

"*Georges, c'est vous?*" It was the drowsiest of murmurs, but few things have been so welcome to me in all my life.

"Yes, mademoiselle!" Though my knees were wabbling under me I summoned presence of mind to impersonate the poor huddled mass of flesh in the garage.

"*Attendez donc!*"

I could hear her stirring; she believed I had come with some summons, with some news. Well, it was imperative that I should see her. I waited obediently until the door swung open and revealed her, in a loose robe of blue, with her hair in a ruddy mass about her shoulders and the sleep still lingering in her eyes. "Mr. Bayne!"

Such was my relief at finding my fears uncalled-for I could have danced a breakdown on that crazy gallery, snapping my fingers in castanet fashion above my head; I had forgotten entirely the strained terms of our parting, but she remembered. A bright wave of scarlet ran over her face, her neck, her forehead. She gasped, clutched her robe about her, would have shut her door if I had not foreseen the strategic movement and inserted a foot in the diminishing crack—just in time.

"I beg your pardon," I began hastily; "I am really extremely sorry. But something has occurred which forces me to speak to you ——"

"There can be nothing which forces you to come here—nothing'" Her lips were trembling; her voice wavered; the apparent shamelessness of my behavior was driving her to the verge of tears. "Is there no place where I am safe from you? Mr. Bayne, how can you? I shan't listen to a single word while you keep your foot in the door!"

(Continued on Page 26)

Winter Emphasizes Staggard Superiority

The original and peculiar construction of the Staggard Tread gives extra security at all seasons.

At no time does it assert itself so decisively as in the winter months.

Users of Staggard Treads are especially immune from the side-skid of slippery snows and treacherous slush that so frequently makes winter driving dangerous.

No other tread is so scientifically built to hold the road.

The Staggard Tread is the scientific solution of the non-skid problem.

It was patented (Sept. 15-22, 1908) by The Republic Rubber Corporation as the *first* effective rubber non-skid tire.

It gives *maximum non-skid* with *minimum friction.*

There is literally no other tread on the market that gives similar security in winter driving.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 24)

"And I can't take it away until you listen," I protested. "It is perfectly obvious that if I did you would shut me out! But you can see for yourself that I'm not trying to force an entrance—and I wish that you would speak lower; if we waken anybody there will be the mischief to pay!"

My voice, I suppose, had an impatient note that was reassuring—or perhaps I looked encouragingly respectable, viewed at closer range. At any rate she spoke less angrily, though she still stood erect and haughty.

"Well, what is it?" she allowed, barring the opening with one slender arm.

"May I ask if you have had a message from me, Miss Falconer?"

"A message? Certainly not!" with renewed suspicion in her voice.

"H'm." Then they had intercepted the man before he reached her. "I'm going to ask you to dress as quickly and quietly as possible, and to come downstairs. Don't stop in the court—and don't go near the garage, I beg of you! Just walk on past the *salle à manger* to the garden, and wait for me."

I expected exclamations, indignant protests, anything but the sudden white calm which fell on her at my request.

"You mean," she whispered, "that something dreadful has happened. Is it about the—the men who came last night?"

"Yes. But please don't worry," I urged her with false heartiness. "I'll explain when you come down." And to cut the discussion short I turned to go.

Once her door had closed, however, I halted at the staircase, retraced my steps and without hesitation circled the gallery to the rooms of Mr. John van Blarcom and his friends. I had had enough of uncertainties; henceforth I meant to deal with facts. It was barely possible that I was unjustly anathematizing these gentlemen—that while they were peacefully sleeping thieves had broken in below.

Two knocks—the first rather tentative, the second brisker—netting no response, I deliberately tried the knob and felt the door promptly yield to me; then, with equal deliberation, I dropped my hand into my pocket, where my revolver lay. If someone sprang at me and tried to crack my head or to stab me—stabbing was popular hereabouts—I was in a state of armed preparedness. But when I stepped inside I found an empty room, a bed in which no one had slept.

Grown brazen I strode across to the inner door and opened it. More emptiness greeted me; the four men had plainly taken French leave in their gray car. It was strange that the hum of their departure had not roused me; they must, before starting the motor, have pushed their automobile from the courtyard and out of earshot down the street.

For a moment I stood in the deserted room reflecting swiftly. The situation was desperate, for in another hour the inn would be stirring; and Miss Falconer, I felt sure, could not afford to be found here when that came to pass. Murder investigations are searching things. All strangers beneath this roof would be interrogated narrowly. If anyone had a secret—and she certainly had several!—the chances were heavy that it would be dragged to light.

For some reason this prospect was unspeakably frightful to me. Under its spur I hatched the craziest scheme that man ever thought of, and took steps which, as I look back at them, seem almost beyond belief. I must get Miss Falconer off for Paris, I determined. And since it was possible that the villagers would see us leaving she must appear to go with her chauffeur, as she had come.

I descended forthwith to the garage, where the murdered man lay sprawling; shook out and folded the rugs which had been scattered in the struggle; picked up the cushions and replaced them in the car. Then borrowing a ruse from the enemy I set the door wide open, and, puffing and panting, pushed the blue automobile into the courtyard, through the passage and down the street.

What comes next I ask no one to credit. Retrospectively I myself have doubted it. It lives in my memory as a grisly nightmare rather than as a fact. To be brief, I returned to the scene of the crime, shut out any possible audience by closing the door and disrobed hastily. Then I removed the leather costume of the victim; donned it; laced on his boots, which by good fortune were loose instead of tight; and picking up his visored cap from the floor where it had fallen stood forth to all seeming as genuine a member of the proletariat as ever wore goggles and held a wheel!

By this time my teeth were clenched as if in the throes of lockjaw. Had I paused to think for a single instant all my nerve would have oozed away. But I had no time to spend on thought; I had to work on—and to save Miss Falconer. The whole ghoulish business would be futile if the inn servants found the body. The mere flight of all the guests would certainly stir suspicion; let the murder transpire as well, and at once we should be pursued.

The garage, from the looks of it, was not often put to service. A dusty spot, festooned with cobwebs, it cried to the skies for brooms and mops. In the background, apparently undisturbed since the days of the First Empire, a great pile of straw mixed with junk of various kinds lay against the wall; and most reluctantly, my every fiber shrieking protest, I saw what use I might make of this débris—if I could!

"Go to it!" I told myself inexorably but miserably. "It's not a question of liking it, you know. You've got to do it." Grimly I wrapped my discarded clothes about the poor chap's body, dragged it to the straw and covered it from head to foot. By this action, I surmised, I was rendering myself a probable accessory and a certain suspect; but the one thing I really cared about was my last glimpse of that patient face.

"Sorry, old man," was all the apology I could muster. "And if I ever get a chance at the people who did it you can count on me!"

With a sigh of complete exhaustion I rose and looked about. All signs of the crime had been obliterated from the garage. "I must be crazy!" I thought, as the enormity of the thing rushed on me. "I wonder why I did it? And I wonder whether or not I can forget it some day—maybe after twenty years?"

As I opened the door to the garden the dim light was growing clearer. I was late; the girl, coated and hatted, ready for flitting, was already at the rendezvous. At sight of me in my leather togs she started backward; then, resolutely controlled, she drew herself up and faced me silently, her hands clutching at her furs, her lips a little apart.

"Won't you sit down?" I began lamely, indicating an iron bench. It was all so different from the interview I had planned last night! "I want to speak to you about your chauffeur, Miss Falconer. This morning I found him hurt—very badly hurt ——"

(Continued on Page 77)

"This May Prove a Rather Nasty Mess, I'm Sorry to Say. The French Police, You Know, are—Well, They're Capable and Very Thorough"

For Spring '18

Styleplus Clothes will be made in two grades—$21 (green label) and $25 (red label).

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This policy of concentration is a quality builder and goes far toward making "Each Styleplus grade the greatest possible value at its price."

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America's only known-priced clothes

THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX, 11-19

"Of Shoes—of Ships—of Sealing-Wax—" By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

VI

WE HAD been invited by one of our friends named Ralph Sanderson to motor out to spend the week-end at his country place. It was a beautiful clear October day, and as we glided through the uptown streets everywhere the Stars and Stripes were flying, and the service flags, hanging before shops and houses, told how each particular family had responded to the call of duty. Occasionally we passed a company of men in khaki, and once a full regiment, headed by its band, which was playing Over There—Over There—Over There! It was an inspiriting and thrilling spectacle.

Yet, apart from the flags and the music, I could see very little change in the life about us. Fifth Avenue was literally choked with motors, many of them with two men upon the box. The congestion at Thirty-fourth, Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets had never before approached what it had been since my return. We passed a half-completed church with workmen literally swarming over its scaffoldings. In front of each of the multitude of apartment houses swaggered about stalwart uniformed porters. Across the East River several blocks of jerry buildings were being put up. Everywhere signboards advertised new plays and restaurants, with hideous caricatures of young ladies and their young bounder friends partaking of broiled live lobster, for the purpose of luring the public to "groves," "gardens" and "palaces," there to dine not wisely but too well.

Presently we escaped the semirural regions of gas tanks, road houses and motor-service depots and achieved the dense rusticity of the estates of the Long Island gentry. It was, let us say, somewhere in that region of darkest agriculturalism where excellent country building sites may be obtained as low—on bargain days—as three thousand dollars an acre, if one buys wholesale, that we came into view of what, at first, I took to be a medieval fortress.

Two steam rollers were smoothing the avenue leading to the portal in order to facilitate the movement of some thirty carts filled with building materials. The air rang with the rat-a-tat of the riveting machines, the shouts of the workmen and the pound of the sledge hammer. Several hundred carpenters, steam fitters, plumbers and electricians must have been at work inside this modern palace, which, with its wings, could not have been less than four hundred feet in width, while the grounds were dotted with laborers laying out roads, making flower beds and setting out trees. There was, in fact, a small army at work.

"That's Bing's new place," said Sanderson. "Some Waldorf—what?"

"Who's Bing?" I inquired.

My friend gazed at me incredulously.

"Didn't you ever hear of Bing? They say he's made a little matter of several million dollars this year, and he's keeping it safe for America; doesn't want to let it get out of the country, he says."

"Bing must be a bird!" I remarked.

"He is," readily agreed Sanderson. "There are several other Bing-birds down here—though not of the same name."

Down in the Grillroom Men and Women Sat Laughing, Smoking and Drinking as If Thousands of Their Fellow Human Beings Were Not at That Very Moment Dying Upon the Blood-Soaked Battlefields of France, Belgium and Venetia

Since we were on our way to the extreme eastern end of Long Island we stopped for luncheon at one of the numerous golf clubs scattered along the highroads among the building sites. One differentiates the estates of the gentry from the golf clubs by the amount of bunkers and the bunk. There was a fair-sized crowd in the restaurant being served by from fifteen to twenty waiters; and, dotted over the course, I counted from the veranda seventeen other employees sedulously engaged in rolling putting greens, cutting grass, replacing divots, and similar productive tasks. There were thirty-eight motors—including my friend's—parked in the circle in front of the clubhouse.

"How many men are there on your pay roll?" I asked.

"Between fifty and sixty, counting the house servants—and in the garage, stable and on the links," he replied. "We absolutely need every one of them to keep the club going."

Before the end of our day's trip we passed a dozen more large country houses and three new golf clubs and links in process of construction. On these last the work was obviously being rushed. The war had evidently not retarded in the slightest degree these private enterprises, either collective or individual. Of course people must have houses and—golf clubs! Farther along the shore my host pointed out—I thought with some local pride—an immense estate where a large force of men were employed in raising fancy shrubs and hothouse plants, building rock gardens, and in general turning the not altogether sympathetic marshy Long Island landscape into a small modern Versailles.

We arrived at our destination—a comfortable colonial mansion over a hundred years old on the outside, but entirely reconstructed so far as the interior was concerned—about five o'clock in the afternoon and had tea on an inclosed veranda, served by a young English butler and a second man in livery. There had apparently been no alteration in the size of our friend's ménage, but later he took occasion to call attention to the fact that we were partaking of what he was pleased to call a "war dinner," in consequence of which he seemed convinced that he was placing his native country irreparably in his debt. Simply because he had graham bread instead of white and turkey instead of lamb.

Incidentally he had the butler open a bottle of champagne, on the ground that to drink it would help the French! The war was the sole topic of conversation, and Sanderson speedily showed that he was exceptionally well informed upon every political and military phase of it. He recurred constantly to the assertion that he made a point of observing minutely every governmental regulation or suggestion, and let drop the fact that he had contributed largely to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other sorts of war relief, as well as invested twenty-five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds.

I let him rave on. Of what use was it to point out to my well-meaning but misguided friend that, though his four courses were literally within the Hooverian limit, every one of them violated it in spirit, since in each case the most lavish use was made of expensive sauces, seasonings and preserves, requiring large quantities of butter or sugar. The fact that these were used on fish instead of on meat was the merest incident. He would have retorted that he was obeying orders in having a meatless and wheatless day—and that that was all there was to it.

Well, it might have seemed ungracious for a guest to discuss the champagne; and, on the whole, we concluded to hold our peace. But the sight of the two sturdy young Englishmen solemnly stalking round the table, passing liqueurs when they ought to have been in the trenches, gave me an unpleasant feeling, as well as the inclination later to lure one or both of them out of the ambush of their pantry and stand them up against the wall and find out why they were not where they belonged.

But I find that butlers, second men and chauffeurs "are different," somehow. It is so easy to become dependent upon particular servants. Most women would rather have a chop handed round by dear old stupid James than a golden pheasant served by a maid, however *chic*. Knee breeches for some are the insignia of respectability; and, of course, one can be nothing if not respectable!

Only a few months ago the following appeared in a leading New York daily in the column devoted to "society":

——, ——, September 12.—Possibility of the drafting of aliens, as proposed by the joint resolution in Congress, has caused consternation among the big —— villas, in most of which English and French menservants are employed. On the estates many Breton French are employed as gardeners and caretakers.

Mrs. —— has an English butler and four other menservants who would be subject to the draft. Mrs. —— has four English menservants. Mr. and Mrs. ——, Mrs. ——, Mrs. ——, Mrs. ——, Mr. and Mrs. ——, and others would lose either their butlers or helpers in the draft.

In spite of the calls to service, many aliens employed in the cottages have remained in this country, tempted by increases in wages and other inducements. Besides men who handle the affairs of the butlers' pantries, others in the cottagers' kitchens would be affected by the resolution. The wealthy sojourners hold these men to be indispensable in serving dinners and conducting entertainments.

(Continued on Page 30)

Running the Works

A Turn of the Switch
vs.
A Battery of Boilers

THE modern, efficient, specialized plant takes its power from the central station—the Electric Power Companies who specialize in the generation and sale of electrical current.

The manufacturer operating a power plant has his own troubles these days: Labor, coal, freight embargoes, and fluctuating costs keep him guessing as to how to turn out full production on time—at a profit.

The electrical power companies will relieve him of all this bother, so that his plant may be operated *by a turn of the switch.* No manufacturer should carry the cost and waste of his own power plant, when he can get electrical power on a contract basis at a stabilized cost.

The Men Who Know

In every locality, wherever a factory is operated, there are competent electrical contractor-firms who carefully engineer and most economically install electrical equipment. They can save money in the cost of equipment and installation, and earn actual dividends by planning for economical operation.

This is the day of specialists. Plant and building owners are fast coming to the idea of having architects plan their buildings, mechanical engineers to lay out the machinery equipment, electrical engineering contractors to do the electrical work—and, of course, use electrical power.

Whether for your present plant, a new plant you are planning, or for additional machinery, call on your electrical contractor and local power company, to show you how to save time, trouble and money, and how to figure a fixed cost on your power.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

The Electric Cable Company, 10 East 43rd Street, New York City

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used.

(Continued from Page 29

Is it surprising that the clergy complain of the spread of profanity?

Though the rich woman has cheerfully given out of her abundance, has bravely watched her sons go off to the Front and her husband intern himself in Washington for the period of the war, she has generally flinched—so far when it came to the lesser sacrifices involving discomfort, or even merely inconvenience. She has procrastinated in the hope that the war might end, or some valid excuse turn up that would relieve her of the disagreeable necessity of giving up her cherished butler and second man.

Up to this time the patriotism of the wealthy has been shown far less in the direction of household economy than in their public activities. To be sure, dinners are shorter, on the whole; there are noticeably fewer able-bodied butlers and second men about; the dressmakers complain that their fashionable customers are wearing their last year's gowns, but there are still dinners and butlers and dresses very much as before.

The change is not yet particularly noticeable. It is really easier for a rich woman to give ten thousand dollars to the Red Cross than to give up her maid; far easier to work several hours at the local war-relief office than to surrender the chauffeur and the motor in which she drives there. These thoughts occurred to me as my wife and I partook of the war dinner provided by our host, a meal that would probably have caused a considerable elevation of Mr. Hoover's eyebrows.

The paper that morning had contained a table showing the comparative wealth and man power of the Central Powers and the Allies. Everybody had read it; and, since it was so striking, Sanderson had cut it out and kept it. He read it aloud to us.

"The Boches haven't a chance!" confidently proclaimed our host after dinner on the strength of the figures he had read to us. "Not a chance! It's all over but the shouting! The Allies have five times as much money and nine times as many men."

Unfortunately the average New York bond broker is not only statistically sophisticated but skeptical as well.

"My dear Sanderson," I returned, "I don't wish to discourage you, but those figures are highly misleading. A hundred thousand men on the firing line are worth a hundred million in Siam, Bechuanaland and Hindu Kush. You've got to have your men where they'll be of some good to you. So you can just eliminate all the Hottentots and Eskimos that are figured in on the Entente side of the balance sheet. And what good do Russia's one hundred and eighty millions do us? Or Japan's seventy-two millions, for that matter? On the other hand, the Teutonic Allies draw on populations exclusively within their own frontier battle line. No; you can't dope out the winner on any such general basis as that, interesting as the figures may be."

Sanderson seemed unconvinced.

"Well, anyhow," he argued, "money counts. Germany can't win if she's only got one hundred and eight billion dollars as against five hundred and seventy-six billion on the side of the Allies. We can go on fighting forever! What's the paltry five billion of the last Liberty Loan compared with what the United States could raise by taxation or voluntary subscription if it really set out to do it?"

"Well," I reminded him "we shall have a good chance to find out, for before June 30, 1918, the United States will have assumed the burden of raising twenty-one billion dollars as its first year's appropriations toward winning the war. That, my dear sir, is more than the value of all the railroad bonds and stocks in the entire country. It is, as Mr. Vanderlip recently pointed out, only five billions less than the total expenditures of this Government from the year 1791 to January 1, 1917—a period of one hundred and twenty-six years."

My wife, who was sitting with us, raised her hands in dismay.

"I hear what you say, John," she declared, "but I don't know what it means. I can't take it in. I wonder if any man can!"

"There is only one who pretends to do so," I replied, "and—maybe he's mistaken!"

"All the same," insisted Sanderson as we climbed up the stairs bedward—"take it from me—we'll find the money will be there when the time comes! Do you realize that if everybody in the United States gave only ten cents a week to the Government it would amount to five hundred and seventy-two million dollars a year? We're the richest nation on earth, and our money is going to win the war!"

"It would if we could eat bank notes or shoot dollars at the Germans!" I retorted as a final volley

"What rot!" he yawned. "Well, good night. See you in the morning. What do you want for breakfast—ham or bacon?"

A telegram from Morris in Washington to the effect that he would be at the New York office on Monday morning brought us back to the city before the expected conclusion of our visit. But during the time we spent at Sanderson's country place nothing occurred to alter our impression that our host actually believed he was doing his full duty to his country and living up to the highest standards of patriotism—to say nothing of those of the Food Administration pledge card that hung in the coat-room window—so long as he ate hot corn muffins for Sunday luncheon.

I fear there is a certain vagueness about Mr. Hoover's requirements that is easily availed of by the self-indulgent. We cannot afford to be indefinite if we are to win this war. There is, too, a very general misconception to the effect that by saving food in accordance with the wishes of the administrator we shall also save money. Of course this is an utterly mistaken idea. Though it may be true that if one is patriotic enough to save white flour, meat and bacon in accordance with Mr. Hoover's request he may, as a result, possibly become so thrifty that he will economize all along the line, and so incidentally save money, the fact remains that the purpose of the pledge card is simply to induce people, so far as possible, to go without those staples of food of which there is a shortage in order that we may furnish them in the needed quantities to our Allies and our own men abroad. In point of fact, I have found it just a shade more expensive to be a perfect Hooverite than not to be one. The only motive for Hooverism, as such, is patriotism, pure and simple.

On my arrival at the office on Monday morning I found my two partners already there. I had not seen Morris since my departure for the Orient in December, 1916, and I was surprised at the change in him. He had grown quite gray and the lines on his face and the weariness in his eyes indicated only too plainly the strain he had been under during all the hot summer months when, instead of sitting on his veranda at Bar Harbor, he had toiled at the Treasury Department, with the thermometer hovering round a hundred degrees. There was, too, a gravity about his address that was new.

He quite agreed with us, he said, about the business. There was nothing in it at the present juncture from any point of view. Besides, the Government needed clerks and stenographers, and by discharging ours we should be releasing labor. Then he turned to me and asked what I was going to do. I had been asking myself that question for some time. My son Jack was already on the other side; my wife was working day and night at war relief; my unmarried daughter was studying in a business college eight hours a day; and my surgeon son-in-law was in the Harvard Medical Unit at the Front, where he had barely escaped being blown to atoms by a bomb dropped by a German airman, by reluctantly consenting to leave his cot to join a poker game which could not have been played without him. I was the only person in my family who wasn't doing anything—which was embarrassing, since I had done a good deal of talking on the subject of patriotic duty.

What I really wanted to do was to get as near the Front as I could some sort of a military job; but my hopes had been shattered when the medical examiner of one of the big life-insurance companies had turned down my application for a policy on the ground that I had a bad heart. I felt like a spring chicken; but that doctor had cooked the chicken, so far as active service was concerned. I was fifty-two years old and physically active—in spite of my heart. I didn't believe in medicos anyhow. What do they know about it?

Of course I could get busy on a Liberty Loan campaign or a Red Cross drive; but I wanted to do something more than merely solicit subscriptions. I had volunteered my services to the Food Administration; but its officials had not, as yet, seen fit to avail themselves of my offer. I had written to the War Department, the State Department and the Navy Department, but none of them had seemed at all excited about me.

My pride had suffered a distinct shock and my self-esteem had become very much deflated since finding myself so little appreciated. I had always rather fancied myself a really distinguished sort of fellow for a bond broker. Now it appeared, however distinguished I might be, I wasn't wanted—at present, of course!

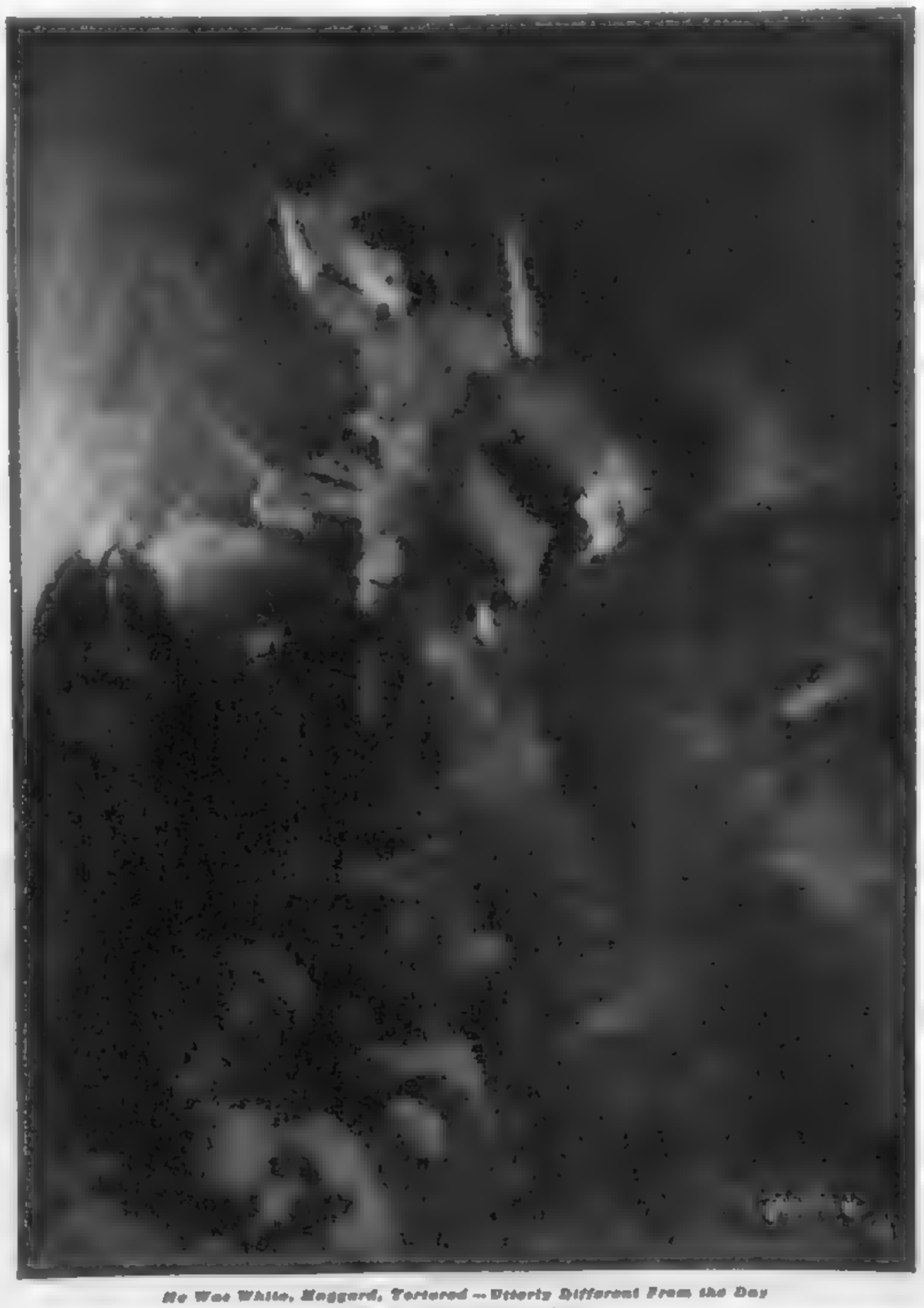
"Yes, John. What are you going to do?" he repeated. "Isn't it time you started on something?"

"That is the question," I replied. "I want to do the work I am best fitted for; where it will do the most good. But I can't seem to find any job. Middle-aged men are a drug on the market. Of course I can roll bandages or solicit contributions; but I'd like to get nearer the Front."

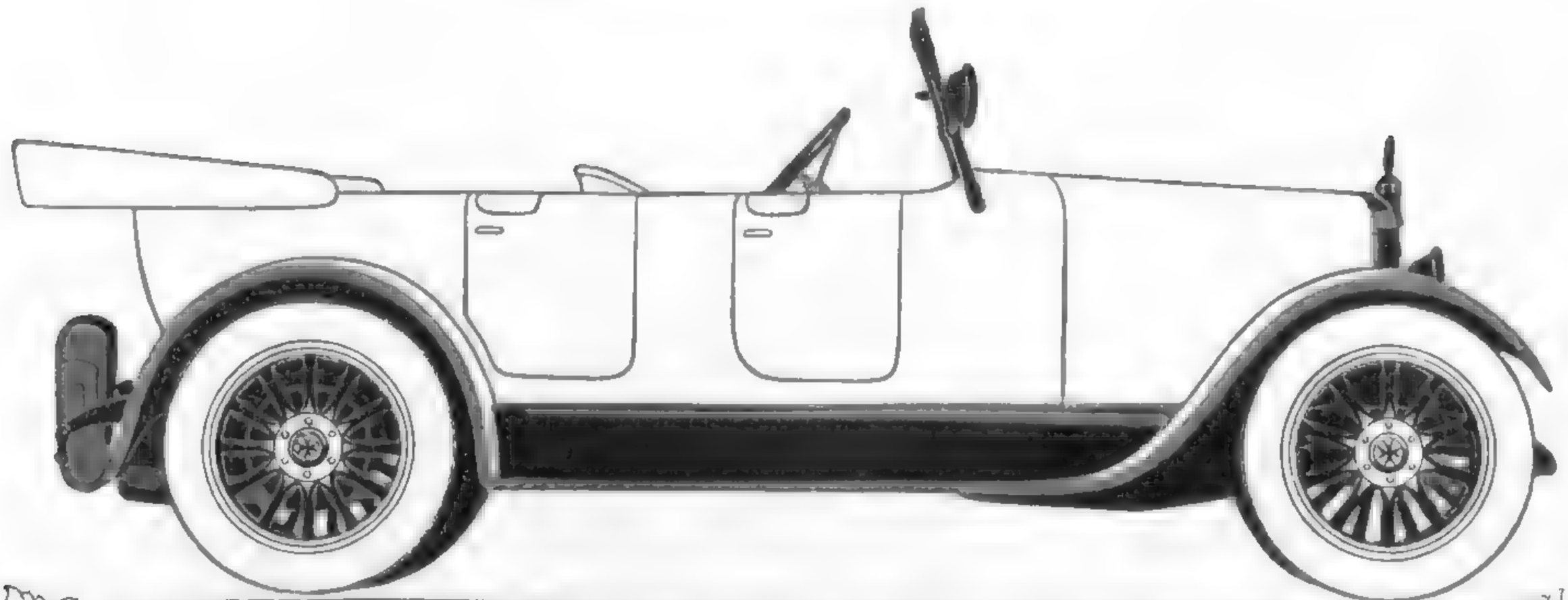
To my astonishment my ordinarily pacific partner scowled and pounded a fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Nearer the Front!" he cried impatiently. "Nearer the Front! Anybody who can make people

(Continued on Page 32)



He Was White, Haggard, Tortured—Utterly Different From the Day When I Bade Him Good-by



Templar

Now—Moderate Size With Superfine Quality

UNTIL now when you thought of the very finest motor car you knew anything about, you had in mind a *big* car.

The finest cars have not heretofore been built on a moderate-size scale

The Templar is such a car—moderate in size—easy to handle in traffic, easy to park in limited space, inexpensive to operate.

Yet in every other respect—in scientifically correct materials regardless of cost—in painstaking, intensively accurate, highly skilled workmanship—in lavish beauty of finish, the Templar must rank with motor car masterpieces and yield to *none*.

And in keeping with this staunch adherence to the most exacting standards is the Templar Vitalic Top-Valve Motor.

It was this remarkable motor that inspired the Templar ideals and enterprise.

It is a small, compact motor of only 197 cubic inches displacement—yet it develops 43 horsepower at 2100 revolutions per minute.

What that means in fuel economy is readily apparent but only at the wheel can you begin to realize the vitalic qualities which make it so remarkable in performance.

Given a sudden sharp grade or the call for a quick spurt, its attack is instant, powerful, determined and sustained.

Completely encased top-valves operate in a constant oil vapor with assured, positive, quiet action.

The accurately counterbalanced, three-bearing crankshaft reduces vibration to the vanishing point.

The net result is a clean-cut, well balanced performance, eager, vivid, competent.

Production is proceeding on schedule—deliveries will begin March first—the dealer organization is progressing rapidly.

In recruiting our Distributors and Dealers our aim is to typify "class" as revealed in the Templar car.

If you are a real merchant dealer in motor cars we have a business proposition for your consideration.

The Templar Motors Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

2000 Halstead Street, Lakewood

Specifications

Templar Vitalic Top-Valve Motor, 118-inch wheelbase, 32 x 4-inch Goodyear cord tires. Axles—front, .35 carbon steel [illegible] knuckle-steel arms Chrome-Vanadium. Rear, shafts Chrome-Vanadium, [illegible] .05 nickel steel. Rock Bearings, Springs half elliptic front and rear, Chrome-Vanadium, bushed with "Nigrum" oilless bearings.

Transmission—Nickel steel gears, .40 carbon steel shafts operating on New Departure ball bearings

Choice of three standard colors.

Body Styles and Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Five Passenger Touring $1985
Four Passenger Touring $1985
Four Passenger Victoria-Ette . . $2155
Two Passenger Touring Roadster $2255
Enclosed Bodies Custom Built to suit purchaser

Vitalic Top-Valve Motor

(Continued from Page 30)

understand it isn't getting men for the trenches that's our difficulty, but how to feed and arm them, and to keep them fed and armed—that man is going to do more for this country than any ten thousand chaps in khaki who account for ten times as many Germans. In the first place, of course, we were faced with the problem of how to raise and train our armies. We solved that pretty well. Our next task was to raise money. We've done better than we expected. There's been an encouraging response. The future looks bright enough in that respect. But what people don't understand yet is that furnishing the Government with money—even twenty billion dollars—is only half, if it's even that, of what we've got to do."

"I don't fully understand," interrupted Lord. "If the Government is given the money to spend, why can't it go out and buy what it wants and hire what men it needs?"

"Because," answered Morris, "the mere fact that we turned over to the Government five billion dollars in the last Liberty Loan won't help us at all unless the Government, in its turn, can exchange the money for the things we want—food, uniforms, guns, labor. The success of the Loan merely means that five billion dollars will be credited to the Government, and that the bank balances of the bond buyers will be debited by a similar amount. Raising money—by itself—won't raise a single potato more than we had before.

"Of course it's an elementary proposition; but people don't seem to get it through their heads. They think in terms of money when they ought to think in terms of goods and labor. The American public has an idea that you can solve any problem by passing legislation and appropriating money. We vote a billion dollars for aeroplanes and destroyers, and then sit back comfortably, with the idea that they're already bombing Berlin and sinking submarines. It's a delusion of grandeur. Congress can vote money until it's black in the face and yet accomplish nothing, unless the people supply what's really needed—the materials and the labor.

"Now where are they coming from? Our mills and our mines are producing no more than heretofore. Two million men out of our thirteen million workers have been drafted. Let us assume that we, as a nation, have been obliged to produce for our efficient support a quantity of essentials we shall call *x*. Well, the Government comes along and appropriates twenty billion dollars—practically all of which is to be spent in this country—to carry on the war. If, after it is raised, all the money is to be used for the purposes for which it was voted, we shall have to produce this year not only the quantity *x*, which we absolutely needed before, but also twenty billion more in goods and labor. Where is it coming from?"

"Preposterous!" I exclaimed. The proposition was simplicity itself, but it seemed utterly chimerical. "It can't be done!"

"I don't know whether it can or not," replied Morris. "There are so many unknown factors involved. There is the factor of accumulated surplus wealth—the factor of yearly saving in the past—for, of course, as a people we have always saved a proportion of what we have produced; only it isn't in a form that can help us much—houses, railroads, and so on. There is the great unknown factor of how far our ten million physically able women can and will take the place of men, and how far the men who have hitherto been regarded as too old can be made useful.

"There is going to be a tremendous rejuvenation of the middle-aged. The age limit on railroads, for instance, probably will be pushed up five years. Old and decrepit men will be utilized for the ornamental sinecures, such as doorkeeping.

"Then there is the practically unknown factor of how much *x* really is and how much of our total annual production has been for nonessentials. It may be much larger than we think. And finally there is the unknown factor of how much we, as a people, can save—over and above what we've saved before.

"Well, to make a long story short, it's a tremendous, staggering question; and the more people I talk to about it and the more I study it, the less I am able to come to any conclusion as to what the task confronting us actually amounts to in billions.

"Congress has appropriated twenty billion dollars for war purposes. Of this about five billion will go for soldiers' pay and similar objects not requiring any production to meet them; but the balance of fifteen billion is to be spent in the purchase and manufacture of war materials and in other ways requiring labor and production. Now assume that the annual pre-war production of the United States was twenty-five billion; this will mean an added production of fifteen billion more, or a total of forty billion, as against our previous twenty-five. How are we going to supply the materials and labor to meet this new and unprecedented demand? Well, first by extending and speeding up production. We ought to be able to increase our annual production of goods and labor from twenty-five to thirty billion. That is only an increase of twenty per cent. But that leaves a deficit of ten billion! Where is it coming from? The only answer is that it must be *saved!* We must save forty per cent of the amount of our annual pre-war production of forty billion—that is, we must deny ourselves and release to the Government goods and labor amounting to about ten billion dollars!

"That is the basis of Mr. Vanderlip's Thrift Campaign and his Saving Certificates, isn't it?" asked Lord. "The theory is that if we lend the money to the Government we shall have just so much less left to spend on ourselves; and, as the amount of food, goods and labor for sale remains practically the same, we are obliged to save or give up what the Government needs to buy. As you say, the banking transaction doesn't affect the economic situation. There isn't any more flour or labor than there was before.

Knee Breeches for Some are the Insignia of Respectability; and, of Course, One Can be Nothing if Not Respectable!

The important thing is going without the flour and labor—more important even than lending to the Government the money we save by going without."

"That's it, exactly!" he declared. "It isn't the money that we need so much as the things—things and the labor to make 'em; and we can get those things and that labor only by inducing idlers to work, accelerating or increasing production, or by saving. Now when all is said and done, practically the only way to enable the Government to get the goods and the labor it needs is by going without ourselves. As Blackett says: 'Every cent of private expenditure that is not really necessary for health and efficiency involves a diminution of the goods and services available for winning the war. Extravagance and waste are treason.'

"One thing is certain: The Government may have all the money in the world at its disposal, but, unless those who control the goods and labor will release them to the Government, our boys over in France will lack even the necessaries of life. We have got to cut our production of everything the Government does not need and cut down our consumption of everything else if we are to produce the things the Government must have to win the war.

"Now the very first requirement is ships—ships to get our armies over to France; ships to keep them supplied with food and ammunition. We've got the soldiers, but there aren't enough ships to carry them over. The neck is too small for the bottle. With the German submarines sinking shipping at the rate of six million tons a year, Congress has authorized the construction of five million tons. Added to the tonnage in the yards we have already requisitioned, this makes a total of 10,623,000 of deadweight tonnage. To get these ships afloat we need five hundred thousand mechanics. We have less than two hundred thousand; and, at that, the various yards are competing against one another for their services. Every ship, once in the water, will need men and officers—one hundred thousand for every thousand ships.

"It is the most gigantic task the most vital task in the history of the war. To fail in its accomplishment means defeat. Yet the yards are, for the most part, working only one shift of men a day, when they ought to be running twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, Sundays and holidays included; this in spite of the fact that riveters are getting as high as one hundred and seventy-two dollars a week! Not far from Philadelphia there's a big shipyard that ought to be running night and day. It can get only sixty per cent of the labor it needs. Its total force is a little over five thousand men.

"It's the same situation everywhere," he continued. "People are simply asleep—that's all! The Government needs five thousand stenographers to-day in Washington and seven thousand firemen. When I left there on Friday it had no prospect of getting them. It needs five hundred chauffeurs, on the jump, to drive supply trucks—and it has to wait; and yet there are sixty thousand chauffeurs in New York City alone!

"Night and day—day and night," went on Morris heatedly, "the guns are roaring over on the Western Front, hurling an unceasing torrent of shells into the German lines. Nine million dollars' worth of shells cross the trenches every day. The war has become a contest of workshops. But the shops lack workers, while rich people roll round in their motors—some of them with two men on the box!

"Yet in the face of the present exigency people continue to waste vital necessaries for their mere pleasure. Only this morning I received a letter that made my blood boil. Listen to this:

"Dec. 13, 1917.

"This morning a party of hunters from the North reached this town too late to catch the morning train going East, due to arrive here about 9 o'clock. As no other train is operated until the afternoon, which reaches here at 5 P. M., a special train was chartered consisting of one large locomotive and two cars.

"This appears to me a most outrageous misuse of railroad equipment and fuel. All of the cotton mills in this vicinity have had coal confiscated from them in wholesale quantities 'for the operation of Government troop trains,' etc., our mill having lost in this manner about thirty carloads, or sufficient to run us for over three months.

"It is absolutely useless to protest, as the Railway has the legal right to seize this coal; but when they use a portion of it to cater to the luxurious demand of wealthy sportsmen in a community which is about to freeze to death it is enough to turn the people into raving Bolsheviki. Will you not please give this fact publicity, withholding of course the name of your informant but mentioning the railroad and the points of origin and destination of the special

"I think this gives a fine opportunity for some constructive criticism."

"Really, it's almost criminal!" I cried.

"When you think that in the early days of the war whole brigades were wiped out of existence for lack of artillery support, due to a failure of ammunition, you realize it is criminal! The Government could get thirty regiments of mechanics out of New York's chauffeur class alone."

"In England," said Lord, "the National War-Savings Committee had placed at its disposal an immense amount

(Concluded on Page 34)

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Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood ··· No Parts to Change

A Twist of the Wrist Changes From Gas to Coal.

"I'm a Good Cook Now"

"With our new Universal Combination Range, my biscuits, pies and cakes turn out fine—and my roasts are juicy, tender and done to a turn.

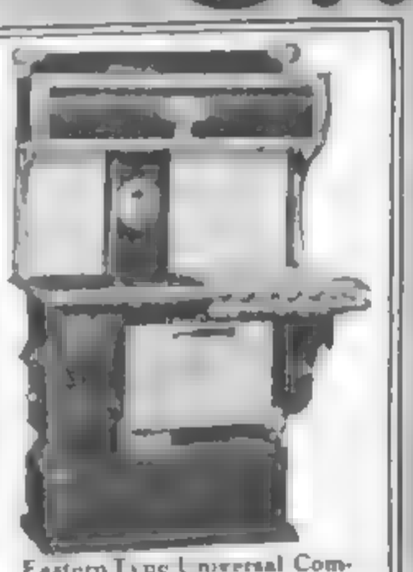
"That's because this range burns gas and coal, or wood—or both at the same time—whichever is best suited to the food I am cooking.

"And you have no idea how simple it is to change fuels—I merely turn the key Mary is holding, and everything is ready to bake with gas—I turn it back for coal or wood.

"There are absolutely no parts to change—as in ordinary combination ranges. And there's no danger, because it isn't possible to make any mistakes when changing fuels—Just turn the key—that's all."

Investigate this wonderful range. The

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE



Eastern Type Universal Combination Range

bake- and roast- under the most difficult conditions when other ranges fail. Helps the Government conserve coal. Saves money on fuel bills. Keeps the kitchen **warm in winter—cool in summer**—keeps your mind contented—or it can be your inexpensive, clean, economical heat if you can't get good help.

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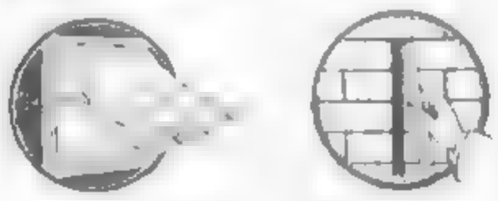
Fuel is war-power. On you rests the obligation to save it—on you depends the fight. Your Government orders you not to burn more coal than will heat your premises to 68 degrees Fahrenheit.

If evenly maintained, this temperature will suffice for comfort and health. But it is no easy matter to maintain 68° in the average home or building, because of "leaky" windows and doors that let warm air out and cold air in. Put your hand to the window where it joins the sash. Feel the icy air rushing in.



It has been accurately estimated that the cracks and crevices around one window are equal to a hole in the wall a foot long by an inch wide. A dozen "leaky" windows represent a hole in the wall a foot square

Your furnace has to fight this hole in the wall. It means waste

If you had a leak in your heating pipes, you'd stop it through common prudence. Stop the leaks in your walls. Put

Monarch Metal Weather Strips

on your doors and windows.

They are weather-proof weather strips—they last. They are rust-proof and dust-proof—they fit and they *hold*.

Adaptable to windows or doors of any size or shape, in new or old buildings.

We have 83 sales offices and 165 individual representatives throughout the country.

Look in your telephone book for our name and number. If there is no representative in your vicinity, write us—we will make you an estimate on one window or more without obligating you in any way.

Monarch Metal Weather Strip Co.
4100 Forest Park Boulevard St. Louis

The Government says 68 degrees and We say MONARCH METAL WEATHER STRIPS!

(Concluded from Page 32)

of poster space; and it plastered it with signs—among others: Don't Ride a Motor Car for Pleasure! Naturally timid motorists were a bit nervous lest they might be attacked on the highroads by the indignant proletariat. It wasn't a bad idea."

Morris laughed grimly.

"You wait! It won't be a question of posters. If we can't get men to build the ships that are going to win this war we'll take the men off the front seats of the pleasure cars—conscript 'em. We'll have to, or our boys will just be gun fodder!

"Mr. Vanderlip says: 'The only way to increase the number of men and shells and supplies available at the Front to win the war is to reduce the competition of private individuals for the goods and services that the belligerent governments require for war needs. This can be done only by increasing production of the things that are necessary and reducing the consumption of everything else.'"

"That is well put!" I exclaimed. "It makes clear Lloyd George's statement: 'Extravagance costs blood—the blood of heroes.'"

But Morris did not heed the interruption.

"Take the factories that are devoted to nonessentials; they might be making machinery, munitions, army trucks, or whatever was most needed. They could be converted. I know of a very large factory near here which closed down voluntarily and changed over its spindles—at a comparatively trifling cost—so that it now manufactures army duck for tents, wagon covers, and so on. If the owners hadn't done so of their own accord they ought to have been compelled to do so.

"No matter how much the public is willing to do its part, we've still got to reckon with the laborer. Wages have been doubled in many businesses; but reports come in from nearly all the great industries, mines and shipyards telling of men who refuse to work more than half time, content, under the improved conditions, to make as much in five hours as they formerly did in ten. Sooner or later labor conscription in some form is sure to result; but there will be a fierce political struggle before it is secured. Meantime the shipbuilding program lags, coal production is insufficient, and industry is generally undermanned in spite of the increase of wages.

"The rich have been among the first to give themselves and their sons to the country. Now it is up to them to set the example of sacrificing their comfort and convenience to win the war. I've got your job cut out for you, old man. You must be a prophet of this new doctrine: That the people at home must make sacrifices to save the lives of the boys in the trenches; that money-savers are life-savers. You've got to educate the people to the fact that just as the soldiers have got to be drilled and disciplined, so the people of the United States have got to be drilled and disciplined into a great universal army of savers."

"It's a great cause!"

"The greatest in the history of the nation!"

"I'll do what I can," I agreed heartily. "I can see already how easy it would be to release an enormous amount of materials and labor by a slight individual sacrifice."

"One of the easiest ways would be for every family to reduce the number of servants employed in its household," answered Morris. "There are sixty thousand housemaids in New York City alone. Look at the hundreds of able-bodied men employed to walk up and down in livery in front of apartment houses, theaters and stores. But there isn't any use in trying to particularize. We should hoard our coal and wood as if they were precious metals. Whoever saves, helps. Every time we spend anything it means that somebody has to work for us. Whenever you refrain from traveling you save the coal used for producing the motive power of either steam or electric roads, and gasoline for the busses and taxis.

"The British have put it in a nutshell when they say: 'To save money is to release labor, goods and services for other purposes. If we lend the money we save to the nation, we lend to the nation the power to command the labor, goods and services we have released.' You can't state it any better. We must all save on everything! As soon as we have enough of anything—that is, as soon as the point of efficiency has been reached—we should save. The chief things to do without are those that do not promote efficiency—the nonessentials."

"There's one thing on which the women can come in strong," interjected Lord—"and that's clothes."

"In England," assented Morris, "they put up placards all over London, reading:

BAD FORM IN DRESS!

To dress extravagantly in Wartime is not only Unpatriotic—it is BAD FORM!

That got 'em! Even the women who were selfish slackers made themselves look as dowdy as possible.

"There isn't any beginning or end to it. There's a real shortage in sugar, for instance; but there wouldn't be if it were not for the preposterous amount we Americans eat. The Department of Commerce estimates that before the war began the per capita consumption of sugar was sixteen pounds in Germany, twenty-eight in France, thirty in Great Britain and about fourteen, I think, in Italy. Now our per capita consumption of sugar in 1880 was *thirty-nine and a half pounds; and it has increased to such an extent that to-day it is eighty-one pounds for every man, woman and child in the United States.* We could go back to our consumption of 1880, cut our demand in half, and then be using no more than England did before the war. Then there's leather ——"

Lord laughed.

"'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—of ships—of sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings ——'"

he quoted.

"If we look out for the shoes and the ships, the kings will be taken care of in due course," smiled Morris.

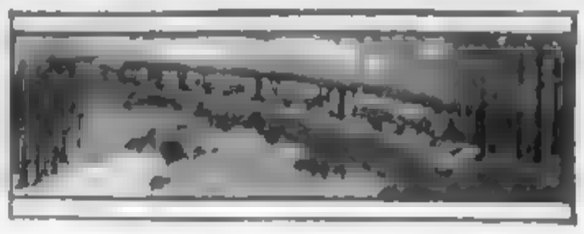
As I walked uptown that afternoon, pondering on the importance of the task in which I was to take a part, I thought of the privations undergone for the sake of victory during the Civil War, of which I had often heard my father speak.

"My wife and I," wrote Asa Gray in 1862, "have scraped up five hundred and fifty dollars—all we can scrape—and lent it to the United States." Lowell wrote, in a private letter: "I had a little Italian bluster of brushwood fire yesterday morning; but the times are too hard with me to allow of such an extravagance except on the brink of gelation."

"The first of January," wrote Emerson in 1862, "has found me in quite as poor a plight as the rest of the Americans. Not a penny from my books since last June, which usually yield five or six hundred a year; no dividends from the banks or from Lidian's Plymouth property. Then almost all income from lectures has quite ceased; so that your letter found me in a study how to pay three or four hundred dollars with fifty. . . . I have been trying to sell a wood lot at or near its appraisal, which would give me something more than three hundred; but the purchaser does not appear. Meantime we are trying to be as unconsuming as candles under an extinguisher; and 'tis frightful to think how many rivals we have in distress and in economy. But far better that this grinding should go on bad and worse than we be driven by any impatience into a hasty peace, or any peace restoring the old rottenness."

Later that evening, happening to pass a famous Broadway hotel, I entered the foyer to observe what change, if any, the war had brought about there. It was crowded with men and women in evening dress coming to supper after the theater. Down in the grillroom the dancing floor was packed with couples—the women conspicuous for their seminudity—who were turkey-trotting and fox-trotting to the crash of a jazz band; while those who could not find room to dance sat laughing, smoking and drinking as if thousands of their fellow human beings were not at that very moment dying upon the blood-soaked battlefields of France, Belgium and Venetia.

Suddenly the lights were turned off and a smirking human doll, with a painted face and curls hanging down her bare back, began to dance suggestively beneath a spotlight, beckoning and posturing before the men at



the tables. Disgusted, I ascended to the foyer and found myself face to face with the manager.

"Hello, Mr. Stanton!" he cried. "Been down for a little turn?"

"Yes," I answered savagely; "and I got one—but not the kind you mean!"

I sat for a long time before the fire after I got home, before going to bed, thinking of what I had heard and seen that day. I recalled how a well-known Englishman had said that his countrymen had made war for a year in their frock coats, and then suddenly had to get down to their shirt sleeves.

After I had retired I was unable to sleep. For hours I tossed from side to side; and then at last I must have begun to dream, for I found myself upon the Front, somewhere near the Woevre, looking for Jack. Crouched in the darkness of a narrow passage between two irregular walls of clay, I struggled forward to find my son.

"Bend lower!" muttered the vague shadow crawling beside me. Just ahead, in midair, the German star shells were breaking one after another in quick succession, casting momentarily a ghastly light on the inferno beyond the parapets. The dull pain in my ears became agony whenever one of the Boche shells burst, with a shattering roar, in the black waste behind us. The earth rocked with the thunder of the guns, and underneath the higher rattle of the mitrailleuses, the sharp detonations of the shrapnel and the bark of the fieldpieces, there was a deep constant rumbling diapason, in which all sounds merged into a roar like that of a hungry war monster.

I stumbled on through the communicating trench, following my guide by the reflection of the German flares and ever and again stepping upon human hands and feet, some of which were withdrawn, while others offered no resistance save that of inanimate bone and flesh. Once I slipped in bloody mire and fell flat upon something soft. My companion shrugged his shoulders.

"They haven't given us any flash lights for months!" he muttered. "Put your hand on my back."

"Where is your coat?" I asked, for it was snowing and the icy mud was above our ankles.

"We have no coats!" he answered mockingly.

We crept on, it seemed by inches, until we debouched into the firing trench, under the parapet of which lay what seemed to be a row of human forms in agony.

"Where are your doctors? Your ambulances?" I cried.

He laughed heartlessly.

"We have no ambulances—and no chauffeurs."

I pressed my hands to my temples, for I seemed to be going mad.

"Where is my son?" I shrieked.

A star shell burst over our heads and he pointed to a hatless figure in tattered khaki on the firing shelf.

"There!" he answered.

"Jack!" I called in terror. "Jack, come down! It's I—your father."

He turned and looked at me strangely—without recognition. He was white, haggard, tortured—utterly different from the day when I bade him good-by. The light faded away and the night clapped down again upon the trench and its occupants. Weird shapes stumbled past; but my legs seemed fastened immovably in the mud. I tried to shout but could not. Then, a few feet beyond where I stood, I saw by the light of a flare a gap in the parapet where some huge shell had blown it in.

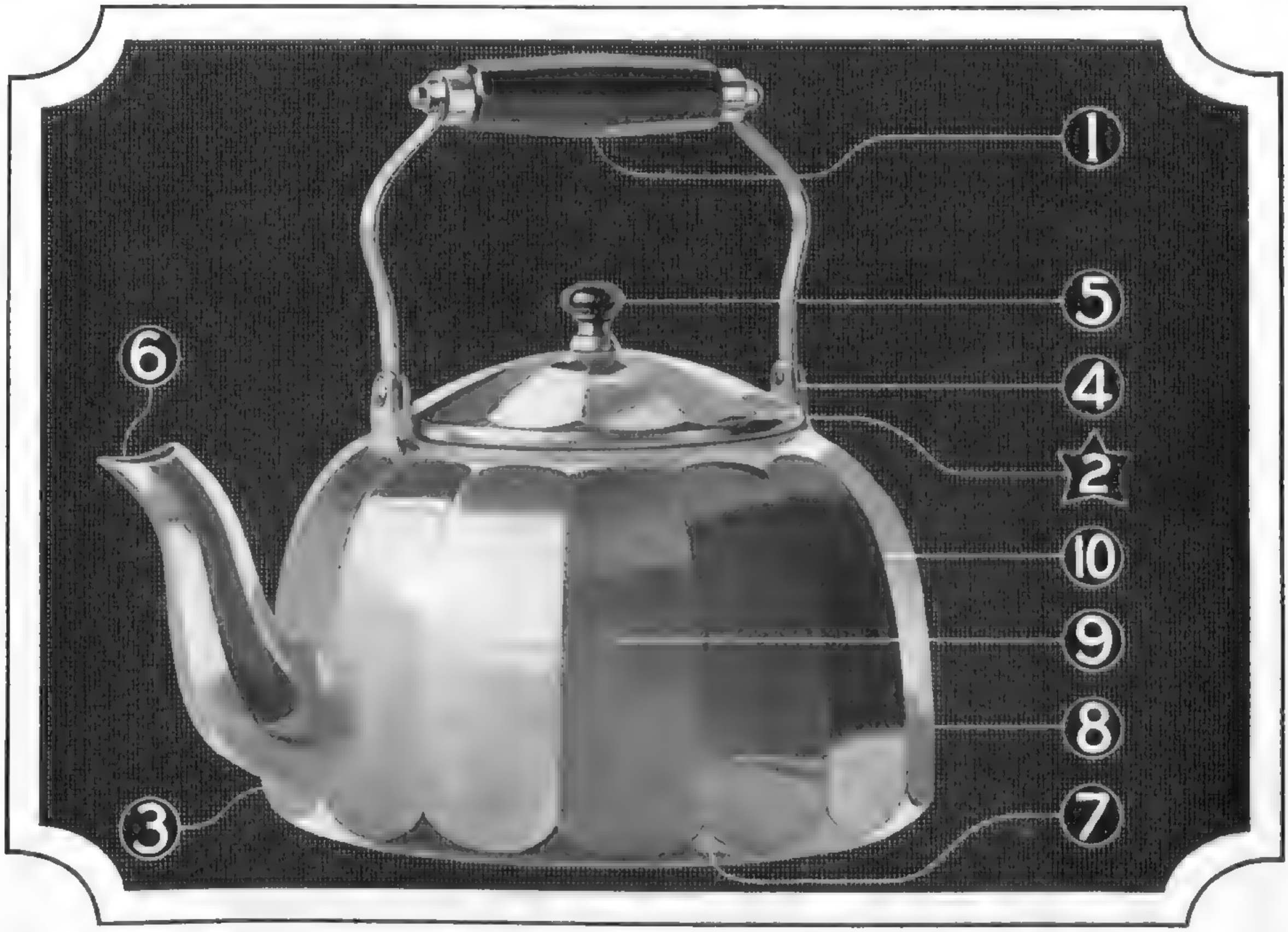
Suddenly, above the tumult, a voice yelled:

"Gas coming! Get your masks!"

I turned helplessly to my guide, trembling with fear. But again he laughed in his mocking way.

"We have no masks!" he chuckled bitterly. "We have no guns or ammunition! Don't you see that only the Germans are firing? Look through that hole. There are no entanglements—for we have no wire! There is nothing to keep the Boches from rushing us. We have no bombs, no pistols, no rifles! There are no tents or ambulance hoods—for we have no duck! There are no tools to repair our machinery—and no mechanics! We have no food! We have nothing but our lives; and those are being thrown away, because the people at home are still asleep!"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Train. The seventh will appear in an early issue



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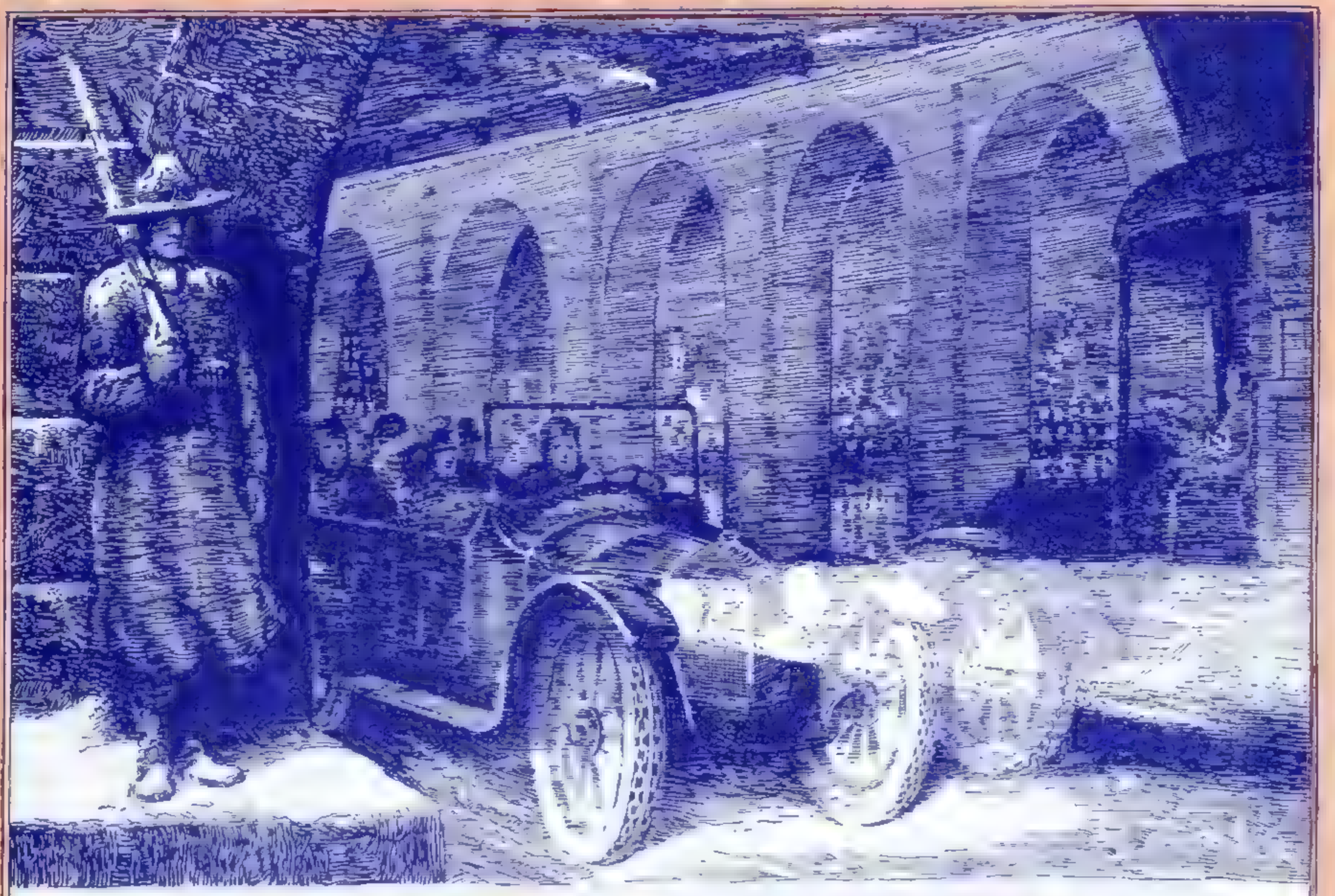

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At this present writing, a great railroad man says:

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Keep your automobile always at top efficiency,

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United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

UNCLE HYACINTH

(Continued from Page 12)

work; and a Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather, English residents of Buenos Aires, with whom she was traveling. The message, as they interpreted it, ran as follows:

Unless instructions to sink Hispaniola countermanded, shall inform captain. No alternative. Most important papers my possession.

"Good!" said Captain Abbey. "'E's beginning to show symptoms of blackmail. I'd send this message on, only we're likely to make a bigger bag by keeping quiet. We'll let 'im 'ave the reply to-morrow morning. What shall we do to 'im next?"

"Shoot him," said Miss Depew with complete calm.

"Oh, I want to 'ave a little fun with 'im first," said Captain Abbey. "I'm afraid you 'aven't got much sense of humor, Miss Depew."

"Do you think so?" she said. She was of the purest Gibson type, and never flickered an innocent eyelash or twisted a corner of her red Cupid's bow of a mouth as she drawled: "I think it would be very humorous indeed to shoot him, now that we know he is a German."

"Well, after 'is trying to leave us without warning 'e deserves to be skinned and stuffed. But we're likely to make much more of it if we keep 'im alive for our entertainment. Besides, 'e's going to be useful on the other side. Now, what do you think of this for a scheme?"

The heads of the conspirators drew closer round the table; and Mr. Neilsen, wandering on deck like a lost spirit, pondered on the tragic ironies of life. The thoughtless laughter that rippled up to him from the captain's cabin filled him with no compassion toward anyone but himself. It was merely one more proof that only the Germans took life seriously. All the same, if he could possibly help it he was not going to let them take his own life.

II

THERE was no radiogram for Mr. Neilsen on the following day; and he was perplexed by a new problem as he walked feverishly up and down the promenade deck.

Even if he received an assurance that the Hispaniola would be spared, how could he know that he was being told the truth? Necessity, as he knew quite well, was the mother of murder. It was very necessary, indeed, that his mouth should be sealed. Besides, he had more than a suspicion that his use was fulfilled in the eyes of the German Government, and that they would not be sorry if they could conveniently get rid of him. He possessed a lot of perilous knowledge; and he wished heartily that he didn't. He was tasting, in fact, the inevitable hell of the criminal, which is not that other people distrust him but that he can trust nobody else.

He leaned over the side of the ship and watched the white foam veining the black water.

"Curious, isn't it?" said dapper little Mr. Pennyfeather, who stood near him. "Exactly like liquid marble. Makes you think of that philosophic Johnny—What's-his-name—fellow that said 'everything flows,' don't you know. And it does, too, by Jove! Everything! Including one's income! It's curious, Mr. Neilsen, how quickly we've changed all our ideas about the value of human life, isn't it? By Jove, that's flowing too! The other morning I caught myself saying that there was no news in the paper; and then I realized that I'd overlooked the sudden death of about ten thousand men on the Western Front. Well, we've all got to die some day, and perhaps it's best to do it before we deteriorate too far. Don't you think so?"

Mr. Neilsen grunted morosely. He hated to be pestered by these gadflies of the steamer. He particularly disliked this little Englishman with the neat gray beard, not only because he was the head of an obnoxious bank in Buenos Aires, but because he would persist in talking to him with a ghoulish geniality about submarine operations and the subject of death. Also, he was one of those hopeless people who had been led by the wholesale slaughter of the war to thoughts of the possibility of a future life. Apparently Mr. Pennyfeather had no philosophy, and his spiritual being was groping for light through those materialistic fogs which brood over the borderlands of science. His wife was even more irritating; for she, too, was groping, chiefly because of the fashion; and they both insisted on talking to Mr. Neilsen about it. They had quite spoiled his breakfast this morning. He did not resent it on spiritual grounds, for he had none; but he did resent it because it reminded him of his mortality, and also because a professional quack does not like to be bothered by amateurs.

Mrs. Pennyfeather approached him now on the other side. She was a faded lady with hair dyed yellow, and tortoise-shell spectacles.

"Have you ever had your halo read, Mr. Neilsen?" she asked with a sickly smile.

"No. I don't believe in id," he said gruffly.

"But surely you believe in the spectrum," she continued with a ghastly inconsequence that almost curdled the logic in his German brain.

"Certainly," he replied, trying hard to be polite.

"And therefore in specters," she cooed ingratiatingly, as if she were talking to a very small child.

"Nod at all! Nod at all!" he exploded somewhat violently, while Mr. Pennyfeather, on the other side, came to his rescue, sagely repudiating the methods of his wife.

"No, no, my dear! I don't think your train of thought is quite correct there. My wife and I are very much interested in recent occult experiments, Mr. Neilsen. We've been wondering whether you wouldn't join us one night, round the ouija board."

"Id is all nonsense to me," said Mr. Neilsen, gesticulating with both arms.

"Quite so; very natural. But we got some very curious results last night," continued Mr. Pennyfeather. "Most extraordinary. The purser was with us, and he thought it would interest you. I wish you would join us."

"I should regard id as gomplete waste of time," said Mr. Neilsen.

"Surely, nothing can be waste of time that increases our knowledge of the bourn from which no traveler returns," replied the lyric lips of Mrs. Pennyfeather.

"To me the methods are ridiculous," said Mr. Neilsen. "All this furniture removal! Ach!"

"Ah," said Mr. Pennyfeather, "you should read What's-his-name. You know the chap, Susan. Fellow that said it's like a shipwrecked man waving a shirt on a stick to attract attention. Of course it's ridiculous! But what else can you do if you haven't any other way of signaling? Why, man alive! You'd use your trousers, wouldn't you, if you hadn't anything else? And the alternative—drowning—remember—drowning beneath what Thingumbob calls 'the unplumbed salt, estranging sea.'"

"Eggscuse me," said Mr. Neilsen; "I have some important business with the captain. I must go."

Mr. Neilsen had been trying hard to make up his mind, despite these irrelevant interruptions. He had received no assurance by wireless, and he had convinced himself that even if he did receive one it would be wiser to inform the captain. But there were many difficulties in the way. He had taken great care never to do anything that might lead to the death penalty—that is to say, among nations less civilized than his own. But there was that affair of the code. It might make things very unpleasant. A dozen other suspicious circumstances would have to be explained away. A dozen times he had hesitated, as he did this morning. He met the captain at the foot of the bridge.

"Ah, Mr. Neilsen," said Captain Abbey with great cordiality, "you're the very man I want to see. We're 'aving a little concert to-night in the first-class dining room on behalf of the wives and children of the British mine sweepers and the auxiliary patrols. You see, though this is a neutral ship, we depend upon them more or less for our safety. I thought it would be pleasant if you—as a neutral—would say just a few words. I understand that they've rescued a good many Swedish crews from torpedoed ships; and whatever view we may take of the war we 'ave to admit that these little boats are doing the work of civilization."

Mr. Neilsen thought he saw an opportunity of ingratiating himself, and he seized it. He could broach the other matter later on. "I vill do my best, captain."

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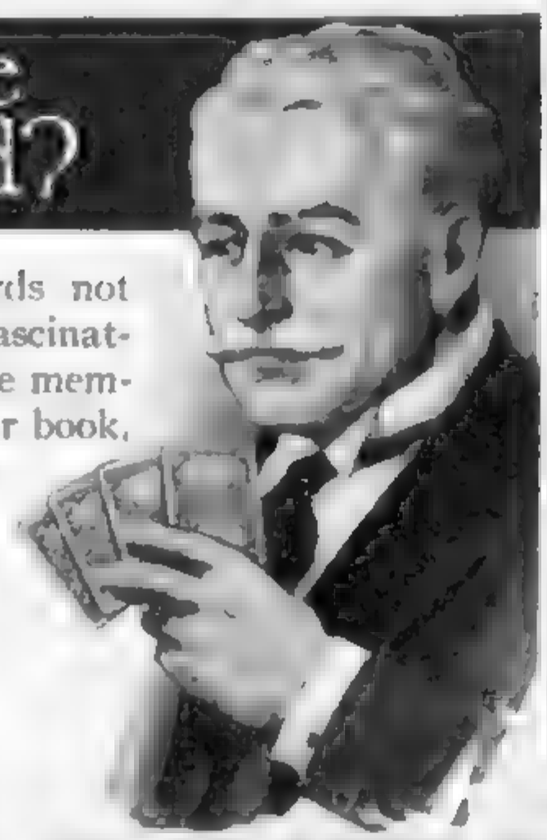

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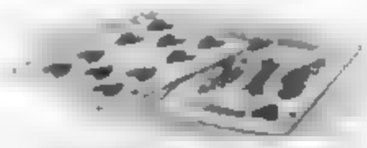

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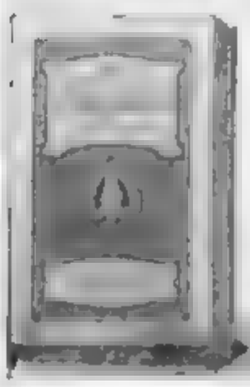

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"'Ere is a London newspaper that will tell you all about their work."

Mr. Neilsen retired to his stateroom and studied the newspaper fervently.

The captain took the chair that evening, and he did it very well. He introduced Mr. Neilsen in a few appropriate words; and Mr. Neilsen spoke for nearly five minutes, in English, with impassioned eloquence and a rapidly deteriorating accent.

"Dese liddle batrol boads," he said in his peroration, "how touching to the heart is der vork! Some of us forget ven ve are safe on land how much ve owe to them. But no matter vot your nationality, ven you are on the high seas, surrounded with darkness and dangers, not knowing ven you shall be torpedoed, vot a grade affection you feel then to dese liddle batrol boads! As a citizen of Sweden I speak vot I know. The ships of my guntry have suffered much in dis war. The sailors of my guntry have been thrown into the water by thousands through der submarines. But dese liddle batrol boads, they save them from drowning. They give them blankets and hot goffee. They restore them to their veeping mothers."

Mr. Neilsen closed amid tumultuous applause, and when the collection was taken up by Miss Depew his contribution was the largest of the evenmg.

The rest of the entertainment consisted chiefly of music and recitation. Mr. Pennyfeather contributed a song which he had composed himself. Typewritten copies of the words were issued to the audience; and a very fat and solemn Spaniard accompanied him with thunderous chords on the piano. Everyone joined in the chorus; but Mr. Neilsen did not like the song at all. It was concerned with Mr. Pennyfeather's usual gruesome subject; and he rolled it out in a surprisingly rich barytone with the gusto of a schoolboy:

If they sink us we shall be
All the nearer to the sea!
That's no hardship to deplore!
We've all been in the sea before.

Chorus:

And then we'll go a-rambling.
A-rambling, a-rambling.
With all the little lobsters
From Frisco to the Nore.

If we swim it's one more tale,
Round the hearth and over the ale;
When your lass is on your knee,
And love comes laughing from the sea.

Chorus:

And then we'll go a-rambling,
A-rambling, a-rambling.
A-rambling through the roses
That ramble round the door.

If we drown, our bones and blood
Mingle with the eternal flood.
That's no hardship to deplore!
We've all been in the sea before.

Chorus:

And then we'll go a-rambling.
A-rambling, a-rambling.
The road that Jonah rambled
And twenty thousand more.

"Now," said Mr. Pennyfeather, holding out his hands like the conductor of a revival meeting, "all the ladies, very softly, please."

The solemn Spaniard rolled his great black eyes at the audience, and repeated the refrain *pianissimo*, while the silvery voices caroled:

With all the little lobsters
From Frisco to the Nore.

"Now, all the gentlemen, please," said Mr. Pennyfeather. The Spaniard's eyes flashed. He rolled thunder from the piano, and Mr. Neilsen found himself bellowing with the rest of the audience:

The road that Jonah rambled
From Hull to Singapore,
And twenty thousand, thirty thousand,
Forty thousand, fifty thousand,
Sixty thousand, seventy thousand,
Eighty thousand more!

It was an elaborate conclusion, accompanied by elephantine stampings of Captain Abbey's feet; but Mr. Neilsen retired to his room in a state of great depression. The frivolity of these people, in the face of his countrymen, appalled him.

On the next morning he decided to act, and sent a message to the captain asking for an interview. The captain responded at once, and received him with great cordiality. But the innocence of his countenance almost paralyzed Mr. Neilsen's intellect at the outset, and it was very difficult to approach the subject.

"Do you see this, Mr. Neilsen?" said the captain, holding up a large champagne bottle. "Do you know what I've got in this?"

"Champagne," said Mr. Neilsen with the weary pathos of a logician among idiots.

"No, sir! Guess again."

"Pilsener!"

"No, sir! It's plain sea water. I've just filled it. I'm taking it 'ome to my wife. She takes it for the good of 'er stummick, a small wineglass at a time. She always likes me to fill it for her in mid-Atlantic. She's come to depend on it now, and I wouldn't dare to go 'ome without it. I forgot to fill it once till we were off the coast of Spain. And, would you believe it, Mr. Neilsen, that woman knew! The moment she tasted it she knew it wasn't the right vintage. Well, sir, we shall soon be in the war zone now. But you are not looking very well, Mr. Neilsen. I 'ope you've got a comfortable room."

"I have reason to believe, captain, that there will be an attempt made by the submarines to sink the Hispaniola," said Mr. Neilsen abruptly.

"Nonsense, my dear sir! This is a neutral ship and we're sailing to a neutral country, under explicit guaranties from the German Government. They won't sink the Hispaniola for the pleasure of killing her superannuated English captain."

"I have reason to believe they intended to—er—change their bolicy. I was not sure of id till I opened my mail on the boad; but—er—I have a friend in Buenos Aires who vas in glose touch—er—business gonnections—with members of the German legation; he—er—advised me, too late, I had better gancel my bassage. I fear there is no doubt they vill change their bolicy."

"But they couldn't. There ain't any policy! The Argentine Republic is a neutral country. You can't make me believe they'd do a thing like that. It wouldn't be honest, Mr. Neilsen. Of course, it's wartime; but the German Government wants to be honorable, don't it—like any other government?"

"I don'd understand the reasons; but I fear there is no doubt aboud the facts," said Mr. Neilsen.

"Have you got the letter?"

"No; I thought as you do, ad first, and I tore id up."

"Was that why you wanted to get off and go back?" the captain inquired mercilessly.

"I gonfess I vas a liddle alarmed; but I thought perhaps I vas unduly alarmed at the time. I gouldn't trust my own judgment, and I had no ride to make other bassengers nervous."

"That was very thoughtful of you. I trust you will continue to keep this matter to yourself, for I assure you—though I consider the German Government 'opelessly wrong in this war—they wouldn't do a dirty thing like that. They're very anxious to be on good terms with the South American republics, and they'd ruin themselves forever."

"But my information is they vill sink the ships vithoud leaving any draces."

"What do you mean? Pretend to be friendly, and then —— Come, now! That's an awful suggestion to make!"

At these words Mr. Neilsen had a vivid mental picture of his conversation with the bald-headed Englishman in Harrods'.

"Do you mean," the captain continued, waxing eloquent, "do you mean they'd sink the ships and massacre every blessed soul aboard, regardless of their nationality? Of course I'm an Englishman, and I don't love 'em, but that ain't even murder. That's plain beastliness. It couldn't be done by anything that walks on two legs. I tell you what, Mr. Neilsen, you're a bit overwrought and nervous. You want a little recreation. You'd better join the party to-night in my cabin. Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather are coming, and a very nice American girl—Miss Depew. We're going to get a wireless message or two from the next world. Ever played with the ouija board? Nor had I till this voyage; but I must say it's interesting. You ought to see it, as a scientific man. I understand you're interested in science, and you know there's no end of scientists—big men too—taking this thing up. You'd better come. Half past eight. Right you are!"

And so Mr. Neilsen was ushered out into despair for the rest of the day, and booked

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

for an unpleasant evening. He had accepted the captain's invitation as a matter of policy; for he thought he might be able to talk further with him, and it was not always easy to secure an opportunity; in fact, when he thought things over he was inclined to feel more amiably toward the Pennyfeathers, who had put the idea of psychical research into the captain's head.

Promptly at half past eight, therefore, he joined the little party in the captain's cabin. Miss Depew, in her demitoilet, looked more Gibsonish than ever, and she smiled at him bewitchingly; with a smile as hard and brilliant as diamonds. Mrs. Pennyfeather looked like a large artificial chrysanthemum; and she examined his black tie and dinner jacket with the wickedly observant eye of a cockatoo. Three times in the first five minutes she made his hand travel over his shirt front to find out which stud had broken loose. They had driven him nearly mad in his stateroom that evening, and he had turned his trunk inside out in the process of dressing, to find some socks.

Moreover, he had left his door unlocked. He was growing reckless. Perhaps the high sentiments of everyone on board had made him trustful. If he had seen the purser exploring the room and poking under his berth he might have felt uneasy, for that was what the purser was doing at this moment. Mr. Neilsen might have been even more mystified if he had seen the strange objects which the purser had laid, for the moment, on his pillow. One of them looked singularly like a rocket, of the kind which ships use for signaling purposes. But Mr. Neilsen could not see; and so he was only worried by the people round him.

Captain Abbey seemed to have washed his face in the sunset. He was larger and more like a marine Weller than ever in his best blue and gilt. And Mr. Pennyfeather was just dapper little Mr. Pennyfeather, with his beard freshly brushed.

"You've never been in London, Miss Depew?" said Captain Abbey reproachfully, while the Pennyfeathers prepared the ouija board. "Ah, but you ought to see the Thames at Westminster Bridge! No doubt the Amazon and the Mississippi, considered as rivers, are all right in their way. They're ten times bigger than our smoky old river at 'ome. But the Thames is more than a river, Miss Depew. The Thames is liquid 'istory!"

As soon as the ouija board was ready they began their experiment. Mr. Neilsen thought he had never known anything more sickeningly illustrative of the inferiority of all intellects to the German. He tried the ouija board with Mrs. Pennyfeather, and the accursed thing scrawled one insane syllable.

It looked like "cows," but Miss Depew decided that it was "crows." Then Mrs. Pennyfeather tried it with Captain Abbey; and they got nothing at all, except an occasional giggle from the lady, to the effect that she didn't think the captain could be making his mind a blank. Then Mr. Pennyfeather tried it with Miss Depew—with no result but the obvious delight of that sprightly middle-aged gentleman at touching her polished finger tips, and the long uneven line that was driven across the paper by the ardor of his pressure. Finally Miss Depew—subduing the glint of her smile slightly, a change as from diamonds to rubies, but hard and clear-cut as ever—declared, on the strength of Mr. Neilsen's first attempt, that he seemed to be the most sensitive of the party, and she would like to try it with him.

Strangely enough Mr. Neilsen felt a little mollified, even a little flattered, by the suggestion. He was quite ready to touch the finger tips of Miss Depew, and try again. She had a small hand. He could not help remembering the legend that after the Creator had made the rosy fingers of the first woman the devil had added those tiny, gemlike nails; but he thought the devil had done his work, in this case, like an expert jeweler. Mr. Neilsen was always ready to bow before efficiency, even if its weapons were no more imposing than a manicure set.

The ouija board was quiet for a moment or two. Then it began to move to and fro across the paper. Mr. Neilsen did not understand why. Miss Depew certainly looked quite blank; and the movement seemed to be independent of their own consciousness. It was making marks on the paper, and that was all he expected it to do.

At last Miss Depew withdrew her hand and exclaimed: "It's too exhausting. Read it, somebody!"

Mr. Pennyfeather picked it up, and laughed.

"Looks to me as if the spirits are a bit erratic to-night. But the writing's clear enough, in a scrawly kind of way. I'm afraid it's utter nonsense."

He began to read it aloud:

"Exquisitely amusing! Uncle Hyacinth's little appendix ——"

At this moment he was interrupted. Mr. Neilsen had risen to his feet as if he were being hauled up by an invisible rope attached to his neck. His movement was so startling that Mrs. Pennyfeather emitted a faint, mouselike screech. They all stared at him, waiting to see what he would do next.

But Mr. Neilsen recovered himself with great presence of mind. He drew a handkerchief from his trousers pocket, as if he had risen only for that purpose. Then he sat down again.

"Bardon me," he said; "I thought I vas aboud to sneeze. Vat is the rest of id?"

He sat very still now, but his mouth opened and shut dumbly, like the mouth of a fish, while Mr. Pennyfeather read the message through to the end:

"Exquisitely amusing! Uncle Hyacinth's little appendix cut out. Throat enlarged. Consuming immense quantities pork sausages; also onions wholesale. Best greetings. Fond love. Kisses."

"I'm afraid they're playing tricks on us to-night," said Mr. Pennyfeather. "They do sometimes, you know. Or it may be fragments of two or three messages which have got mixed."

"Hold on, though!" said the captain. "Didn't you send a wireless the other day, Mr. Neilsen, to somebody by the name of Hyacinth?"

"Well—ha! ha! ha! It was about somebody by that name. I suppose I must have moved my hand unconsciously. I've been thinking about him a great deal. He's ill, you see."

"How very interestin'," cooed Mrs. Pennyfeather, drawing her chair closer. "Have you really an uncle named Hyacinth? Such a pretty name for an elderly gentleman, isn't it? Doesn't the rest of the message mean anything to you, then, Mr. Neilsen?"

He stared at her, and then he stared at the message, licking his lips. Then he stared at Captain Abbey and Miss Depew. He could read nothing in their faces but the most childlike amusement. The thing that chilled his heart was the phrase about onions. He could not remember the meaning, but it looked like one of those innocent commercial phrases that had been embodied in the code. Was it possible that in his agitation he had unconsciously written this thing down?

He crumpled up the paper and thrust it into his side pocket. Then he sniggered mirthlessly. Greatly to his relief the captain began talking to Miss Depew, as if nothing had happened, about the Tower of London; and he was able to slip away before they brought the subject down to modern times.

III

MR. NEILSEN may have been a very skeptical person. Perhaps his intellect was really paralyzed by panic, for the first thing he did on reaching his stateroom that night was to get out the code and translate the message of the ouija board. It was impossible that it should mean anything; but he was impelled by something stronger than his reason. He broke into a cold sweat when he discovered that it had as definite a meaning as any of the preceding messages; and though it was not the kind of thing that would have been sent by wireless he recognized that it was probably far nearer the truth than any of them. This is how he translated it:

"Imperative sink Hispaniola after treacherous threat. Wiser sacrifice life. Otherwise death penalty inevitable. Flight abroad futile. Enviable position. Fine opportunity; hero."

He could not understand how this thing had happened. Was it possible that in great crises an agitated mind two thousand miles away might create a corresponding disturbance in another mind which was concentrated on the same problem? Had he evolved these phrases of the code out of some subconscious memory and formed them into an intelligible sentence? Trickery was the only other alternative, and that

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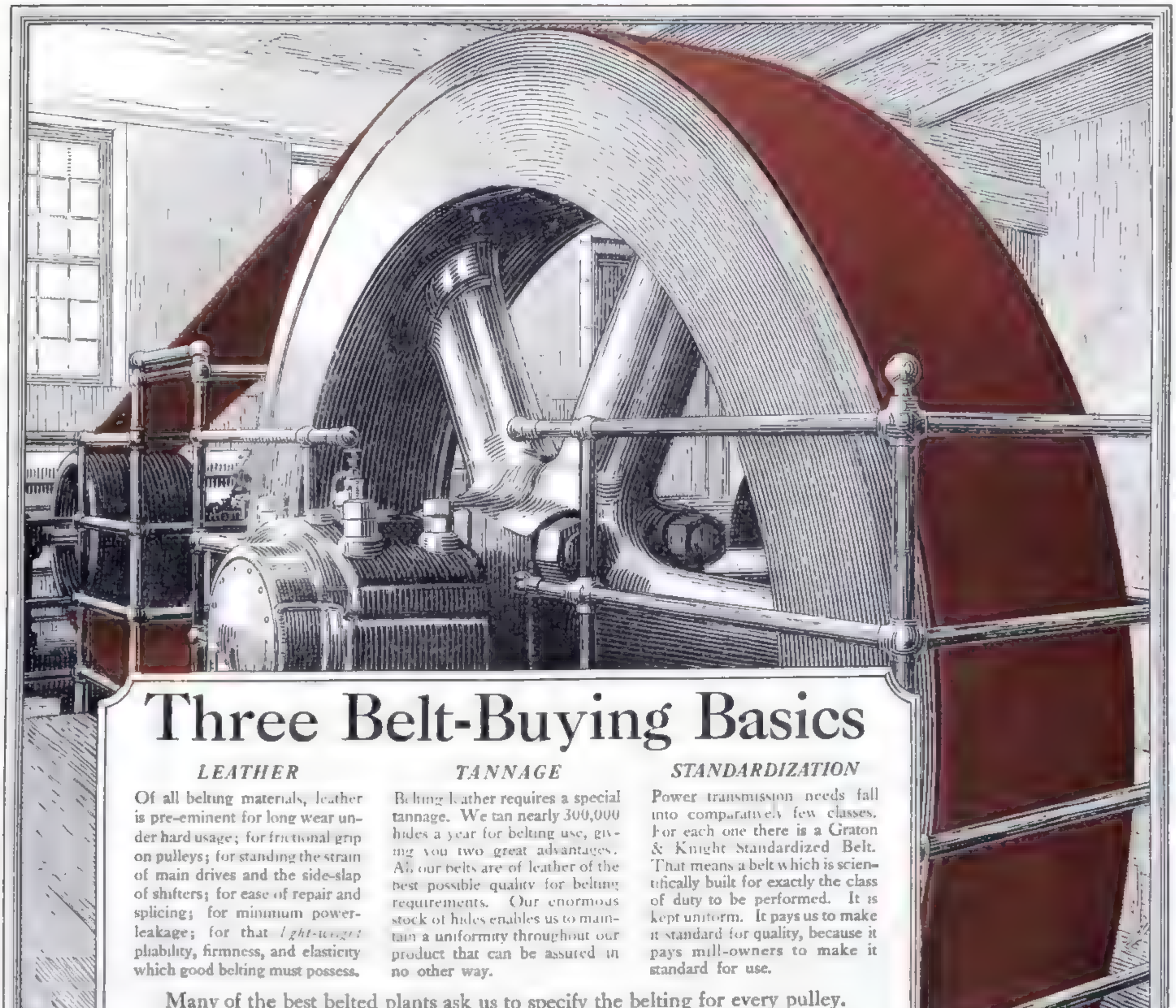

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(Concluded from Page 40)

was out of the question. All these people were of inferior intellect. Besides, they were in the same peril themselves; and obviously ignorant of it. His code had never been out of his possession. Yet he felt as if he had been under the microscope. What did it mean? He felt as if he were going mad.

He crept into his berth in a dazed and blundering way, like a fly that has just crawled out of a honey pot. After an hour of feverish tossing from side to side he sank into a doze, only to dream of the bald-headed man in Harrods' who wanted to sell him a safety waistcoat, the exact model of the one that saved Lord Winchelsea. The most hideous series of nightmares followed. He dreamed that the sides of the ship were transparent, and that he saw the periscopes of innumerable submarines foaming alongside through the black water. He could not cry out, though he was the only soul aboard that saw them, for his mouth seemed to be fastened with official sealing wax—black sealing wax—stamped with the German eagle. Then to his horror he saw the quick phosphorescent lines of a dozen torpedoes darting toward the Hispaniola from all points of the compass. A moment later there was an explosion that made him leap, gasping and fighting for breath, out of his berth. But this was not a dream. It was the most awful explosion he had ever heard, and his room stank of sulphur. He seized the cork jacket that hung on his wall, pulled his door open and rushed out, trying to fasten it round him as he went.

When the steward arrived, with the purser, they had the stateroom to themselves; and after the former had thrown the remains of the rocket through the porthole, together with the ingenious contrivance that had prevented it from doing any real damage under Mr. Neilsen's berth, the purser helped him with his own hands to carry the brass-bound trunk down to his office.

"We'll tell him that his room was on fire and we had to throw the contents overboard. We'll give him another room and a suit of old clothes for to-morrow. Then we can examine his possessions at leisure. We've got the code now; but there may be lots of other things in his pockets. That's right. I hope he doesn't jump overboard in his fright. It's lucky that we warned these other staterooms. It made a hellish row. You'd better go and look for him as soon as we get this thing out of the way."

But it was easier to look for Mr. Neilsen than to find him. The steward ransacked the ship for three-quarters of an hour, and he began to fear that the worst had happened. He was peering round anxiously on the boat deck when he heard an explosive cough somewhere over his head. He looked up into the rigging as if he expected to see Mr. Neilsen in the crosstrees; but nobody was to be seen, except the watch in the crow's nest, dark against the stars.

"Mr. Neilsen!" he called. "Mr. Neilsen!"

"Are you galling me?" a hoarse voice replied. It seemed to come out of the air, above and behind the steward. He turned with a start, and a moment later he beheld the head of Mr. Neilsen bristling above the thwarts of Number Six boat. He had been sitting in the bottom of the boat to shelter himself from the wind, and some symbolistic Puck had made him fasten his cork jacket round his pyjamas very firmly, but upside down, so that he certainly would have been drowned if he had been thrown into the water.

"It's all right, Mr. Neilsen," said the steward. "The danger is over."

"Are ve torpedoed?" The round-eyed visage with the bristling hair was looking more and more like Von Hindenburg after a defeat, and it did not seem inclined to budge.

"No, sir! The shock damaged your room a little, but we must have left the enemy behind. You had a lucky escape, sir."

"My Gott! I should think so, indeed! The ship is not damaged in any vay?"

"No, sir. There was a blaze in your room, and I'm afraid they had to throw all your things overboard. But the purser says he can rig you out in the morning; and we have another room ready for you."

"Then I vill gum down," said Mr. Neilsen. And he did so. His bare feet padded after the steward on the cold wet deck. At the companionway they met the shadowy figure of the captain.

"I'm afraid you've 'ad an unpleasant upset, Mr. Neilsen," he said.

"Onbleasant! It vos derrible! Derrible! But you see, captain, I vos correct. And this is only the beginning, aggording to my information. I hope now you vill take every brecaution."

"They must have mistaken us for a British ship, Mr. Neilsen, I'm afraid. I'm having the ship lighted up so that they can't mistake us again. You see? I've got a searchlight playing on the Argentine flag aloft; and we've got the name of the ship in illuminated letters three feet high, all along the hull. They could read it ten miles away. Come and look!"

Mr. Neilsen looked with deepening horror.

"But dis is madness!" he gurgled. "The Hispaniola is marked, I tell you, marked, for gomplete destruction!"

The captain shook his head with a smile of skepticism that withered Mr. Neilsen's last hope.

"Very vell, then I should brefer an inside cabin this time."

"Yes. You don't get so much fresh air, of course; but I think it's better on the 'ole. If we're torpedoed we shall all go down together. But you're safer from gunfire in an inside room."

The unhappy figure in pyjamas followed the steward without another word. The captain watched him with a curious expression on his broad red face. He was not an unkindly man; and if this German in the cork jacket had not been so ready to let everybody else aboard drown he might have felt the sympathy for him that most people feel toward the fat cowardice of Falstaff. But he thought of the women and children, and his heart hardened.

As soon as Mr. Neilsen had gone below the lights were turned off, and the ship went on her way like a shadow. The captain proceeded to send out some wireless messages of his own. In less than an hour he received an answer, and almost immediately the ship's course was changed.

It was a strange accident that nobody on board seemed to have any clothes that would fit Mr. Neilsen on the following day. He appeared at lunch in a very old suit, which the dapper little Mr. Pennyfeather had worn out in the bank. Mr. Neilsen was now a perfect illustration of the school-days of Von Hindenburg, at some period when that awful effigy had outgrown his father's pocket and burst most of his buttons. But his face was so haggard and gray that even the women pitied him. At four o'clock in the afternoon the captain asked him to come up to the bridge, and began to put him out of his misery.

"Mr. Neilsen," he said, "I'm afraid you've had a very anxious voyage; and, though it's very unusual, I think in the circumstances it's only fair to put you on another ship if you prefer it. You'll 'ave your chance this evening. Do you see those little smudges of smoke out yonder? Those are some British patrol boats; and if you wish I'm sure I can get them to take you off and land you in Plymouth. There's a statue of Sir Francis Drake on Plymouth 'Oe. You ought to see it. What d'you think?"

Mr. Neilsen stared at him. Two big tears of gratitude rolled down his cheeks.

"I shall be most grateful," he murmured.

"They're wonderful little beggars, those patrol boats," the captain continued. "Always on the side of the angels, as you said so feelingly at the concert. They're the police of the seas. They guide and guard us all, neutrals as well. They sweep up the mines. They warn us. They pilot us. They pick us up when we're drowning; and, as you said, they give us 'ot coffee; in fact, these little patrol boats are doing the work of civilization. Probably you don't like the British very much in Sweden, but——"

"I have no national brejudices," Mr. Neilsen said hastily. "I shall indeed be most grateful."

"Very well, then," said the captain; "we'll let 'em know."

At half past six two of the patrol boats were alongside. They were the Auld Robin Gray and the Ruth; and they seemed to be in high feather over some recent success.

Mr. Neilsen was mystified again when he came on deck, for he could have sworn that he saw something uncommonly like his brass-bound trunk disappearing into the hold of the Auld Robin Gray. He was puzzled also by the tail end of the lively conversation that was taking place between Miss Depew and the absurdly young naval officer, with the lisp, who was in command of the patrols.

"Oh, no! I'm afraid we don't uth the dungeonth in the Tower," said that slender youth, while Miss Depew, entirely feminine and smiling like a morning glory now, noted all the details of his peaked cap and the gold stripes on his sleeve. "We put them in country houtheth and feed them like fighting cockth, and give them flower gardenth to walk in."

He turned to Captain Abbey joyously.

"That wath a corking met thage of yourth, captain. I believe we got three of them right in the courth you would have been taking to-day. You'll hear from the admiralty about thith, you know. It wath magnifithent! Good-by!"

He saluted smartly, and taking Mr. Neilsen tightly by the arm helped him down to the deck of the Ruth.

"Good-by and good luck!" called Captain Abbey.

He beamed over the bulwarks of the Hispaniola like a large red harvest moon through the thin mist that began to drift between them.

"Good-by, Mr. Neilsen!" called Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather, waving frantically.

"Good-by, Herr Krauss!" said Miss Depew; and the dainty malice that he discerned in her voice smote Mr. Neilsen like a ray of light.

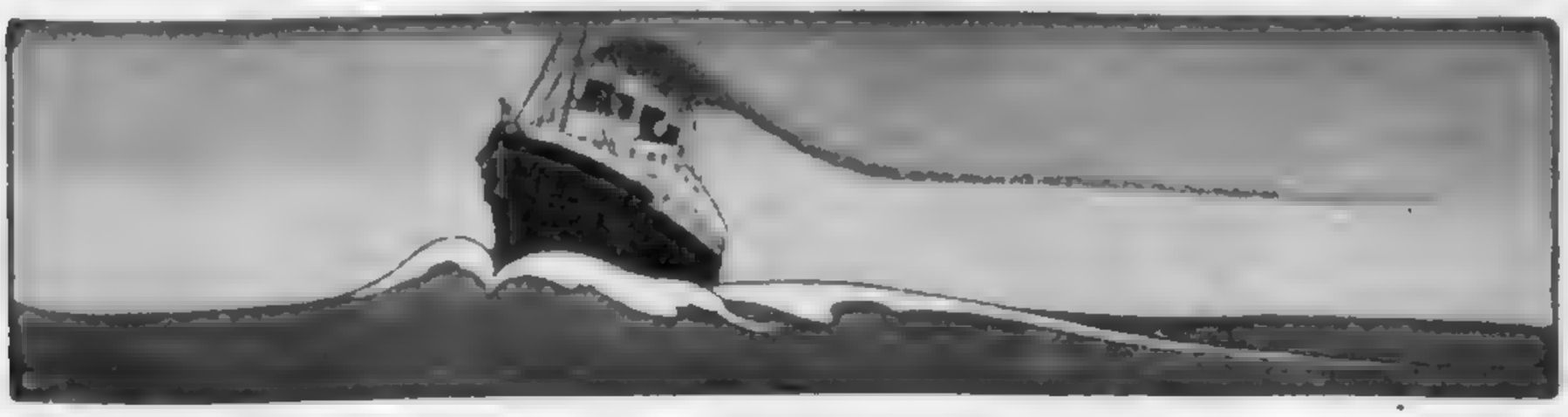
But he recovered quickly, for he was of an elastic disposition. He was already looking forward to the home comforts which he knew would be supplied by these idiotic British for the duration of the war.

The young officer smiled and saluted Miss Depew again. He was a very ladylike young man, Mr. Neilsen had thought, and an obvious example of the degeneracy of England. But Mr. Neilsen's plump arm was still bruised by the steely grip with which that lean young hand had helped him aboard, so his conclusions were mixed.

The engines of the Ruth were thumping now, and the Hispaniola was melting away over the smooth gray swell. They watched her for a minute or two, till she became spectral in the distance. Then the youthful representative of the British Admiralty turned, like a thoughtful host, to his prisoner.

"Would you like thum tea?" he lisped sympathetically. "Your Uncle Hyathinth mutht have given you an awfully anxiouth time."

Herr Krauss grunted inarticulately. He was looking like a very happy little Von Hindenburg.



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The car that meets conditions is not suffering for buyers.

The economical utility car will "carry on" as long as the country carries on—men must get about.

Unthinking people who refer to every passenger automobile as a pleasure car do not speak of the "pleasure elevator" or the "pleasure trolley".

When the utility car stops, the country will stop. We cannot go back to old methods. Feed is high and there are not enough horses.

In Every Thrift and Efficiency Test Held the Franklin Established a Record

Perhaps because the automobile is a comparatively new invention, is the reason why no *universal standard* of mileage for either gasoline or tires has been adopted by all cars. Or perhaps it is figured that motorists are not interested in low operating and maintenance costs.

It remains a fact, however, that if all fine cars were as efficient as the Franklin, a gallon of gasoline would deliver more than the typical average of six to eleven miles. It would go twenty or *more* miles, as Franklin owners daily make a gallon go.

It is also certain that if all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, a set of tires would do considerably better than 6,000 or 7,000 miles. The national mileage of Franklin owners, over a five-year period and compiled from owners' own reports, shows 10,203 miles to the set.

For every fine motor car to be as efficient as the Franklin, every fine motor car would have to be *scientifically* constructed—a *scientific-light-weight* car.

Trend Toward Franklin Cars Since Increased Costs of Gasoline and Tires

To get Franklin efficiency, means doing away with the gasoline-consuming Water Cooling System and adopting DIRECT AIR COOLING.

This means the *elimination* of the 177 complicated parts of plumbing that hold water—then, as in the Franklin, there would be nothing to freeze in Winter; and in Summer there would be nothing to overheat. And the expense that follows these annoyances, of course, would be avoided.

To get Franklin tire mileage and Franklin long-life, every fine motor car would have to adopt *Franklin flexible construction;* its light *unsprung* weight; its full elliptic springs—the *basic* Franklin principles that *minimize* friction and drag, and do away with excessive and unnecessary hammering on the tires.

The used car problem too would be solved. All a motorist has to do to ascertain the relative long-life of fine motor cars is to study used car advertising and the *prices* quoted. It tells the motorist, if he is alert, what to *avoid* when considering the purchase of a *new* car.

Construction of Motor Cars Shows Motorists Whether Economy Is Possible

Whenever a motorist wonders why he is unable to join in the conservation of the nation's gasoline and rubber—

Whenever he feels that his operating and maintenance costs are double that of his friend the Franklin owner—

He need only to examine the *construction* of his car.

Then know the facts about the Franklin Basic Principles of Scientific-Light-Weight Construction.

These principles and the 1,000 pounds difference in weight in favor of the Light Weight Franklin are very likely to make him a Franklin Owner—immediately.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$2050
Cabriolet	2485 lbs.	2850
Town Car	2610 lbs.	3200
Runabout	2160 lbs.	2000
Sedan	2610 lbs.	2950
Limousine	2620 lbs.	3200
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	2050
Brougham	2575 lbs.	2900

All prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

UNDER THE GUNS

(Continued from Page 19)

But, aha!—what have we here? An Indian in a pair of underdrawers rises up from behind a rock and peers at them under his hand. One look is enough for the old scout. He springs on his pony, which is hidden behind a bush—you can see it, but the fool sewing-machine agent, trying to start something with Vera, never even glances that way—and goes dusting toward home to get the gang.

Only one word says the scout. "Chicken!" he yells, and they leap to horse.

Tum-ter-rum-tum! The devils are after Vera and the sewing-machine agent. All unconscious of the dreadful fate in store for her Vera is blithely telling the traveling man how her folks always raised her to be a pet, when Zowie!—to their horrified ears comes the wild war cry of the redskins. Instantly the sewing-machine man stands up and lashes the horse desperately with a whip. But the murderous savages are close upon them; they gain at every step. Vera can feel the hot breath of the leader upon her cheek, and hear his short pants. Another minute ——

But hold! Saved, thank God! The brave cowboys are coming! Tum-ter-rum-tum, tah-rah-ray! Led by Dashing Dick Duncan, the boy hero of the Salt Fork, they sweep round a bend, firing from the hip with both hands. And the cowardly redskins beat it. Yes, they do. They beat it.

Just then—but just then, when you have dropped ten years off your life, the door slams and you are out in the cold and the rain, somewhere in France, shuffling your feet and wondering when the command will come to move out.

"Companee! *Atten-shun!*"

Thirty seconds later you are headed for the trenches. Of course it has begun to rain. It falls with a steady, dreary murmur. The iron-hard road is covered with a thin layer of mud, deposited by the constant passage of trucks and wagons. The rain drips sadly from the tall trees standing like gaunt sentinels on either side. With your poncho hanging from your shoulders, and your head bent under the load of your pack, you tramp out of the village.

One of the boys tries to strike up a song.

"Silence!" barks an officer.

You turn a corner and follow a canal. Tramp, tramp, tramp—that and the rumble of the kitchens and machine guns are the only sounds. Some sparks fall from the swaying kitchens and dimly you discern the outlines of the mules pulling the little devils so dreaded by infantry. Behind them are more doughboys.

The column is lost in the night both ahead and behind you.

The man next to you is breathing hard, and you wonder whether he is nervous; but you don't ask him. For it is your first time in, and everybody is keyed up.

In Mud and Darkness

A Red Cross ambulance dashes up from nowhere and pulls out to give the marching column right of way. Its driver flashes on his lights an instant.

"Turn that out!" cries an officer; and the blackness is worse than before.

You keep this up until the pack weighs about eleven hundred pounds and the man behind you is beginning to mutter: "Dog-gone, where are them trenches anyhow? In Rooshia?"

At last you are halted. You can't see anything but the road under your feet and the outlines of some trees, but the dark becomes peopled with strange shapes.

After a while your platoon is called to attention; the remainder of the company [illegible] at rest. And before you can guess what's up you are marching beside a hedge up a hill. The going is slippery, for you are on a dirt road.

You skirt an embankment from which come muffled voices. A curtain lifts and then you discern that what you took for a [illegible] is the entrance to a dugout. A man in the doorway of the dugout says something to the platoon commander, but you are already past him.

Side upon side, the road seems to shake with tank traffic. At last you reach comparatively level ground and march along beside more ditches. You hear voices [illegible] the blurs and occasionally see the faint streak of light; but though you strain your eyes you cannot make out what the blurs are.

"Artillery dugouts, I reckon; huh?" someone whispers, and the man in front of you stumbles.

"Zowie! Look out!" he warns, and next moment you plunge blindly into an opening in the earth.

You are now in the communication trenches. The mud is ankle-deep and it gives you plenty to do to keep on your feet and not hold up the line. No wonder they gave you all those hardening exercises! This—is—a holy—fright.

However, you manage to hold the pace. Twisting and turning; dipping downward; feeling your way along the wall of the trench; now you hit a stretch of duck boards and the walking is better. You see nothing but a pale streak of sky when you lift your head. Stumbling blindly in the wake of the man in front and swallowing in silence your rage against the man behind when he walks on the calf of your leg; about a million miles of this and the line halts.

There is whispering ahead of you. Now that you are used to the dark, you descry other forms than those of your comrades in the trench. A figure in a pale uniform pushes past you, going out. Another and another follow; they are the poilus your platoon is relieving.

The line moves slowly forward. You pass a dugout; then a dark opening from which a pair of legs protrudes, evidently a Frenchy has crawled into a funk hole to snatch a forgotten piece of property before he marches out.

It is your turn now. You are the head of the line; all the men in front of you have taken up their positions. A French soldier standing close to a fire step moves back and you move into his place. He doesn't speak to you and you don't speak to him. You simply take over the spot he has held and give your comrades room to move along. And so the relief goes forward.

Getting Trench-Broken

Standing there, you wonder how far off the next man is. Presently comes an officer, who shows you the entrance to a dugout and gives some whispered instructions as to what you shall do in case of bombardment. Then he leads you to a cavity in the wall of the trench where the reserve supply of ammunition and the rockets are kept. You tell him you've got it all clear, and he passes on.

Once more you are standing on the fire step staring with smarting eyes into the dark. A machine gun is chattering somewhere in the night, and far away, from the edge of the world, comes a sullen muttering like a heavy surf on a seashore—the big guns at Verdun.

Suddenly a flare goes up in front of you. You catch a flashing vision of a valley and a bare slope; and there, right under your nose, is a tangled mass of wire entirely filled with boches.

You let fly. In two minutes you have emptied the chamber; and then the sergeant arrives hotfoot to inquire what the blue blazes you are shooting at.

"There's a bunch of boches out there in the wire," you tell him in a voice you strive to hold steady.

"Those are posts, man," he replies in disgust. "Cut that out!"

You relax and mop your brow. Gee, that was a close call! And abruptly you experience a blessed relief from tension. No matter if you did make a mistake, you were on the job; a dim realization of that all-important fact gives you confidence. So you settle down for the long night watch.

An officer approaches, using a trench stick. It is strange that an ordinary cane, with a steel point to help progress in the mud. Somehow the sight of the stick reassured, with nothing but that little stick, gives you courage. There cannot be much danger if he goes round with a cane! Thus you reason. The officer's stick is one of the moral forces of trench warfare.

"How's everything?" he queries. "Feeling all right? That's the boy. We're all right now. We're in!"

There is the story of an entry into the trenches. It's a lot different from what you have been dreaming, *n'est-ce pas?* But that is always the way; the Front is never like the mental picture you draw of it. There [illegible] a man of the first contingent who hadn't thought in day dreams of what it would be like; not one of them came within a mile of the reality.

What happened at the Front is more or less familiar to the American public. The boche immediately grew attentive. He did not try anything very serious; but his artillery showed activity in spasms, and on the night of November 2-3 he put over a raid. However, the object sought by the American command was accomplished. Those battalions are fit for a crack at the boches any day.

"What did we learn?" repeated a brigadier in answer to a query. "This: They went in boys; they came out veterans."

Considered as war happenings their trench experiences were trivial and routine; similar adventures occur every day to the French and British and Belgians along every portion of the Western Front; so nothing would be gained by a résumé of what they did to the boches and what the boches did to them.

How they took it is a different matter, however, because the manner in which the men of the first battalions adapted themselves to the life is the best barometer we have at present. From it we may form some idea of the stuff that is in the new American armies. Other units may possibly display higher mettle—not a few will probably display lower—but I should say that the first battalions are fairly representative of the average that we may expect.

There are few cowards in the world. After hearing what men have done in this war I am tempted to say there are none. Not that men don't run away or break under terrible shelling and the wild fear of death, for they do. Many a man has crumpled, gone utterly to pieces, cowered in the trench in tears until his comrades kicked him into motion or an officer threatened to shoot. Those are things an army never talks about. When the battalions to which they belong discuss them they do it in whispers, for such happenings are to a regiment what a scandal is to a proud family.

But the point is that the identical men who break down often redeem their character afterward. They come back. There have been instances where a soldier who sobbed and prayed during an attack one night went over the top on the next with absolute indifference to risk. What a man will do in the stress of trial appears to depend largely on the state of his stomach and nerves at the moment. One day he may show every symptom of yellow; the next he will sally out like a hero.

The Cure for Hiccups

But it is not of such that I have to write, but of men who stood steady; who were undismayed; who took their punishment as part of the game and could joke about it afterward; who importuned their officers daily for a chance to give the boche a dose of medicine; and whose disappointment was bitter that the sector was so quiet. Take it from me, whenever one of those hazardous enterprises comes up in this war for which volunteers are asked, it will be a joke. Volunteers? Why, they'll have to keep the boys from crowding. From what I have seen already it is my honest conviction that our men will match pennies and wrangle fiercely for the privilege of going.

They tell a yarn of a doughboy from Worcester who happened to be grievously afflicted with hiccups when his company went into the front trenches. They had been there only a few hours when the boches began sending over shells. Several fell close to their section of trench and the platoon was ordered into a dugout for shelter.

Hardly had they entered when a whiz-bang burst directly in front of it, caving in the supports of the door. Still the Worcester man went on hiccuping.

"For the love of Mike," cried his bunkie, "cut that out! You make me nervous."

"I can't, Bill. Honest, I—can't. Maybe if you'd—say—something to scare me they'd—stop."

Broadly speaking, that reflects the extent of American worry over casual shelling in their initial experiences. The only apparent emotion stirred by the boches' everyday artillery fire was one of intense curiosity. As they tramped along a road leading to the communication trenches a working party heard the sharp screech of a shell, and next instant it exploded in the field at their right. It fell so close that some of them felt the shock, but instead of scattering they walked over to peer down into the hole.

It was the same for days after they went in. The experienced French in adjacent sectors sought cover whenever the telltale whimper reached their ears, but the doughboys would stand on tiptoe to see where the darned thing was going to hit. That may not have evidenced very sound judgment; they will learn better by and by; but it surely showed the stuff that is in them.

Another happy augury was their attitude toward casualties. They indulged in no moping over them whatsoever. In normal times a man who displays indifference to loss or injury of comrades falls under the suspicion of brutality; but in war casualties are inevitable, and the soldier who has learned to accept them as a matter of course is on the way to becoming a first-class fighting man.

That is why their officers were proud of the manner in which the men could joke over injuries. Understand me clearly—there was no heartlessness in all this. Probably the very ones who talked lightly of a comrade's trip to the dressing station would be among the first to carry out that same man from the wire under heavy shelling. It is simply the soldier's way of facing danger.

All in the Day's Work

The stretcher bearers were trying to console a wounded infantryman whom they were evacuating from a dressing station to the hospital.

"Huh!" grunted one. "Pretty soft for you! All you got to do now is lay in bed and eat chicken broth. Oh, boy!"

"But don't ever tell anybody you're wounded. Sim," cautioned [illegible]; "[illegible] they'll think you was running away." Presently they arrived at an [illegible] in a communication trench. Stretcher would not pass round it. They tried and tried, but no amount of twisting would do the trick.

"Hoist me up," suggested the injured party.

"Why, I never thought of that!" And raising him above their shoulders they made the curve with ease.

"Gee, that's a slick way, Charlie," one remarked. But at that moment an officer came upon them from behind.

"It surely is a slick way—you don't expose anybody but the patient! Now you men cut that out, do you hear?" he ordered.

They took up their burden and lumbered forward. The patient was fully as surprised and mortified as the stretcher bearers.

"Shucks!" he said; "I wouldn't get hit again. I've got my wound already."

Which illustrates a curious tendency of the human mind after being hit: [illegible] that nothing further can happen to it. A shell that went to a [illegible] post was struck by a piece of shrapnel and received a severe gash in the arm. To get back to the dressing station it was necessary for him to traverse several hundred yards of trench and the going was bad. There were six inches of mud in spots, and where the duck boards were above the mud the footing was treacherous. So what did he do but climb out and start cheerily across open ground, getting from ear to ear? Why should he keep down? He had his wound!

Most of the boys had the [illegible] contempt for [illegible] A corporal, [illegible] kitchens and failed to explode. Of course an experienced soldier always gives "duds" a wide berth; he would as soon trifle with a rattlesnake as handle one of the innocent-looking seventy-sevens that stick in the mud. No such fears troubled the company cook. Here was a fine chance to secure a souvenir, and he went after it with pick and shovel. He had almost succeeded—he had removed the earth round the dud—when an officer chanced to pass and stopped him.

It was noted during the American occupation of the trenches that the boche ammunition was poor. Perhaps it would be unsafe to attach any significance to that fact, for the same thing has been reported on other fronts at various times, yet later the boches turned loose shells of A1 quality. Be that as it may, they were using some very bad ammunition against the first con-

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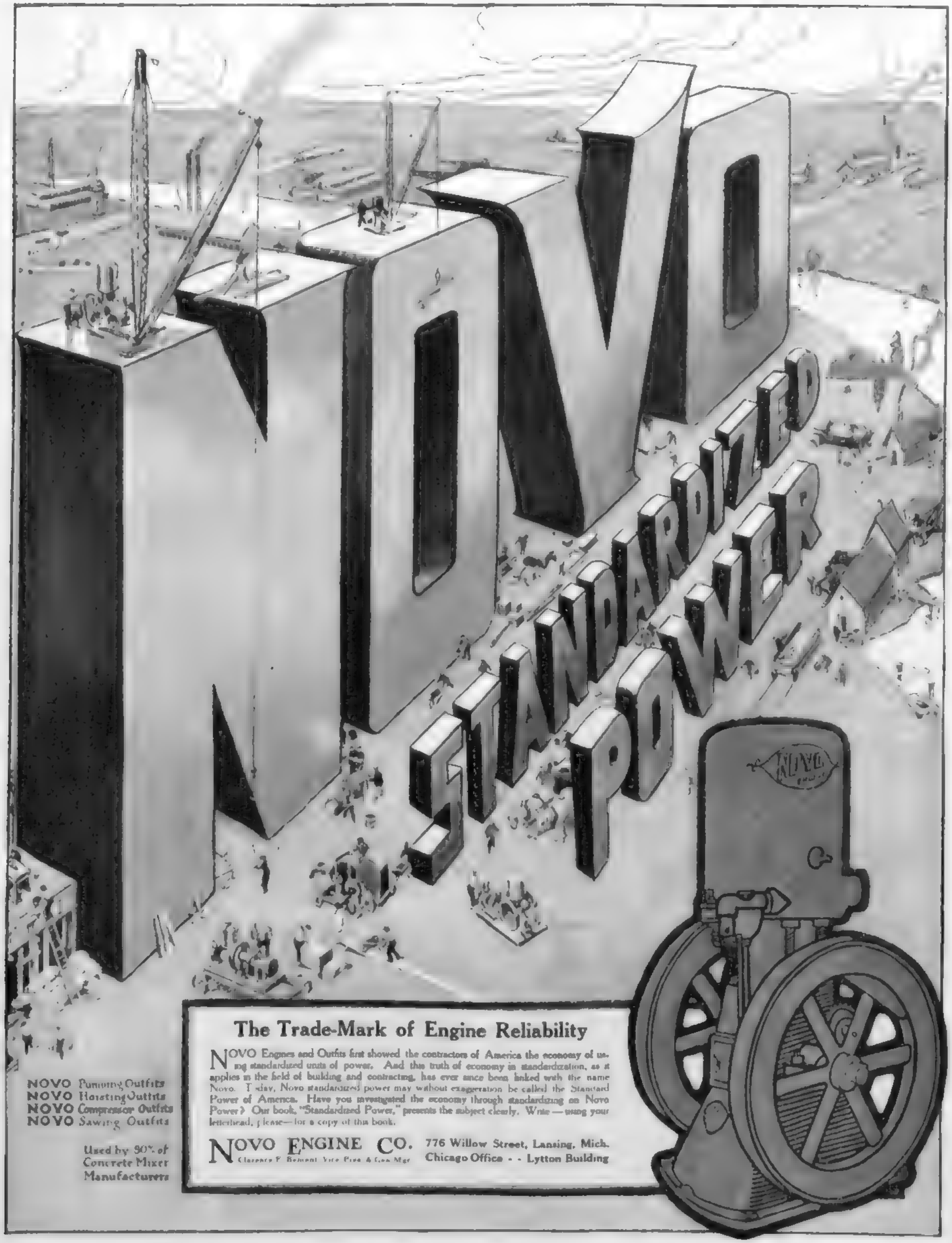

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(Concluded from Page 45)

tingent. One day a German battery dropped seven shells on our rear positions; only two of them exploded. The same week three bad ones in succession were fired at a company commander's post.

The enemy artillery was, however, unpleasantly accurate. They seemed to have registered on all the trenches and approaches before our troops went in, for there was no wild shooting. For instance, a bunch of men gathered in a short road just outside the front trenches at mess time, instead of remaining under shelter and behind camouflage. A boche observer must have spotted them, for suddenly a shrapnel shell came shrieking and burst directly overhead. It was perfect shooting; the fuse couldn't have been better timed if they had practiced it a week. Three of the boys were wounded—but you will never again find any of that company taking chances.

In only one respect did the trenches conform to American expectations—that was in mud. They found all they anticipated. It even came in two colors—red and a sort of bluish gray. The trenches were floored with duck boards or bath mats, however, and when they dried out the walking wasn't half bad.

Revetments of chicken wire or woven reeds held up the walls, which kept constantly crumbling. And at intervals were heavy gates made of barbed wire, which could be shut in emergency to hold up any enemy who might penetrate into the position.

The dugouts varied in size and in depth and in construction. For the most part they were shallow, being excavations in the wall of the trench instead of below the ground. A roof of heavy timbers covered with seven or eight feet of earth and sandbags offered protection from shrapnel. The walls were also of stout timbers.

Some of the dugouts offered accommodation for forty men. The bunks were built in tiers and at the outset there was considerable rivalry among the boys as to which should get the upper berths. There was method in such madness—about a foot of water stood in most of the dugouts when they first went in, for rains had been steady and the drainage was poor. But later our engineers got the trenches comparatively dry and then they fell to matching for the lowers.

There is no denying they were cold. Each dugout is supposed to have a stove, and each did. But what is a stove when it won't work? Not a few of them were out of business. The boys made tiny fires where they could, to warm their feet and hands. Fuel was obtained from trees on their front; working parties brought it in.

The Doughboy's Best Friend

All their sleeping was done during the day. When dark came they had to be up and on the alert. Three meals a day were served to them. The food was brought up in marmites—huge heat-retaining tins. Their rations consisted of hot coffee, bread, meat or stew; sometimes that diet was varied with canned salmon or pork and beans. They ate about seven o'clock in the morning, again at noon, and supper between three and four. Often the boys were so sleepy that they did not bother to rouse for breakfast.

At first they were inclined to be wasteful of the chow, in the free American fashion. They ate more than they needed, and what they didn't want they threw away. But a short experience in the trenches taught them better; in fact, one of the most valuable things they learned was to conserve their food, because a bombardment may start at any time and then all supplies from the kitchens would be cut off. Soon they were saving a portion of each meal as a precautionary measure.

"Here's the best friend a man's got up here," said a doughboy tapping his steel helmet. There was a dent in the top. "Piece of shrapnel," he explained jubilantly. "And say—if I've bumped my bean against a crosspiece in the dark once I've bumped it a dozen times. Only for this old chapeau I'd have been laid out cold."

They had plenty of opportunity to grow proficient in donning gas masks. Every time a doughboy got a whiff of an unfamiliar odor he bawled "Gas!" and the rest of them grabbed their masks. They had scares several times a day in the American sector during the first fortnight, but afterward settled down and paid little attention to unofficial alarms, for there are gongs or sirens to sound a warning and they are the regulation mediums of conveying notice to the men.

Bad feet—trench feet—gave lots of trouble until they learned how to take care of themselves. The wet and the cold, and long hours of standing up, resulted in the feet swelling and turning blue. This condition was largely brought on by carelessness, however; they either had no dry socks into which they could change or they were too listless to do it. Rubber boots were issued; but those who received them promptly contracted chilblains.

There are preventive measures for both these ills: Keep a pair of dry socks and shoes always on hand. It can be done. If the wet pair you took off are not dry when you need them to go out again, put them on anyway, so you will have something dry when you come in. Also rub the feet daily with oil. There is a special oil for the purpose; but if that isn't procurable neat's-foot oil will do quite as well. In regard to rubber boots, the trouble lies in constant use. If you wear them continually the feet will grow tender and give you intense pain. Consequently you should remove them except when actually wading round the trenches.

It is likely that the trenches you may occupy will be better drained than those in which the first contingent found themselves. Our engineers will see to that. They accomplished wonders in the short time at their disposal. Drainage ditches were dug at frequent intervals; the trenches were broadened and deepened; outposts were put into some sort of repair; and working parties fixed up the broken wire entanglements. Our engineers found that the mud stuck so fast to their shovels it seriously slowed down the work—so now they grease them.

Neglected Betsy

It isn't only the man who goes over the top with a rifle or a sack of grenades who takes chances; not by a long shot. Don't overlook the boys who go out with pick and shovel to strengthen defenses, build new trenches and make the sector more habitable. They are at it all through the dark hours of the night, with their weapons close at hand for use against an enemy attack, and they are invariably the ones to whom the boches pay the most attention.

Another dangerous activity is the work of the signal corps. Imagine yourself stringing wires along the ground or the wall of a new trench, with the enemy shelling you or taking pot shots with machine guns! The others have the satisfaction of hitting back, at least—a very sustaining feeling under punishment. But the signal-corps man must keep on the job regardless of the pelting danger and leave it to the fighting men of his unit to take care of the enemy.

Perhaps the most disconcerting surprise the doughboys received was the discovery of the part that the pick and shovel play in war.

"Pshaw, I ain't had a real chance to use ol' Betsy yet," one complained as he rubbed down his rifle with a rag; "but I bet I've dug a hundred tons of dirt. What do they give us a rifle for, anyhow?"

Old soldiers will tell you that you cannot live in trenches without contracting lice. Some of our own men will swear to it, too, for during the first week everybody was scratching. But the vermin can be exterminated. That was proved. The last battalions to take training at the Front reported that they had been wholly free from them.

It is different with rats. They simply swarm. Where they come from is a mystery; the Pied Piper must have played all the rats in Europe into the trenches of the Western Front. You can see them scurrying about everywhere and the night is filled with their squeals. One of the favorite trench sports is rat hunting.

I'll never forget a corporal telling me of his experiences. For some reason he has the liveliest terror of the rodents and spent part of his waking hours trying to kill them. The natural result was that he had them on his mind when he went to sleep.

He was dreaming of pink and black rats with long green tails, when a wild yell woke him. There on the edge of the bunk below sat Private Prouty, a bloody bayonet in his hand, which he was waving in the air. At his feet lay the bodies of three huge rats.

"Whee!" yelled Private Prouty. "Got my first boches, boys!"

Yet they have cats in the trenches—plenty of them. Then why, asks the unsuspecting reader, why don't the cats kill the rats?

You wouldn't put that question if you had ever seen the trench variety. They don't pay an ordinary cat "any mind" at all. I'll wager that if a bulldog encountered a well-grown trench rat and the rat strolled up and slapped him in the face he would think twice before resenting it.

However, the assumption is that the cats are there to catch them. Almost every company has one, and though they fail to decimate the rodents they make excellent pets. Indeed, you are apt to find a dog here and there in the front trenches also. The soldiers smuggle them in somehow. How they transport their pets is a mystery, but every time an American battalion lands anywhere out comes a goat or an anteater or a tame wild hog. If you should see a doughboy's overcoat bulging on a march somewhere it may be an article of use he is carrying or it may be a kitten.

It is very unlikely that you will be concerned about amusements the first time you go into the trenches. Boche artillery will provide all the music you care to listen to and No Man's Land will hold more chances than a set of dice or pack of cards. But after you get used to the life, time will often hang heavy on your hands. Then you will want diversion; you will want something to read, and games. For it isn't one unbroken term of strain, of alarms and misery in the trenches. Often the boys contrive to make themselves fairly comfortable and they pull off many an evening's entertainment under the noses of the German guns.

Also, remember that you don't stay steadily in the trenches. Ordinarily your battalion will put in ten days or a fortnight on the Front and then move back, beyond even the sound of shelling, for a rest.

Homesick for the Front

And there is always the bond of comradeship. A man who had been two years at the Front and had gone through terrific hardships told me that he grew to hate the whole rotten business and everybody in it—that he ached to get away and never see it again. Then they gave him leave. And what happened? After a week in London and Paris he found himself missing his pals. He actually grew homesick for the Front, for the comradeship. It meant more to him than the dread of danger and suffering. His is not an isolated case; dozens have told me the same.

But I suppose it all boils down to a question of temperament. To some the Front will be a nightmare; others will like it, after a fashion. It depends on what sort of man you are.

There is the case of John McGowan, for instance. Some men have to be dragged to war, but they were obliged to arrest John to keep him out of it. He served for a year and eighty-four days in the King's Liverpool Regiment, was severely wounded, and discharged from the army in August, 1916, with a small pension.

The next they heard of him he was back in France. He had secured a uniform somehow in Liverpool and crossed with a new battalion. The military police caught him on July eighteenth. He was suffering from a bad wound in the side. John's explanation was that he liked the Front and wanted to get back to his comrades. They released him on his promise that he would go home and stay there.

When our first battalions went into the trenches there was scarcely any night patrolling done in that region at all. It had been almost unnecessary, for the sector had been *en repos* and neither side showed the slightest desire to start anything. The Germans did a little patrolling now and again, but it was very desultory.

With the entry of the Americans, however, all that was changed. Our men were keen for a whack at the boches; after the raid in early November they were up on their toes to square accounts.

Accordingly night patrols were organized, and an ambuscade was arranged to catch any Germans who might come beyond their own wire. A patrol party of a hundred and sixty men, divided into four groups of forty each, went out and lay in wait close to the boche wire all of one night. Like fox terriers round a groundhog's hole they lay there, fairly shaking for the enemy to appear. But the groundhog was cagy; he didn't emerge. Another party of the same size went out another night, but the boches stayed comfortably in their trenches.

"Gee, if they'd only come out—just once!" breathed a doughboy, fondling his knife.

The boches evidently knew better than to try. It was apparent, too, that he realized night patrolling was no longer a safe operation, for he gave it up. Before the Americans withdrew from the sector they completely dominated in this work.

The Cleaner the Fitter

"During the past few nights," reported the French general in command there, "we carried out several of these operations, which conclusively shows that the Germans no longer leave their lines. We have at present control over all movements in the territory between the lines."

A couple of months ago I remarked casually to a veteran sergeant of an infantry battalion on the high standards of personal cleanliness observed in the British armies. Some of our own men were passing along the road at the moment and many of them could have been cleaner.

"We don't go in for frills," he replied. "What's the use? Our idea is to keep clean enough, of course; the main thing is to turn out a soldier who can hike ten miles after the other fellow has quit—who can hit what he is aiming at—and who can take care of himself anywhere and under any circumstances."

It seemed a fair statement of our general plan of training under the old system. But new conditions have risen. Trench warfare brings into powerful play factors that did not count so heavily in bygone campaigns; and experience since 1914 has proved that the cleaner a man keeps himself the better he will stand up under punishment. The morale of an army that takes pride in its smartness is immensely superior to the morale of an army that is slack.

Said a brigadier: "They did well; but they've got something still to learn about care of themselves. I mean in regard to personal cleanliness and sanitation. The cleaner a man keeps himself the better soldier he will be, in nine cases out of ten he will get better and longer. And of course the higher your standards of sanitation in the trenches the better your state of health."

We passed through a village alive with poilus and men in khaki. Some of the latter were wearing helmets; others sported small service caps. Somehow they had an unfamiliar aspect. I stared. What troops were these?

"Surely I haven't seen them before! Who are these fellows?"

The brigadier beamed.

"You've seen 'em a thousand times. They're ours! But they're veterans now."

He beckoned to a group sitting in front of a shop and two of them came running. The others sprang to attention and gave him a salute that made me blink.

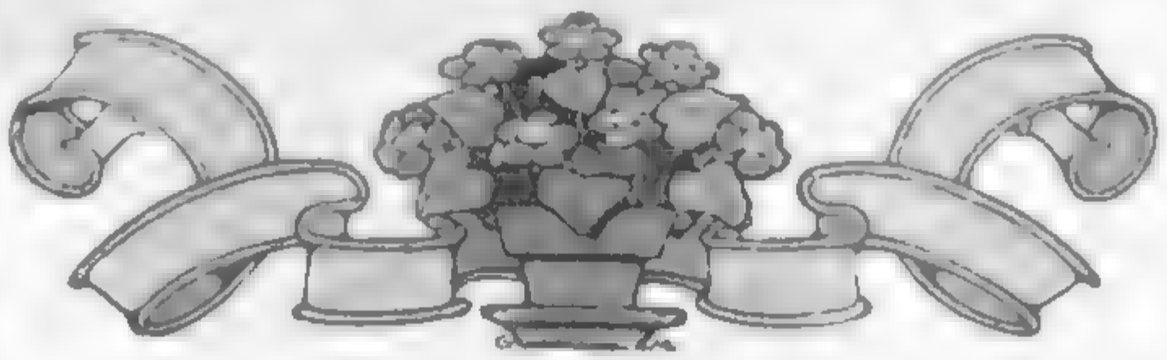
The brigadier made an inquiry of some kind, but I didn't hear it. I was watching the doughboys as they replied to him. In their steady eyes was the look of men who had found themselves.

The brigadier leaned back.

"Well, what do you think of them?"

"They're fighting men."

"You're damn well right they're fighting men!" said the brigadier.



Get More Done—With Less Money!

MODEL 90 Overland cars are better cars for the greatest number of people at the lowest possible prices.

Avoid a sluggish life, with this fine five-passenger touring car. It promotes thrift and increases your usefulness.

It combines, as does no other, all of the five essentials for complete satisfaction.

In *appearance* it is neither too smart nor too commonplace. It has big-car stylish design, with spacious room and properly enlivened color scheme.

The satisfaction derived from its *performance* is due not only to its powerful, frugal motor and durable chassis, but also to its simplified control, narrow turning radius and ease of handling.

It rides with maximum *comfort* because of its perfected balance, rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase and 31x4 tires, non-skid rear.

Every Model 90 owner shares in the benefit of Overland's unexcelled nation-wide *service* facilities.

Consider its *price*. Where else is such beauty, such faithful performance, and all its desirable features obtainable anywhere near its low first cost and economical upkeep? It is fully equipped, Auto-Lite starting and lighting and vacuum system fuel feed.

Order *now*—let your Willys-Overland dealer save you money.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars
and Light Commercial Cars
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

Oldsmobile

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95
—Tax Free
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Giant Traffic Facilities

THINGS are being done in a big way. And some of the biggest things done in the way of haulage are possible because of the Firestone Giant Truck Tire. This Firestone achievement, the largest tire ever built, makes the operation of trucks practical over roads and under loads that were impossible before.

The higher degree of traction furnished by this vast bulk of active rubber with the grooved tread carries trucks through snow and mud, over ice and even through forest trails without skid or spin of wheels. And with this dependableness is coupled the advantages of lower cost per mile.

Firestone
Giant Truck Tires

keep all of the rubber under all of the load all of the time, saving the truck. Every strain and jar is distributed and absorbed by all the rubber—hence less internal heat and longer mileage from tires. The added traction and resiliency afford another saving—less gasoline.

This is the tire you need for your heavy hauling. Made in sizes from 8 in. to 14 in. in width. Every other trucking need is equally well provided for in the Firestone line, a tire for every load, road and condition of service. Call in a Firestone man for consultation.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

SOMETHING FOR YOU?

By Everett Rhodes Castle

"SOMETHING for you?"

The heavy-jowled gentleman, still clinging to the tattered remains of his morning paper and a large umbrella, stiffened. A truculent look came into his moist, mild blue eyes. His voice, probably soft and good-natured as a rule, is flat—and irritated. His wide, pleasant mouth is twisted into as much of a sneer as his upper chin will allow.

"No," he said shortly; "of course not! I've merely been waiting round here to pick violets. I'm merely having a good time playin' house for my wife. I ——" Then, as if he realizes the futility of it all: "Gimme two yards an' a half to match this ——"

Now often the fleshy man gets the merchandise wanted, and leaves feeling in some way that insult has been heaped upon injury; but just as often he goes off in a huff to another department store, or is sure the merchandise, despite the fact that it matches the sample in all respects, is not what it should be. He feels that in some way something is wrong. He doesn't stop to analyze his feelings and discover that the real fault lies with the selling and not with the merchandise; and so the store suffers the loss of a customer, who, nine chances out of ten, is a kindly gentleman, with a family of shoppers at home.

And the funny part of the whole thing is the fact that the salesgirl probably voiced her innocent little inquiry in the sweetest and pleasantest tone.

Here is an innocent little piece of language that is the foundation of ninety per cent of the lost sales in a department store; and just how much that amounts to in the course of a year can best be judged by the way any department-store manager will roll his eyes toward the celestial blue when you ask him how much additional business he would have done if every interested prospect had made a purchase. Multiply this imaginable sum by the number of department stores operating in this country and you will have some faint idea of the amount of money that went somewhere else. And why? Simply because the clerk assumed—and has assumed for some unknown reason for many years—that the customer might have come into the store for some other purpose than the purchase of merchandise.

The problem of making fifteen hundred salesmen and saleswomen out of fifteen hundred clerks is too human a story to be dealt with in cold figures. There are too many interesting side lights to be spoiled by percentages—except that in many instances the figures are the side lights.

In this article, which purports to tell both sides of what is broadly called service in a department store, there are three elements to be considered: They are the sales person, the merchandise and the customer. In considering them, the mechanism of selling calico goes away beyond merely standing behind a counter and murmuring "Something for you?" and introduces you to Miss Birdie Pep, master saleswoman.

When Miss Birdie Was Green

Miss Birdie is a product of the service superintendent of a large Middle-West store. Prior to her course under this man, Birdie was the average salesgirl—that is to say, she lost ninety per cent of her lost sales, people who left without purchasing, because of some fault of her own. She started out with the usual "Something in ribbons for you, madam?" She presumed a doubt that might have made the customer ask herself whether she really wanted the ribbon. Maybe the woman decided to let it go, after all. If the woman admitted her need the next thing Birdie demanded was:

"What kind? What width? What color? What price?"

"Why—why, I want it for a hat."

"Oh!"—noncomittally.

"Something to go with a deep brown."

"Oh!"

"I don't know just what color. If I might see a few ——"

"Why, certainly—but what width?"—slightly bored; what else is she here for if not to show ribbon?

"Why, I don't just know—about two or two and a half inches; maybe more."

A stage wait of twenty seconds while Birdie arranges her front hair.

"But, lady, what price?"

In other words, the old Birdie was a clerk, who did up what the customer ordered. Under the new idea she is a saleswoman, who is able to sell at a profit by the intelligent presentation of that which will best meet the needs of the customer.

She has been taught to be different from the average clerk. The big boss has taken twenty minutes of his valuable time to tell her that she has a future with the house. To this end she must have knowledge; knowledge of the merchandise she is selling mostly, because the average clerk already possesses a keen, though not broad insight into human nature. Here is the way the new Birdie would have handled the woman:

In the first place, it is a rigid rule of this selling force that a customer who has been kept waiting because of a rush shall first receive a courteous combination of explanation and apology:

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but we have been unusually busy this morning. Or, if the woman is cared for immediately, just a pleasant "Good morning!"

"I am looking for some ribbon for a hat."

Miss Birdie the Mindreader

The new Birdie merely uses the knowledge that every Birdie possesses—namely, that velvet ribbon is used mostly for millinery. She brings forward, without further question, a bolt of one-inch velvet ribbon—blue, perhaps.

Now this is merely a little trick in Birdie's selling bag. In a moment, without a single question, she knows exactly what the woman wants. How? Simply because the woman sees something she does not want; and the result is, she tells Birdie that it is the wrong color—something to match a deep, rich brown—to go with a four-inch crown.

Now even Birdie the clerk, knew that burnt orange went well with dark brown—and might even have said so; but note the way Birdie utilizes a trick borrowed from Ike Block, the window trimmer: Turning to the stock she selects a deep, rich brown and a bolt of the burnt orange. With two quick movements of the hands she arranges the orange against the background of brown. Turning, she shows the little trim to the customer; and the customer, spurred by the power of suggestion, probably exclaims: "Why, it's the very thing I've been looking for all over town!"

At the same time, this woman might have seen the same color in each of the other stores, but without the same presentation. The old Birdie consumed from fifteen to nineteen minutes and pulled down numerous bolts of ribbon that would have to be rearranged later. The new Birdie averages from seven to nine minutes for each customer and disarranges no stock to speak of.

Just how much value Birdie's new methods amount to in dollars and cents may be judged from the following figures: The pay-roll report of a certain New York store showed that nine and one-tenth per cent of the gross sales in the ribbon department was spent in salaries. A store in the extreme West figured that its ribbon percentage was close to twelve per cent. The stores where Birdie and her kind are now selling merchandise are spending but six and four tenths per cent in their ribbon department. Besides this, Birdie's personal percentage has changed. Instead of having lost sales divided as follows,

Faulty [illegible]	90 per cent
Merchandise	5 per cent
Price	5 per cent

the percentage is listed in this way

Merchandise	45 per cent
Price	45 per cent
Faulty [illegible]	9 per cent

These figures, however, apply in cases when the department has been developed to the point where each salesgirl knows the merchandise offered for sale and wants to sell it. I heard a man depict the value of a sales person to the clerks in the leather-goods section in this way:

"Treat the customer as a guest. After the purchase has been made, and while the parcel is being wrapped up, engage the customer's attention with some new merchandise—if others are not waiting. If there are others, excuse yourself. 'Your parcel will be ready in a moment.' Then, act quietly when your parcel is called.

"If it should happen that the customer is held longer than seems necessary, and complains, don't be short-sighted. I overheard a saleswoman the other day say in a voice loud enough for everyone within fifty feet to hear: 'Say, inspector; hurry that parcel. This lady has been waiting ten minutes.' That is hardly a good leave-taking of a customer, is it? Going away from you with your own condemnation of your own service!

"Remember, your future lies in your ability to bring that customer back. Wouldn't it have been much better to have spoken quietly to the customer, assuring her of your personal attention, and then hurried her parcel?

"Not only the first impression but the last impression also is important. Your method of approach and your opening words have much to do with the sale. Your closing words and leave-taking have much to do with making a customer. Your personal advancement depends upon your ability to please the customer to the extent that she will come back to you and to the store for her future calls.

"Remember, salesmanship is a profession in which we practice the art of being useful to mankind. You cannot achieve your best success unless you study yourself, your actions, your merchandise and your words with a view to making the right impression upon the customer.

"Are you studying the different customers who come to your section to determine why you sold one and lost another? Use every sale of your merchandise as a means of acquiring knowledge."

Instilling this spirit, this superintendent has met with very gratifying success; but he has met with many little quirks of psychology that apparently will always be barriers to the reduction of selling costs in certain departments.

Comparative Selling Costs

For instance, it costs eight per cent of the shoe department's revenue from gross sales to sell a woman a pair of shoes at a retail price of perhaps seven dollars. But this same woman, twenty minutes later, may buy a hundred-and-fifty-dollar coat; and if she does, statistics from numerous big stores prove that it usually takes her less time to buy it than the seven-dollar pair of shoes. The coat-and-suit department had a ratio of four and seven-tenths per cent. Art embroidery heads this percentage table in this store with fourteen per cent; women's and children's hosiery at four per cent and handkerchiefs at four and one-tenth per cent are the lowest.

An interesting side light in this connection is furnished by the figures gathered from representative stores in the East, Middle West and West by a dry-goods periodical of unquestioned accuracy. They show that the Eastern store, located in New York City, had the highest percentages in toys, lamps and sewing machines; the Middle-West store headed its list with art embroidery, shoes and china; and the Western store, located on the Pacific Coast, gave headline honors to ribbons, toys and millinery.

In the Eastern store muslin underwear, infants' wear and gloves sold at the least percentage of pay-roll cost. In the Middle West this honor went to hosiery, handkerchiefs and cotton goods. In the West, boys' clothing, misses' coats and suits, and domestics were the lowest.

Just why it should cost more to sell lamps in New York is hard to say. Toys, of course, because of the short season in which their selling is done, have a universally high percentage in every store. A table of fifteen representative departments shows the way the cost of selling differs:

DEPARTMENT	NEW YORK PERCENTAGE	[illegible] PERCENTAGE	WEST PERCENTAGE
[illegible]	4	[illegible]	4
[illegible]	5	14	[illegible]
Leather Goods	7	5	4
[illegible]	4	5	7
[illegible]	7	[illegible]	7
[illegible]	9	8	6
[illegible]	4	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8	7	8
Furs	8	6	7
Men's Furnishings	8	8	7
China	[illegible]	12	11
Groceries	[illegible]	[illegible]	6
Petticoats	[illegible]	8	7
Waists	6	8	7
Women's Suits	7	7	7

Another store, this one in Illinois, which is spending much time and money in an effort to eliminate as much as possible the danger of the aforementioned little question, employs a middle-aged woman on part time—from eleven to four—whose sole duty it is to go about the store and shop. If Miss Birdie Pep in the veilings is still calling out "Something for you?" she is put on the immediate list for instruction. If Miss Birdie Pep in the glove department is sweet and courteous, but is clumsy in fitting, Mrs. D—— finds it out. When she encounters a sales person who in all respects seems to be in earnest in this new idea in selling, she reports that too.

What Not to Say

Of course nearly all the larger stores have been giving their employees the benefit of a continuation school and salesmanship classes for several years. That this education has been absolutely worth while is evidenced by the decreasing cost of selling merchandise in many departments over the years 1912–13–14. Just now, with the war drawing women from all positions in life to act as bookkeepers, railroad clerks, timekeepers, and in other positions that may be filled on a good common-school education, and paying in most cases salaries ranging from sixty to seventy-five dollars, with plenty at the latter figure, many employees of the larger stores are leaving just at a time when they are becoming really valuable.

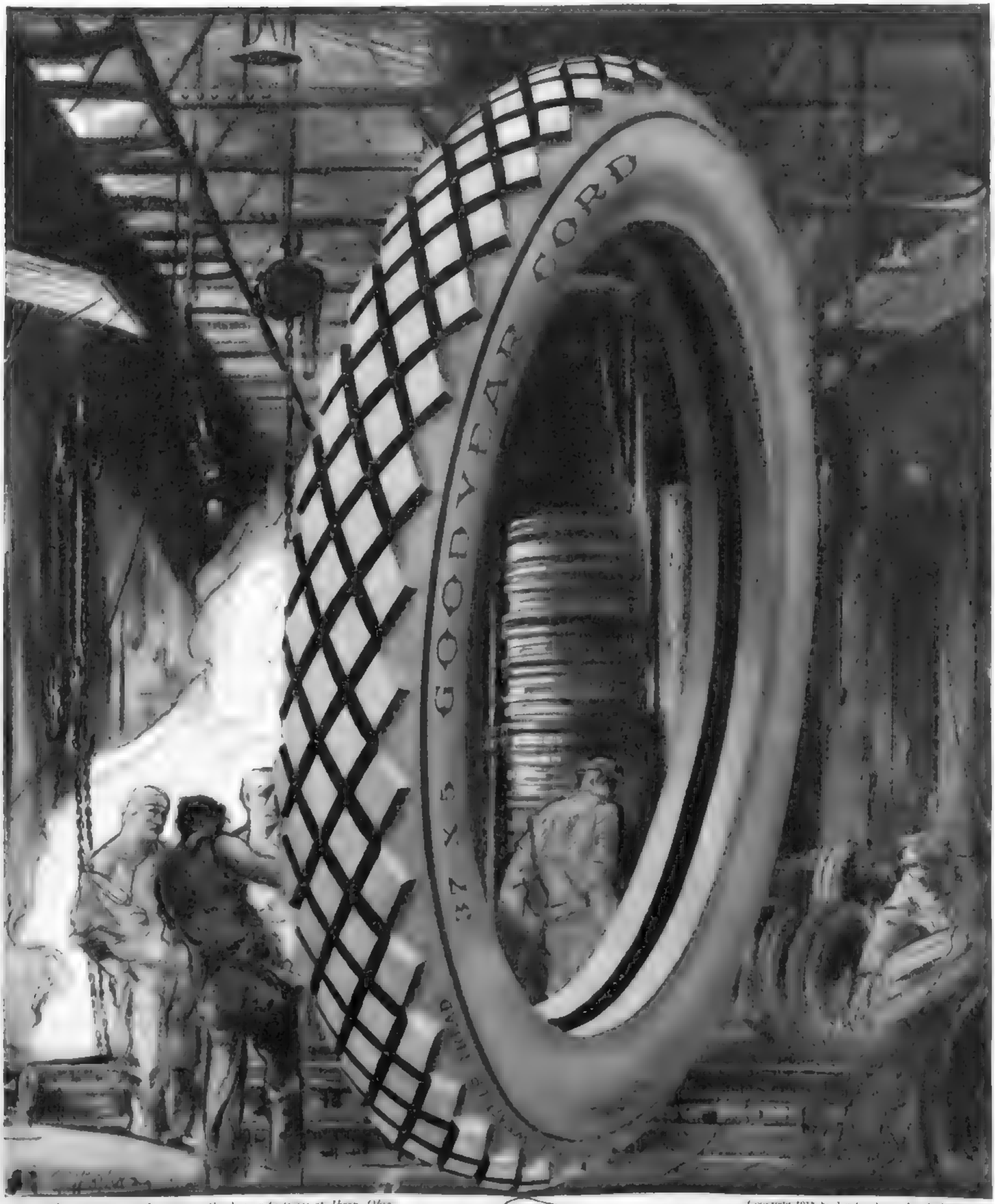
One store, to the writer's knowledge, employed nearly one thousand new employees last year. This is really remarkable when it is remembered that the total number of employees was only fourteen hundred. Many superintendents are meeting present abnormal shortages in labor by employing women who can devote special hours to this kind of work. A Pittsburgh store originated the idea and employed a number of middle-aged and young matrons, who came to the store after their housework was completed. They worked from eleven-thirty straight through until four. Because of present high prices, many women are finding this an agreeable source of extra income.

The education of department-store employees in the art of being sales people also includes, in a Western store, a partial course in English. This takes the form of small bulletins issued weekly or sometimes semi-monthly. It contains "Don'ts" in speaking of merchandise and to the customer.

Here is a list of a few of the sayings that have been forbidden: "Lovely." "This is the latest thing." "Something for you?" "Exquisite!" "Auto." Mention of competitive stores in a disparaging manner. All superlatives in speaking of values. "Come again." "Any [illegible] afternoon?" or "Good morning!" "Missie." "Of course, if you want something more expensive, why ——" "Ain't it pretty?" "For a woman of your type, this ——" "All our customers seem to think that ——" "Cheap!" "Step this way." "Of course you can't tell very much about the color in this light; but ——" "Now if I was you ——"

The reason why most of these mercantile sayings are objectionable is quite plain. This store, which is very conservative in its advertisements, feels that much harm is done by loose [illegible] language. Quiet conservative, cheerful helpfulness is this store's idea of a sales person.

(Concluded on Page 84)



One of the cure-rooms in the immense Goodyear factories at Akron, Ohio

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

A MAN AND HIS WORK

Three thousand, one hundred and ninety-five of the Goodyear workmen own their own homes. More than three thousand of the remaining number are paying for their homes on contract. Literally hundreds of Goodyear employees share ownership in the institution for which they labor.

IT is true in the Goodyear factories, that wherever mechanical appliance could supplant human endeavor with accuracy and saving, this has been done.

It is not less true, however, that the human element yet remains one of the largest factors in the goodness of our product, for machines must be minded by men.

So it is that upon the vast army of Goodyear workmen still devolves the responsibility for keeping this business alive and advancing.

And so it is that to these able workmen, Goodyear makes full requital of the respect that they have earned.

* * *

Goodyear always has clearly recognized the close relation between a man's well-being and his own good work.

And in this recognition have been born those manifold activities which Goodyear encourages on behalf of its people.

Far from being spent in any spirit of paternalism, these activities are launched wholly on a reciprocal basis.

It is the belief in this institution that if Goodyear takes care of its workmen, its workmen will take care of Goodyear.

There are baseball, football, musical and technical clubs at Goodyear, and more than a dozen clubs like them.

There are a legal advice bureau, a police department, a hospital, a factory library, a factory newspaper—all without charge.

There are housing, financial and health supervision, restaurant service, accident prevention and compensation, insurance systems and retirement awards.

There are schools for the advancement of competent workmen, for the Americanization of aliens, for the advantage of all who will use them.

On a tract of 400 acres now partly annexed to the city of Akron, Goodyear has itself developed a home-owning community of 2,500 people.

Not only homes, but parks and playgrounds have been perfected in this tract—one recreation field, equipped with swimming and bathing facilities, alone comprises twenty-eight acres.

It is the conviction of Goodyear that encouragement and self-help for its employees redounds to the good of their product.

Certainly we are going to gather gradually about us people who understand and appreciate these things, rather than itinerant workers.

Certainly also there is no safer bar against inept effort, unambitious endeavor and the indifferent application of fine material and equipment than the spirit of the worker who has faith in his leader's justice.

And certainly this spirit today prevails throughout the entire Goodyear institution, inspiring and cheering the whole of its men.

So it is, as we earlier said, that to its able workmen Goodyear makes full requital of the respect that they have earned.

And so it is, by way of fair exchange, that these workmen protect the excellence of their product, and our own good name.

———

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 51)

In short, a composite picture of the modern clerk in a department store would be sketched something like this: A quiet, cheerful person who knows what he or she is selling, and who is employed to give intelligent service and advice.

In analyzing figures from the office of the welfare director of this store another interesting fact developed: Aside from the executive head of the company, there were only eleven men in the entire organization who possessed college training of any kind, and only four of these held degrees or had completed their courses. This store employed somewhere near eighteen hundred people in the various departments and had one hundred and thirty-two positions that paid fifty dollars a week, or better. Many of these were held by women.

"Why is this?" I asked the head of the concern. "Don't you want college-trained people?"

"You bet we do!" he said. "But we can't get a young man fresh from college interested in being what he terms a ribbon clerk. He will cheerfully go into a mill, work from six-thirty until five-thirty, cover himself with grease and dirt—and think nothing of it. But ask that same young man to come into a department store and train for an executive position paying anywhere from three thousand to fifteen thousand dollars, and he feels that in some way it is a bit degrading.

"Just why this is I cannot understand. Of course one of the reasons is undoubtedly the confining nature of the work. But in an organization where the ratio of college-trained executives is probably only about one to twenty-five the advantages for a man with a college training or its equivalent are only too apparent."

This man divides people employed by department stores to sell merchandise into three classes. The first class, employed at an average of eight and a half dollars a week, he estimates, sell to approximately thirty-five per cent of their selling capacity. The second-class clerks, averaging slightly above twelve dollars a week, sell to about sixty-five per cent of their selling capacity. The third class, from fifteen dollars up, graduates of the store's training school, average ninety per cent of their capacity for sales.

This store utilizes the first two classes only in departments where the selling is mostly of an order-taking variety, such as notions, toilets, housewares, and so on. In departments such as furniture, where high-grade period furniture is offered, the imported-blouse section of the waist department, imported gowns, furs and men's clothing, there are certain salesmen who are termed master salesmen.

In the furniture section the master salesman is a man who, besides being a salesman, is really an interior decorator of more than ordinary ability. In handling the coy bride and groom, furnishing their flat, he concentrates on furniture of the lighter periods, because it does not accentuate the smallness of the average apartment room. To the middle-aged couple, redecorating their home for the silver anniversary of their wedding, he suggests heavier, more massive furniture not only because the couple live in a fairly large home but because it is a psychological fact that older people usually prefer heavier, safer-looking furniture.

The master saleslady in the imported-blouse section relies mostly on the theater to sell her merchandise. For instance, the manner in which she removes the blouse from its wrappings suggests nothing quite so much as a heathen priest about to offer sacrifice to some ancient god. Her chief selling asset is the ability quickly to judge what will attract the customer. A dozen little points about the customer's apparel—points that would pass unnoticed by the average person—are to her indications of just what she will buy.

A very successful woman, selling blouses averaging from eighteen to twenty-five dollars, gave the following as some of the points she watches for: A middle-aged woman of pronounced girth who wears light-colored shoes will buy high-colored blouses. Young women, dark-complexioned, will always be interested in mustard, gold and peculiar blue-greens. Heavy women—at least eight out of every ten—prefer the lighter colorings. Low-heeled, high black shoes on a middle-aged woman mean the quieter, more conservative blouses. Coral jewelry means pink and flesh-colored blouses. Art jewelry means the wildest combinations in the house.

In the selling of imported gowns and suits the chief selling appeal is the physical appeal of the saleslady—this and a sprinkling of judgment. A woman who can slip on a coat or a suit and suggest by some simple movement the grace of the garment is a decided asset. Some stores have models, but the vast majority must depend on mirrors and the sales person.

After the sales person, in point of interest and importance, comes the merchandise the sales person has to offer. Broadly speaking, the average customer buys merchandise for either of two reasons: need or want—that is to say, they either need the merchandise to preserve life or they want merchandise more fully to enjoy it. Merchandise is analyzed under four headings—merchandise for service, style, sentiment and value. The first of these captions alone applies to the incentive of need; but as we add style, sentiment or value we have an ever-increasing scale. Practically all customers purchase for service first, adding to this as great a measure of style, sentiment and value as possible.

In this connection figures gathered for department-store executives through one of their organs, and averaged, show many things which will surprise the average person.

Take the glove department, for instance. It is always well populated with customers—or so it seems to the average person. Certainly every woman seems to feel that she needs a pair of gloves far oftener than she needs a suit or coat. But the exact opposite is the fact. According to these figures the average turnover of merchandise in the glove section is only two and ninety-six-hundredths as compared with a turnover of five and five-tenths in the coat, suit and dress departments.

How many times have you heard your wife or some female acquaintance lament that she hardly seems to have put on a pair of new stockings before they are full of holes! This is true of friend husband and his socks—"They're always in need of darning." It seems as if someone in the family is always buying new hosiery.

Now, on the other hand, consider petticoats and skirts. Surely you never hear the universal complaining that you do about hosiery? Yet it is a fact that while hosiery turns over but approximately three and one-half times a year, skirts and petticoats, that—to my masculine mind, at least—ought to wear nearly forever and aye, turn over faster than any merchandise in the store, with the exception of perishable merchandise, such as candies and things of similar nature.

Of course people need pins, scissors, hair nets, tacks, buttons, hooks and eyes, and a variety of other small wares much more often than they do stoves and refrigerators, which are built of iron, steel and the stoutest of woods, to endure for years; but it is still a fact that the ratio of turnover is five and one-half to four in favor of the stoves and refrigerators.

And again: It is an accepted household axiom that there is always something needed to keep the home efficient. Somebody drops a cup or breaks the stepladder; mother wants a new electric iron or ten bars of soap; father is tired of the living-room lamp, and so on—apparently a never-ending source of revenue for the department-store's house-furnishings department. However, the average house-furnishings department turns over its stock on an average of only two and three-hundredths a year—the lowest of all the departments in the store. The only department that lives up to popular opinion is the millinery section, which cleans out its stock once every two months.

That style is just as important an element in the sale of feminine apparel—if not more important—is shown by the fact that the average turnover for the coat-and-suit department, waists, millinery and furs is approximately five and one-half times a year. That the opposite is true of a man's clothes and his furnishings is evidenced by the fact that the average turnover for men's clothing, boy's clothing and men's furnishings is only about two and one-half.

Here is a brief table showing the average turnover in other kinds of merchandise:

	TIMES
Children's Wear	4.50
Corsets	4.43
Umbrellas	4.[illegible]
Furniture	3.65
Ribbons	3.09
Rugs and Carpets	2.18
Draperies	2.15

Many stores have stimulated the sale of slow-moving merchandise, such as furs, blankets and refrigerators, by holding sales at times in the year when there is no call at all for that merchandise. This originated with the August Sale of Furs, when special prices prevailed on new merchandise. After it was proved that people were willing to spend money in August for something they could not use until winter, if the price was attractive, the idea was applied to blankets, and worked out just as well. To-day the August Sale of Blankets has made the dullest month of the year second only to November in the blanket section.

Then the idea was tried out with the seasons reversed. A December Sale of Refrigerators now means business in merchandise that was usually packed away in storage during the winter months. This accounts for the increased turnover in refrigerators in many stores.

BROKEN ICONS

(Continued from Page 9)

While we debated with Tavarish, lo, the assistant manager of the hotel appeared out of the wreckage and assured us that he could put us up if we would carry our own mattresses and bedding to the room. So we had a room with bath; and a supper, of sorts, down in the kitchen. The interior of that hotel looked like the day after the end of the world. The Bolsheviki had looted promiscuously; and then had stuck bayonets into stuffed furniture, and rifle butts into mirrors, and in general had left a picture of desolation behind them. They had fought with bravery and skill; and in all respects except this instance of the Metropole Hotel had shown amazing self-restraint after victory.

More meaningful than any of the ruins of the great battle, with its toll of dead estimated at anywhere from five to fifteen thousand, was the spectacle on Moscow's streets the following day. By general agreement the fighting was over; the Bolsheviki had won a complete victory; the officers were either in prison or else walking the streets in calm acceptance of the situation. The day was kept as a general holiday, save for the food stores, which did a record business. Housewives in search of food—for street fighting means siege and starvation for the homes—dominated the throngs that surged along the main thoroughfares, now covered by the season's first snow, as a mantle of peace obliterating bloodstains and street scars.

This crowd was merry. The whole ghastly business was to it a mere show. People were out enjoying the sights, as the crowds throng down town in an American city for a parade or a New Year's Eve celebration. These were not mourners over the dead, or anguished citizens lamenting desolation in their beautiful city, or patriots aggrieved that their Moscow had fallen from her high estate as Russia's holy city and custodian of the nation's better spirit. Young and old were out to see the sights and to exchange gossip. They gathered in throngs at the scenes of greatest devastation, and indulged in their favorite pastime of public meetings and speechmaking. They craned their necks over the handwritten notices tacked up hourly in public places by representatives of the soviet. They discussed the collapse of the street-car system and the fact that the telephone system had been put out of business for months to come. They chuckled over the humor of the situation of a private soldier's being commander in chief of great Moscow. It was all, so far as a stranger could see, one large joyous picnic—a picture of the child-mind of Russia.

That same characteristic struck me first upon arrival in Petrograd. Amusements were in full blast, though the echo of the guns had scarcely died away. The Nevskii Prospekt was more crowded than ever—though also, in sinister meaning, the bread lines were everywhere longer. Shop windows were full of food, at a price. There was more to eat in Petrograd than during midsummer; and the street crowds seemed even luxuriously dressed. Irresponsibility and gayety were written large upon the faces of the smiling, chaffing, flirting throngs.

Of course, one quickly caught also the undercurrent. Most of the aristocracy and intelligentia are in terror of their lives; they would flee if they could, but that is not permitted. Foreigners are unanimous in feeling that the hour of grave personal peril has come to them; all who can get away are doing so. At the moment the streets are patrolled by the red guard, and the Bolsheviki are proud of the good order they are keeping. But anybody who can see an inch below the surface or who knows aught of the conditions throughout the country understands that this volcano on which the capital stands has a very thin crust. Still, the people are merry and apparently rejoicing that there are so many things to interest them—ranging all the way from the fact that the big funeral of Bolshevik victims of the recent fighting did not have any priests in the procession or religious services at the grave, to the latest efforts of Trotzky to force the embassies to recognize the new government. The bullet marks on the buildings, and especially upon the Winter Palace, roused only slight interest; for these scars of civil strife have been a familiar spectacle in the city for many months past. Why not enjoy oneself while it is possible? The government is in the hands of the Bolsheviki; so "*Nichevo*," or "Never mind; what's the use?"

Men ostentatiously without white collars rule Russia to-day. They are enmeshed in their own enactments and writhe helplessly. Most of their deliverances are squarely counter to the principles of brotherhood and comradeship and human good will; yet this is of ineptitude rather than of malice. Bolshevikism is on top in Russia, and it finds the top a deal less comfortable than the rounds of the ladder. The agitator's lot is easy alongside that of the administrator—especially so when men have been put into power by guns. There is one big central fact to be grasped concerning Russia to-day: It is that Bolshevikism—not necessarily the Bolshevik party—rules the land, and rules it by right of the rifle. Changes there will be; but every change will make thinner the partition of political organization and authority which separates the government from the man with a gun.

At present the most significant spectacle in the country is not even the homeward-fleeing soldiers, but the ununiformed workingmen carrying rifles, who patrol the streets and guard the railway stations and government offices of the principal cities. In recognition of the crimson band on the arm these men are called the red guard. They are workmen suddenly turned soldiers, without drill or equipment; and it must be confessed that they look and act more soldierly than the army itself.

Any honest man is bound to have a new respect for the qualities of the Russian workman as he observes him during the present conditions. He has more head than the average Tavarish. He is more business-like and less easily bluffed. Also he is quicker on the trigger. He is the real soul of the revolution. Whether it be the truckloads of workingmen with rifles whom I saw patrolling the streets of Kieff, or the guards who challenged new arrivals at the Moscow and Petrograd railway stations, or the pairs and squads who patrol the streets—these men are seriously about what they believe to be sacred business. Overmany and overyoung youths are in the Moscow patrols, and they wear automatic pistols and swords, as well as rifles, so that they seem absurd; yet these very youngsters fought fearlessly for eight days in the streets of the city. Theirs is a real patriotism, by their own definition.

Another unquestionable fact that should give pause to the gentlemen, foreign and Russian, who are wholly devoted to the not especially resultful pastime of calling the Bolsheviki dirty swine is that better order exists in Petrograd to-day than at any time since the fall of the old régime. Lawlessness prevails to an extraordinary degree

(Concluded on Page 58)

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

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How the cups operate to prevent skidding with no resistance to forward speed.

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

What Chicago thinks of The Most Beautiful Car in America

The Best of 19 Cars

"I have used my Paige Cabriolet two years this month—running a total of about 17,500 miles. During that period I have had no engine trouble whatever, or any other kind of trouble which could be laid to the manufacturer of the car. I have had the carbon removed twice and the valves ground twice during that period

"I really have had more comfort with this car than with any I have ever driven, and I had driven 18 or 19 other gasoline cars before I purchased this."

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President,
Chicago Paper Company

"The Greatest Value on the Market"

"I have driven my Paige car 20,000 miles since the first of April, 1916. It has not been necessary as yet to spend $25.00 on it for repairs and I am using my second set of tires.

"There is absolutely no question in my mind but what it is the greatest value on the market—general appearance, economy and comfort taken into consideration.

J. W. Palmer,
Sales Manager,
Albert Pick & Company

Real Pleasure at Last

"I have been driving a car more or less since 1907 and in that time owned a..... a..... and a..... The past year is the first year that I have realized what a real pleasure it was to drive a car

"I have had my Paige just thirteen months, driving it nearly every day no matter what the condition of the weather. I know that the performance of my car has been the means of selling other Paiges."

J. H. Westrich,
Purchasing Agent,
Sears-Roebuck & Company

"A Very Smooth Riding Car"

"My experience with Paige cars has been most satisfactory. I have found them very smooth riding cars and this fact has been noted by my guests on different occasions. The Paige which I purchased in April last has been of little or no expense to me since that time, except for the necessary gasoline, lubricants, etc. During that period 8,500 miles have been covered without puncture or engine trouble or any difficulty of any nature whatever. I have no hesitancy in recommending the Paige in every way."

D. A. Merriman,
Sales Manager,
American Steel & Wire Company.

Paige Balanced Construction

"I have driven two Paige cars about 40,000 miles and consider the designer a wonder. I have driven other cars and find that the Paige up-keep is far more economical. I don't believe there is another car in the market that will do anything more than the Paige—even at a much higher price. The balanced conditions of a Paige car are such that it holds the road far better than a good many cars I know of which are much more costly.

"As for appearance and riding qualities, it is equal to cars at twice the price."

W. C. Brown,
Department Manager,
Butler Brothers

Averages 15 Miles to Gallon of Gasoline

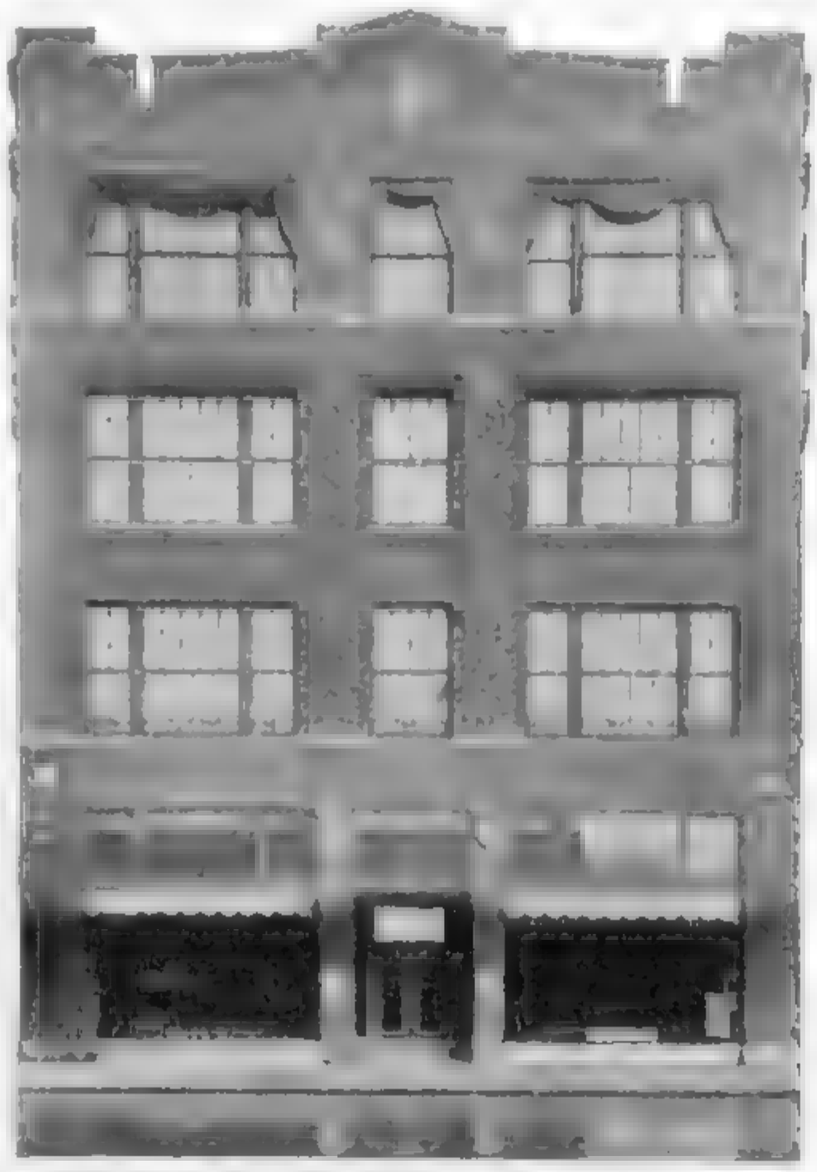
"My Paige car has been in continuous service—winter and summer—and has been kept in my private unheated garage

"I have driven it to Toronto, Detroit, Buffalo, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Louisville on touring expeditions, as well as the use it gets in my general practice where its mileage will average from 50 to 250 miles a day.

"So far, the car has never been overhauled nor had a part replaced. I have never suffered a minute's delay on its account. My general average per gallon of gasoline has been 15 miles. It is exceedingly light on oil and I have averaged over 8,000 miles on a set of tires before tire troubles were experienced.

"I have cleaned the spark plugs but once and have replaced one since I have owned the car. Today, it starts and runs as good as ever. Its easy riding and handling qualities and low cost of upkeep, in comparison with eight other makes of cars I have driven since 1905, lead me to say that the Paige is the most satisfactory car I have ever owned

Dr. E. L. Denison,
Surgeon,
17 W. Garfield Boulevard



The Home of the Bird-Sykes Company—Paige Distributors for Chicago—is located at 2215 Michigan Avenue.

This entire building is devoted to one form or another of Paige Service. The show room is large and sunny—the [illegible] and used-car departments are models of efficiency—and an expert corps of mechanics is constantly on hand to insure the motoring comfort of every Paige owner.

In Chicago, "Bird-Sykes Service" is a magic phrase. It means *co-operation* of the most practical kind. It means fair, impartial treatment, unvarying courtesy and a sincere desire to be helpful—*after*, as well as before, the sale has been concluded.

Five Paiges—Uniformly Good

"I believe the best answer I can make as to what I think of the Paige is that I am now driving my fifth Paige, having started in with a little four-cylinder in 191[illegible]

"I cannot speak too highly of the service rendered by your good company and it has been rendered without my having to ask for it.

"My present Paige is just turning the 8,000 mile mark and, aside from valve grinding and burning out carbon, I have never had to expend a cent. Two of the tires that came with the machine are still doing good at the 8,000 mile mark.

"The above has been my experience with all five of my Paiges—not a lemon in the bunch.

B. P. Scott,
Agency Manager
North American Accident Insurance Co

"The Best Automobile in Chicago"

"We believe that we have the best automobile in Chicago and you are at liberty to refer anybody to the writer at any time, and I will not only tell him of the good and careful service we have received from your company, but also of the satisfaction we have received from the car at all times. It is certainly a pleasure to do business with your company, and I want to thank you personally for the way you have always looked after everything that I have taken up with you."

Neil C. Hurley,
Hurley Machine Company

Paige Service

"My experience with the Paige has been most satisfactory, both as to the car itself and the service that you have rendered. In fact, I have been so well pleased in both respects that I have recommended the Paige to a great many of my friends who were considering the purchase or trade of a car

The Bird-Sykes Company, in my opinion, is one of the few concerns that fully realizes that the sale of a car is not complete when the check has been turned over and the car driven out of the store. You seem to realize that service is properly a part of the purchase and, if you will continue to carry out your policy in that respect, there is no question as to the continued growth of Paige sales."

Lewis Johnson,
Department Manager
American Steel & Wire Company.

"I Think Your Service is Excellent"

"It is indeed a pleasure to have this opportunity to tell you what I really think of your service. We have driven our car 7,500 miles in about six months and we have not done one single thing to keep it in order The car has run beautifully this entire distance and, as a family, we are Paige boosters. I think your service is excellent."

Edgar E. Wheeler,
W. H. Wheeler & Company,
Publishers, School Books.

"A Great Hill Climber"

"I cannot speak too highly of my Paige, which I bought from you in April. I have driven about 6,000 miles over all kinds of going—making the trip through the White Mountains. It is certainly a great hill climber. I had absolutely no trouble whatever and never lifted the hood except to put in oil. I averaged a little better than 14 miles to the gallon of gasoline

"Your service has been satisfactory in every way. While I am writing I want to add a word of praise for The Paige agency in Boston. They oiled and cleaned my car thoroughly, including clutch, transmission and differential, without a cent of charge to me. This is the kind of service that counts."

H. Hathaway,
437 Postal Telegraph Bldg.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 54)

throughout the land; but in the capital, and also in Moscow, property and life are for the moment safe under the guardianship of the Bolsheviki, who pride themselves greatly upon this fact. No longer are pedestrians held up and stripped of their very clothes and shoes, as well as of their purses. Private houses may not be invaded by looters in the guise of committees. Anybody undertaking to enter a building for purposes of search must show his papers; and every household maintains a guard to challenge such. In all these lesser matters of the law the red guard are extraordinarily efficient, and if a bit prone to shoot—well, Petrograd has had overmuch of talking; and any kind or degree of real effectiveness is a welcome change. Had the supposed leaders of Russia, or even the foreign ambassadors, shown an aptitude for action equal to that of these grimy workmen the plight of the Allied nations would be vastly different at present.

Of course they have committed many wrongs. A body of young officers out in an armored motor car during the Petrograd fighting exhausted their ammunition; and then when they tried to escape their gasoline gave out. As soon as their plight was known they were haled out of the car and horribly massacred instead of being made prisoners. A women's battalion tried to defend the provisional government in the Winter Palace, and fought right valiantly. When defeated and captured they were shamefully abused by the Bolsheviki, who have since ordered all the women's troops out of service. Partly through ignorance of the laws of warfare, partly through sheer frenzy, and partly from a really murderous class spirit, many of the officers and students were slain after they ceased fighting.

An Estimate of Kerensky

Bolshevikism, which is essentially the same as I. W. W.-ism in America, represents the limit of classism, or radical socialism. There is a bedrock distinction between democracy and Bolshevikism, in that democracy seeks the welfare of the whole people, whereas Bolshevikism seeks the welfare of a class. Its victory in Russia is that of a mood rather than of a party. All the forces of discontent rallied to it, for it promised the boons that the people craved—peace and free land for the peasants; peace and industrial control and profits for the workingman; with plenty of food and clothes and lower prices for all. The Kerensky Government had likewise made promises, and it had been given more than six months in which to redeem them. At last it was hanged by the bread line. Now the bread line is longer and its shrift will be shorter for the Bolsheviki, who cannot possibly make good in the vast economic and social and political tasks that confront them in their sadly disorganized country. The type on top is that of the street-corner orator of New York's East Side. They are long on picturing Utopia and short on providing bread and potatoes. Within a week after assuming power the Bolsheviki were hopelessly ensnarled in petty tasks, leaving them scarcely time to issue the proclamations declaring all large estates and church properties and government lands free for distribution among the people, without compensation; assuring the people that any unit, class or section of Russia desiring to set up a separate government is free to do so; taking over the great newspapers of the land, and issuing instead Bolshevik sheets which contain little news but many manifestoes; promising certain peace soon, and offering a present armistice to the enemy; and declaring in dispatches that are crude and palpable fakes that other countries, inspired by Russia's example, are rising up in revolution to obtain the same sort of freedom.

Meanwhile the departmental heads and other employees of various ministries, and notably the state bank, refused to work for or with the Bolsheviki; and the railway workers also went on strike for a time. Instead of ministries there are People's Commissaires, established at Smolny Institute rather than in the Winter Palace, where Kerensky had his headquarters, sleeping in the bed of Alexander II.

If there were not such vast issues at stake the disorderly scenes about these offices would be comic; for, high and low, the Bolsheviki have the small man's engrossement in immediacy; anybody, private soldier or deputy from a province, who can get the ear of any official—hailing him as "Tavarish," or "Comrade," the while—may have a discussion with him, be the matter small or great. Incidental interests, like the failure of the Allies to grant prompt recognition to the Bolsheviki, receive inordinate attention and cause disproportionate exasperation. Like Kipling's Bander-log, the Bolsheviki want to have their own judgment of themselves as the real leaders of the jungle confirmed by the other animals.

Naturally the Bolshevik party cannot last—but Bolshevikism can and will. It has the guns. More nearly than anything else, it represents the chaotic and dissatisfied and turbulent mind of Russia to-day. Everybody craves something; and since more than eighty per cent of the people are illiterates it is not surprising that they yield allegiance to any group that promises them everything. There are no considerable and ordered and reasoned political programs in Russia at present, and no parties to represent them. The nation is a mass of discontent and want, crying for bread and circuses, and ready, as recent events have shown, to provide its own circus. "Beware the fury of a patient man"—and the fury of a too-docile people newly roused to a sense of their wrongs and a consciousness of their might. Russia is one overwhelming protest to-day. It has cut adrift from its old moorings—Czar and Church—and has lost its old landmarks; and it does not know how to navigate or to row; nor has it the ability to choose a captain, even if one may be found. Of patriotism, as that word is commonly used, there is none. None but the most primitive and elemental considerations obtain in Russia to-day; it is life close to the red and the raw.

Kerensky failed because he was weak and timorous and a talker, and not able to forget Kerensky. Had the Allied embassies or any men of education representing disinterested patriotism been wise enough or adroit enough to use him, Kerensky would have been an admirable figurehead, a sort of socialist substitute for the Czar with a people who must have symbols and concrete leadership. His measure is revealed by a story told by himself and repeated in my hearing by a distinguished Russian. While at the head of the government he had occasion to go to Tsarskoe Selo, to visit the captive ex-Czar. It was Kerensky the jailer calling upon Nicholas the prisoner. His mind busy with such thoughts, Kerensky was ushered into the presence of the former autocrat of all the Russias.

"He received me most cordially," said Kerensky, "and put me entirely at my ease, and took charge of the conversation and of the situation; so that I could not help feeling that I was a subject calling upon a gracious monarch."

Patriots Under Cover

If Nicholas could do that, what might not a great statesman have done with Kerensky? Events would seem to justify skepticism concerning the existence of any real statesman in Russia at the present [illegible].

Korniloff, who is first and only a soldier, claims that his effort to restore discipline to the government was made with the full knowledge and consent of Kerensky, who at the last moment betrayed him because jealous of his leadership. Kaledines, the Cossack leader, to whom many looked for the succor of the government, is practically eliminated by the simple declaration, doubtless conceived in Germany, on the part of the new Ukraine Government, that the Cossack lands must be given up for distribution among the peasants—whereupon the Cossacks are in nature bound to answer, "Let us see you come and take them!" Thus the Cossacks are needed at home to safeguard their own threatened property.

As to leadership from the intelligentia, that seems as remote as a restoration of the old order of autocracy. "I can understand now," one student of Russia said to me a few days ago in Petrograd, "how the Czar was able to hold on so long with so small a body of supporters. Look what he had to deal with—a lot of mere sentimentalists and academic debaters. A young man in my office summed up the situation yesterday when he said, in the lingo of his own Missouri: 'These Russians make me sick! They're all so blanked sorry for themselves. Say, they're the greatest lot of sob artists on earth.'" Another American remarked, "The Russian thinks he has done something when he has had an idea." Certainly the futility of the educated Russians is on a par with the excesses of the poor untutored masses. The opinions of the scores with whom I have talked are all summarized in a few overworked exclamations, such as "Impossible! Beasts! Anarchists!" In the case of the aristocracy this is varied by confident assertions that the country will soon come to its senses and restore a monarchy—which will come to pass after Billy Sunday has been elected president of the National Bartenders' Union, after Bryan has been taken into the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and after the Kaiser has been elected to a seat in the British House of Lords.

There seems no capacity for concerted action on the part of those who should be leaders; no heroic devotion to the nation's welfare; no rallying to any head or cause. When the students and officers were fighting with the Bolsheviki in Kieff, Moscow and Petrograd, did the good citizens rush to their support en masse, as would have been the case in America or Britain? Not a man. The "patriots" kept under cover and let the boys and the officers gallantly make their forlorn stand. The nearest I have come to finding unanimity among the educated Russians has been in the desire to escape from the country.

Two exceptions should be noted in my experience—both women. One was a little mouse of an artist fleeing to Kieff as a city of refuge. She talked simply and sincerely and loyally about her poor sick "*patris*," and the obligation to support it. Yet when the conductor came along I found that she was consciously riding in a first-class compartment on a third-class ticket—bemoaning lawlessness the while!

Strange Moral Perceptions

The other case was of a countess, a noble woman, bound for Moscow to succor a sister, and prepared to go afoot with a knapsack on her back should there be no vehicles owing to the street firing. Her analysis of her people's spirit was thoughtful, albeit possibly more loyal than discriminating. With truly Russian philosophy she was willing to wait a hundred years for the sick nation to be restored to health. In a long discussion of conditions and characteristics it was pointed out that only the fundamental anarchy in the Russian nature would permit the tens of thousands of German and Austrian prisoners to occupy the homes of the peasant soldiers at the Front, living with the wives as husbands.

"Ah, but there is another side to that!" protested the countess. "In one of my villages a soldier returned a short time ago, and finding an Austrian in his place he complained to the neighbors; and they took the woman out and hanged her in the village square and drove the Austrian off with a beating."

In the mind of that intelligent woman it did not weigh that for more than a year the outrageous condition had existed in the village without protest or action; and then after being so long condoned the crime was suddenly punished, in an outburst of typical Russian fury, by slaying the woman, and thus leaving the returned soldier with a family of children—some of them not his own—to be cared for!

To what extent is the present Bolshevik triumph a made-in-Germany affair? Some of the leaders are unquestionably in German pay; and the entire condition is being utilized and even shaped by Germany. Her ends in Russia are being better served by Bolshevikism than by her armies on the Front. She has diligently fomented the unrest that has resulted in this latest upheaval. She scarcely needed to create the machinery of propaganda; all that was needed was a little oil, added to existing fires. Radical socialism has a genius for propaganda as marked as the inaptitude of the Allied governments for the same sort of work. So Germany has not needed to employ all the Bolshevik leaders; she merely capitalizes a real and deep spirit on the part of a speculative people prone to brood over their wrongs and over the somber side of life.

The Bolshevik Government is not responsible for the disintegration of all the Russian Fronts. I wrote fully about that in an article, yet to be sent to America, more than a month before the Bolshevik revolution. Introspective Russia has for months been growing increasingly tired of the war. Russia is out of this war to stay: that grim and ugly fact must be accepted. The hope may still be faintly cherished that the Central Powers' million and a half of prisoners will not be returned.

As to the immediate prospect in Russia, I cannot believe otherwise than that the judgment of the veteran foreign residents, who are sending their families out of the country and themselves leaving also, is right: A reign of terror is ahead that will make the French Revolution seem a pale pink. Two points determine the direction of a straight line, we were reliably informed in our school days; and there are a hundred evidences that show whither Russia is bound. All parts of the land are witnessing outbreaks of anarchy and violence. Respect for property, for authority and even for life is rapidly disappearing. The burning of estates has become a commonplace. The murder of officers excites no comment unless the man be of very high command. These gentle radicals who will not tolerate capital punishment do not hesitate to trample to death a man who crosses their freakish will. Classism is so rampant that the common saying in Russia is that no man with a white collar is safe. Certainly the bourgeois of Russia is to-day terrorized. All the accepted stabilities have gone up in gunpowder; as, for example, the favorite conviction that conservative old Moscow, the heart and head of real Russia, would never fall prey to the mad radicalism that has swept scores of cities into bloody violence.

One does not have to be an expert sociologist or economist or historian to perceive the present drift of Russia. Here is a huge mass of ill-used, undisciplined, illogical peasantry, suddenly freed from former restraints and given ultimate power and a poisonous conviction of class wrongs. They have no experience in self-government and self-restraint to guide them. Their old loyalties have been cut away: neither Church nor Czar sways them. They need bread; or if they have wheat they refuse to part with it at the government's fixed price, or except in exchange for boots and clothes and other unobtainable necessities. Lacking a spirit of nationalism, each community is blindly trying to look out for itself.

In the cities long lines of shawled women stand for hours in the cruel cold and snow of Russian winter, waiting for their pitiful daily allowance of bread or sugar or tea or fuel. Actual starvation seems inevitable for thousands. It is not in human nature to endure this when the people have so recently learned the power of revolution. They do not reason things out. The government promised relief, which has not come; therefore they will overthrow the government.

The Return of the Soldiers

The rich or the bourgeois are responsible for the wrongs of the poor; therefore they will loot the rich, and kill if necessary. There are no Jews in the bread line, and Jewish speculators have forced up prices so that they are now from four hundred to one thousand per cent above normal; therefore they will pogrom the Jews. So runs the elemental Russian mind. Nobody can make plain to them the vast disorganization of the country, especially in transportation. They will strike blindly at the nearest objective.

Most obvious of the illustrations of the fatuity of the Russian mind is the case of the soldiers. They are going home; now, since the announcement of the armistice, going home in a mad scramble. They reckon not that the villages to which they return are hungry; or else they think to meet the need by the big sackful of provisions which nearly every returning soldier carries. If they remain at the Front there is machinery for feeding them, after a fashion. Experts say it will take a year and a half to transport Russia's millions of troops back to their homes. Little the men themselves know or care about this. They are resolved to reach home before winter has fairly set in. So the unorganized rush upon the railways is producing an indescribable congestion. Already the men seem to fight like animals for place on the roofs of cars or on the steps or platforms. What will happen two months hence, when this frantic soldier, hungry and cold, and obsessed by the mad purpose to get home quickly, has to forage for himself and fight with civilians and comrades and railway officials for a chance to ride? Are not the present crimes at the railways—already the weakest spot in Russia's life—bound to increase in almost geometrical progression?

Horrible as seem the outlook and the judgment, it appears as if Russia must for a long and bitter time to come stew in her own juice—and that juice will be red.

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 2

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what service he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

Thickness

The previous Michelin advertisement that appeared in the "Post" on January 5 showed you how the *quantity* of mileage-giving rubber and fabric can be gauged by weighing the tire.

There is another equally effective way to measure the quantity of materials used—and that is to measure the actual thickness of tread.

Almost any dealer can supply you with cross sections of the tires he carries in stock. Take a ruler and measure the thickness of their treads.

You will find that here again the Michelin Universal has a big advantage. In the 34 x 4 size, for example, the solid though flexible mass of wear-resisting rubber and fabric is almost an inch thick. Note also that the broad tread distributes the load and wear over a large traction surface.

The quantity of materials in Michelin Universals is greater, just as the quality of materials is better.

Though moderate in price, Michelins are unsurpassed in durability even by the most expensive tires.

Photographic reduction of cross-section of 34 x 4 Michelin Universal.

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THE FORGOTTEN PHILIPPINES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

The 13th of August, Occupation Day, in Manila

THEY say of Doctor Heiser that he has handled with bare hands from two to three thousand lepers in all the horrible stages of that most horrible of all diseases; and I myself have seen him pick up a helpless leper in his arms and carry him aboard the lepership to be taken to Culión, with as little apparent concern for his own safety as he would display under the most ordinary circumstances. Other Americans connected with the work showed the same splendid courage.

Culión Colony is the finest institution of its kind in the world now—and the largest, I believe. It is a little city of lepers, with shaded streets, flower gardens and well-kept houses. For the majority of the afflicted—those who do not live in the cottages—there are splendid concrete barracks with baths and recreation halls and every modern device for clean and comfortable living; and the hospital, lying along a little bay shore and overlooking a wide blue stretch of waters, is among the finest in the archipelago.

I went to Culión once with Governor Forbes. There had been an epidemic of beriberi and the lepers were in rebellion against the red rice that had been substituted for white rice in their diet. They were told that beriberi is a direct result of eating rice of a certain fineness of preparation, and that they must accept the coarser quality until the epidemic had come under control. But they were not disposed to do so without creating considerable disturbance and being very unhappy about it, so Governor Forbes went down to remonstrate with them. He mounted a little platform in the midst of a throng and made his smiling and appealing statement in Spanish. Then an unanticipated thing happened: A woman—could anyone ever forget her!—climbed up beside him and told him in plain words, so all might hear, that they did not mind eating the red rice; but that they did object to being treated for a decent disease which promised them quick release from the hell of leprosy. She said that when a leper contracted tuberculosis, or any other disease that was reasonably rapid in its progress, it was considered in the colony a bit of good fortune that called for congratulation and rejoicing.

The governor told her that the authorities could not lend themselves to a process of practical murder by letting an epidemic go unchecked or by neglecting the general health of the lepers in any way, and he asked her and the crowd surrounding him to assist the purposes of the government by obedience and by as large a measure of good will as they could make themselves feel.

Plucky Doctor Heiser's Work

AS WE were leaving this meeting some of us found ourselves, before we knew it, in the midst of a perfect mob of the pitiful, awful creatures, and I do not mind saying that I was frightened. But nobody else was making any kind of noise like being afraid, so I, too, controlled my feelings and made my way slowly out into the open. A little later I was walking with the resident physician back along the beach toward the landing where our boat lay, and I said to him, carelesslike:

"How is leprosy communicated, doctor?"

"Oh, if we knew that," he answered, "we should know how to prevent it."

"And you don't know, do you?"

"No."

"But aren't you afraid to live here in this fearful colony, month in and month out?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I am. But somebody must, you know. Besides, I am trying to learn something about the infernal pestilence, and it's interesting."

Then he added: "Anyhow, you never can tell. I might live here forty years and never get touched by it, while you might just walk through the place and ——"

That was comforting, was it not? We were on a government cutter, and at the bottom of our gangway there was a box of lime for us to clean our feet in before going aboard. When I got in it I wanted to just stay there indefinitely. I scraped and scraped until I was shooed up the ladder. Then I went to my cabin, took off everything I had on, including my shoes, and chucked them all out through the porthole. I even washed my hair in disinfectant; but even so, I itched for something like two years and had recurrent attacks of wondering when it was going to break out on me. I am afraid my soul is not cast in heroic mold.

There were about three thousand lepers in the colony when I was there, and many hundreds of others had passed through and gone on to better dreams. There was probably as much leprosy among the Filipinos as among any other people of equal numbers in the world, but the Bureau of Health, with an American staff scattered throughout the islands, managed to rid the population of its leprous element as thoroughly as this has been done in any country. And I think I ought to add that no Filipino doctor could ever be sent to Culión as resident physician. That was a job for an American and was safe from the covetous eyes even of the *politicos*.

I must hurry on to the New Era, so I can only recall in passing one or two other splendid institutions that were a pride and an inspiration in the early days. The Philippine Bureau of Science was known wherever there are scientists, and the Philippine Journal of Science was read everywhere and was quoted in many languages in scientific publications the world over. Dr. Paul C. Freer, of the university at Ann Arbor and of Munich, started the Bureau of Science in a corrugated-tin hut; but it soon grew to the dignity of a fine concrete building which housed many departments and in which more scientific research of value in connection with tropical problems and products and in the treatment of tropical diseases has been carried to successful conclusion than in any similar institution in any country's tropical possessions. Doctor Freer died about five years ago, and no scientist and organizer had been found to take his place before the New Era dawned.

To remember the Bureau of Public Works is to see visions again of all the improvements in the islands that I have so casually touched upon: Roads and bridges and harbors and docks and artesian wells and public utilities and buildings of all kinds. This bureau was in the Portfolio of Commerce and Police, which was held by a succession of distinguished men. Its personnel always included a number of high-class American engineers, and the work they left behind them is a sufficient commentary on their individual and combined abilities.

Then there was the Bureau of Lands, second in importance to none. In the beginning the whole country was in a condition of absolute chaos, and no property title was worth the paper it was written on until it had been approved and attested by the new government. This meant minute investigation and surveys and all kinds of operations looking to definite and unimpeachable decisions. Moreover, there was a vast public domain, to say nothing of the tremendous church-brotherhood estates, which were purchased by the United States in negotiation with the Vatican as the only means of settling the bitter quarrel between the people and the friars, which made the establishment of a determinate peace impossible. The work of the director of the Bureau of Lands included, besides the survey and the settlement of the public domain and the administration of the friars' estates—many of which were occupied and cultivated—thorough examination and analysis of the country's many and untouched mineral deposits; and the preparation of legislation designed to protect the people in the ownership of the land and to discourage exploitation either by Filipinos themselves or by foreign investors.

Capt. Charles H. Sleeper was director of the Bureau of Lands from 1903 until he was removed by Governor Harrison about a fortnight after that executive arrived in Manila in 1913. He came to the Philippines in 1898 as captain of Colorado Volunteers, and he began his government service—after two years' contact with the people as an Army officer—first as city assessor and collector of Manila and later as a member of the municipal board.

Captain Sleeper did not have a Filipino assistant, because among the Filipinos there were no specialists in that line. There were some in the making, but they had not grown up yet. Moreover, it was grilling hard work and full of the kind of details that the average Filipino finds very unattractive. When Captain Sleeper was removed from office his Filipino successor, a man he had known for many years, came to him and confessed with a kind of gentle pathos that he knew absolutely nothing about the job and wondered how he was going to manage. The governor offered him as an assistant an American who had held a responsible position in the former government, but the American said something unpleasant about it and flatly refused to serve.

When the old régime came to an end there were nine men on the Philippine Commission, four Filipinos and five Americans, including the governor-general, who cast the deciding vote in Council. There was also a Filipino representative assembly, which enjoyed all the powers and prerogatives of a lower house of Congress. There was a very high-grade Civil Service, and a standard of efficiency had been established in the conduct of public affairs that was actually without its equal anywhere under the American flag.

I am happy to say that every statement I make will bear the closest investigation, and will only be found to fall far short of the truth because in the space of one article I can offer only the briefest outline of what is a very great story indeed, a story that should fill every American with peculiar pride and satisfaction.

Our record was extraordinary. And it may be that it continues to be so, and that great glory has been added to it in five years. I do not intend to offer conclusions. I am only sketching a story.

Cameron Forbes' Fine Record

WHEN Gen. James F. Smith became governor-general of the Philippine Islands Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, of Boston, became vice governor and got in line for the big job. Mr. Forbes was Secretary of Commerce and Police and had been a member of the commission since 1904. As the man who was in charge of Public Works longer than any other, he is known to-day as the Builder of the Philippines.

He succeeded Governor Smith in 1909, and Newton W. Gilbert, of Indiana, became vice governor. Mr. Gilbert was a member of the United States Congress, but his first position in the Philippine service was no higher than judge of the Court of First Instance. He was sent out to go in training as all the others had been. He afterward became a commissioner without portfolio and was made Secretary of Public Instruction when his growing knowledge of insular affairs entitled him to that responsibility. Under a purely nonpartisan government, Mr. Gilbert would have logically succeeded Mr. Forbes as governor-general, unless there had been some reason of a personal nature why he should not.

We used to call W. Cameron Forbes "half-poet, half-pirate." His maternal grandfather was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, as a nervous toastmaster would say, needs no introduction here. From Ralph Waldo Emerson, Cameron Forbes inherited that rare quality known as vision, while from his buccaneering ancestors on the Forbes side—and I do not know that they were buccaneering in any but a venturesome business sense—he inherited the spirit which translates vision into action in spite of all obstacles, legal or otherwise. One has only to look round the Philippines to realize his genius for getting things done; and to him more than to any other man, or to any dozen other men, the Filipinos owe their present outward appearance of advanced nationality and well-being. And more than any other man who has ever worked with them and for them he loved them; and they know it. He was not a politician; he was absolutely nonpartisan in the government as he directed it, and being a very rich man he worked only for the joy of accomplishment. Pity there are such defects in our own governmental system that when we get a man like that and get him put exactly where he belongs we cannot hold on to him.

And that is the end of that long descent into the wells of ancient history. In 1913 Mr. Wilson appointed to the office of governor-general of the Philippine Islands the Hon. Francis Burton Harrison. Mr. Harrison was a

(Continued on Page 63)

Note how the Conaphore shoots a long, clear beam through the flurrying snow. All "back-glare" is eliminated.

Photograph by L. A. Huet

The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust, mud or snow.

Pierces snow and fog without back-glare

Why Noviol Conaphore is the only headlight glass that does

THE CONAPHORE shoots the light from your headlamps right through flurrying snow and fog, without dangerous "back-glare."

When the night is stormy, or when mists hang low—it is *then* that you appreciate your Conaphores most. They give a new comfort and security to driving at night in stormy weather. They give results that no other headlight glass can duplicate.

How this penetrating beam is produced

The Conaphore is made of Noviol Glass *(patented)*. This special glass is the invention of the scientists who designed the Conaphore. It has a unique yellowish-tint

Small objects in the air such as snow flakes or fog particles easily diffuse the blue and violet rays present in all ordinary white light. This is the chief cause of the dangerous "back-glare" which blurs the driver's viston.

Noviol Glass Conaphores correct this dangerous condition. The peculiar yellowish-tint absorbs the blue and violet rays, but projects all the rest of the light. Thus the diffused "back-glare" is practically eliminated. Behind Conaphores you can drive as fast as you please, even though the night is thick.

Four additional Noviol advantages

The soft, yellowish-tint light from the Conaphore is recognized as a "signal of safety" by oncoming drivers and pedestrians everywhere. You are not obliged to dim.

This soft, yellowish beam also makes the easiest light for your eye to follow, and so increases your range of vision.

On wet nights when pavements reflect a confusing glare from street lamps and electric signs, the Noviol beam enables you to see more distinctly. Therefore you can drive with safety and peace of mind.

In Summer, Noviol light emphasizes the green of grass or foliage along the country roadside, and so defines the highway more clearly.

Shoots a long, low beam

The Conaphore kills glare most effectively. Patented horizontal corrugations on the inner surface bend down the light rays and direct them on the road. Cylinders spread the light side-wise. The height of the beam is never more than 42 inches. Thus there is no possible chance of blinding approaching motorists or pedestrians. Thus your headlight rays are controlled within legal limits.

The Conaphore wastes none of the light by diffusing it or dumping it directly in front of the car, as do many so-called no-glare "lenses." Instead it shoots the light ahead for fully 500 feet. You get the long range you need, and to which your own safety entitles you.

Clear glass, if you prefer it

Conaphores are also made in clear glass. These are every bit as good as Noviol in providing 500 foot range without glare, but we always recommend the Noviol Conaphore because of its *extra* advantages.

Conaphores are easy to install. Go to your dealer and he will put a pair on your car in no time. If he has not yet obtained his supply of Conaphores write to us, giving name, model and year of your car and the size of the present headlight glass.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
5 to 6⅞ inches (incl.	$2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches incl.	$1.60
7 to 8	3.25	7 to 8	2.50
8¼ to 10	4.50	8¼ to 10	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches incl.	4.00

Prices are net per pair, subject to change without notice. Sizes are exact steps of 1/16 inch above 6⅞ inches.

Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

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Pierces Fog and Dust—No Glare—Range 500 feet

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281 Madison Avenue, New York City
CORNING GLASS WORKS

The Picture From Home

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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Democratic member of the House of Representatives, and he came to the islands evidently alight with fresh enthusiasm).

The United States Government has surrendered into the hands of the Philippine people all control of Philippine affairs except such as can be exercised through a largely nonexercisable veto power vested in the governor-general. I say largely nonexercisable, because it takes a wise, strong-armed and firm-handed man to swing the big stick of veto over the heads of even the most reasonable of men—and reasonableness is not too conspicuous among the characteristics of the Filipino.

Practically the only defense of the new régime that is offered by its institutors and supporters is that granting the Philippine people what they have clamored for has made them happy and has created a better feeling between them and the Americans than ever before existed. Though another retort to criticism is: "How can you expect a child to learn to walk when you will not permit him to walk?"

This, however, is not so popular as it was in the beginning, because it creates an opening for an answer which has to do with the weak backs and bowlegs and other defects that good mothers fear as consequences of setting a child prematurely upon its feet.

The people are happier; there is no reason at all to doubt that; but if you want to see little gloom microbes gathering round their brows, all you have to do is to declare yourself in favor of granting them absolute independence. They want no Americans now to think thoughts like that. The revelations of the world war have inspired them with the good judgment to exchange a frantic desire for freedom for a very serious wish to be held as long as need be within the sheltering circle of the great power of the United States. They have finally grasped that much of the analogy between independence and self-dependence, and they are depending on us for protection against the world.

The fact that they want us to give up every right in connection with them except the right to defend them makes them look like the cheekiest little tribe that ever lived, but that is more or less what we have done—so of course they are happy! Just like baby when he gets the scissors to play with.

As for the much-talked-of better feeling, there never has been anything but good feeling between the Americans in the Philippines and at least ninety-five per cent of the Filipino population. The ill feeling existed in the hearts of the *politicos*, who thought their birthright of power—with power's emoluments—was being withheld from them; in fact, when we speak of "the people" as being happier we really mean these people and no others. The rank and file of Filipinos do not enter into the calculation at any point, though perhaps even the tao feels the relaxation of American discipline and is therefore easier in his mind.

Harrison Came and Heads Fell

IT WAS my intention in a former article to emphasize the fact that under the old régime no American was ever intrusted with responsible office in the Philippine Government who had not gone through some period of training for it. I have searched my mind for an exception, but I cannot think of one. Lawyers and judges were brought out from the United States and placed in the courts; but there is nothing personal in the interpretation of the law, so they cannot be regarded as exceptions. From the courts some of the best men in the executive branches of the service were drawn, but not until they had been long enough in the islands to know something about the general situation and its problems; and no man, including Mr. Taft, who spent one year investigating conditions before he began to organize the civil government, was ever made governor-general who had not spent from one to five years in direct connection with administrative affairs.

A large number of the men who were dismissed by Governor Francis Burton Harrison had been identified with the service from the very beginning. Perhaps the politically inclined will say: "Is that so? Well, it was time they got out then and gave somebody else a chance."

That may be all very well in the United States, where everybody is brought up on more or less the same traditions and with more or less the same kind of civic training; but we have not found it a sound principle to apply to any of our services abroad, and certainly it is anything but applicable to a colonial enterprise which it is our desire to conduct on lines of stability and dignity.

And it was not as though the policy which Governor Harrison came out to establish had been a new one. It was the policy enunciated by Mr. Taft along about 1901. The "Filipinization of the government service" had been in progress for years, the only difference between the old and the new methods being that the old method was conservative and took into first consideration the welfare of the people—the real people, the ninety-five per cent. The question one inevitably asks is: "What could Mr. Harrison have been thinking of when he came to the islands?" He seems to have imagined that he would be strongly opposed by the men he intended to remove from office, but he was curiously mistaken about that. When Mr. Wilson was elected in 1912 I was living in Manila, and my veranda was one of the many meeting places of the worried community. I lived out near the Polo Club, and any number of persons used to drop in after a swim or a game of tennis or polo, and we talked and speculated and talked. It was really very exciting. We had no illusions about what was going to happen, but we did have illusions about the way it was going to happen. Mr. Harrison had not yet been appointed governor-general, but Mr. Wilson had been elected on a platform that provided for Philippine independence—a pet Democratic policy always—and we knew that the new governor, whoever he might be, would come to the islands with instructions to make a number of radical changes. Every man in the higher grades of the service expected to be dismissed, but nobody expected to be thrown out on his neck.

Neither I nor anyone in whom I was directly interested was ever connected with the Philippine Government, but that made no difference. Every American in the islands, whether in a private or an official capacity, was an empire builder and was so interested in the big job that personal considerations were to nearly everyone of secondary importance. And we were not deluded with any ideas as to our future status as Americans either. Our plan of empire had been made for us by the unwisdom—if you like—of such men as William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Elihu Root, Secretaries of War Dickinson and Stimson, and other men of similar caliber; we knew we were building for the Filipinos, and the only thought anybody had in the larger view was to make the achievement worthy of the United States. It was the Philippines for the Filipinos, development for the Filipinos, health for the Filipinos, education for the Filipinos, prosperity for the Filipinos, eventual independence for the Filipinos—if they were foolish enough to keep on wanting it; and for Americans only the glory of having done a fine and generous thing with distinguished efficiency.

A Scathing Comparison

AMERICANS in the islands in those days had the welfare of the Filipinos sincerely at heart. I did not know a single official who was not disposed to lend himself with the utmost generosity to the institution of a new régime with which he had no reason to expect that he would be connected in any way.

I remember one day saying to one man—Capt. Charles H. Sleeper, Director of the Bureau of Lands: "Well, what do you think is going to happen to you and your complicated undertakings?"

"Oh," he replied with smiling resignation, "I suppose I'll be set to work breaking in a Filipino successor—if one can be found. If a Filipino can't be found I suppose I'll have to stand by for awhile and initiate some other American."

His was highly specialized work, you see. But that was the worst that any of them expected. They were all used to conservatism and they knew the difficulties, so to them it was not thinkable that any man would be sent out as governor who would knock the old governmental structure to pieces before he had provided himself with some kind of material with which to erect a new one.

In talk the other day with one of the men who hold office under Governor Harrison and take orders from him I casually remarked: "Mr. Harrison didn't know very much when he came out here, did he?"

And with a little half-repressed chuckle the man answered: "Not a damn thing. 'Scuse me!"

Then we both laughed. I sprang the question on him and he answered unthinkingly, out of the sincerity that was in him.

The new governor-general, I am told, refused to have anything to do with the old officials and confined himself solely to consultation with the Hon. Manuel Quezon, Filipino politician *par excellence*, and Manuel Quezon's political colleagues. One of these colleagues was Mr. Sergio Osmeña, then speaker of the Philippine Assembly, which was inaugurated by Mr. Taft in 1907. As the heads fell faster and faster; as more and more incompetents were recommended and invested with authority; as more and more inanities were uttered about liberators and emancipators and about lifting the heavy yoke of Republican misrule off the necks of the people—one of the American newspapers made so bold as to refer to the governor as "a ventriloquist's dummy sitting astride Osmeña's knee"; and it was a description that has become historic.

Nor did he confine himself altogether to disregard of the feelings of the old officials. He seemed to think that the American business men who have been optimistic enough to invest money in the islands were more deserving of deportation than encouragement. For business reasons, if for no other, these men were disposed to coöperate with him to the fullest extent, wishing to have all changes made in as orderly a way as could be, and with the least possible amount of friction, in order to avoid all unnecessary business disturbance and depression. But from the outset they were so hopelessly antagonized that by degrees they drew away from him and have since been making progress and extending their interests largely because they are optimistic and because the war has intervened to create new demands and to open up vistas into a different and perhaps more stable and satisfactory future.

The old social life of the city no longer exists. Where once Malacañan Palace, the governor's residence, stood as a kind of center of the little Philippine world, radiating hospitality and social inspiration which touched in some degree every individual, high or humble, and which brought together the Filipino and American circles into real and very valuable social harmony—Malacañan to-day stands apart. Such of the American circle as is left hangs together, creates diversion for itself, and attends to its charitable and civic duties in much the same old hopeful way; but there is no longer any social relationship of any kind between Americans and Filipinos.

I think I must say here, somewhat parenthetically, that it is not my intention in writing about the Philippine situation to do anything but present a kind of sketch—a purely gossipy one, if you like—which anyone who will may fill in with conclusions. So if anybody feels inclined to accuse me of superficiality, he may go right ahead, with an assurance that the accusation will be met with a prompt plea of guilty.

I am writing precisely the only thing that anybody talks about in Manila to-day, or has talked about for the past four and a half years.

The question in its permanently important phases is as broad as it is long, and quite deep enough for any analyst who cares to go into it. It has to do with our future position among Pacific powers, our good name as a nation—and is particularly momentous in relation to certain advantages in trade which are assured to us by our possession of the islands. They are easily capable of producing our entire requirement of certain tropical materials which we now use and for which we are paying something in excess of one billion dollars a year to countries which buy from us less, by the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth annually, than we buy from them. The Philippine Islands could supply a large part of our needs in rubber, sugar, tobacco, copra, coconut oil, gutta-percha, hemp, hardwoods, pearl shell, and any number of minor tropical products; but when the business man with money to invest in constructive enterprise takes this fact into consideration he will naturally weigh it against the measure of our control in the islands, and if this is not sufficient to satisfy his conception of stability he will go elsewhere and accept a lower rate of interest on his investment, with better security.

It is my intention merely to tell how we relaxed our control—or rather how we made complete surrender of it—and to tell it in incidents that lie largely on the surface. I hope to be able only to indicate the general trend of things and to do it with as little analysis and theorizing as may be. What the governor-general of the islands is these days—that is the measure of American prestige and authority.

The Famous Silk-Hat Order

DURING the past year Mr. Harrison has been in a rather difficult position with regard to keeping up the personnel of the government, because the Jones Bill provides that he may make appointments only "by and with the consent of the Philippine Senate"; but during the three years he held office prior to the passing of the Jones Bill he was unhampered in the exercise of conservative judgment.

Even now, with his absolute veto and the declaration in the Jones Bill that "the supreme executive power shall be vested in an executive officer whose official title shall be 'The Governor-General of the Philippine Islands,'" he could easily set his authority against unwarranted Filipino ambition and the Filipino marked tendency to confuse public service with personal privilege, if he cared to maintain the necessary balance between Filipino legislation and American administration.

When Mr. Harrison arrived in Yokohama on his way out to the islands, the acting governor, Judge Newton W. Gilbert, of Indiana, had his private secretary on hand to do the usual honors at the first port in the Orient and to transmit to Manila the newcomer's wishes with regard to reception ceremonials. There was nothing extraordinary about that. It was always done when a Secretary of War visited the islands, and it was once done, I remember, for a governor-general who had had a long illness and was returning from leave of absence. But, as I have hinted once or twice, the new governor was strangely un- or mis-informed.

The most important item of instruction the secretary had to cable to Manila was that everybody would be expected to appear in formal attire, including silk hats! If you have never been in the Philippines you cannot know how funny that is. The Philippine climate grows long gray whiskers of mildew on wool garments unless they are sealed up in tin boxes; and as for silk hats—well, after a silk hat has been in Manila about a week it begins to look as though it had not by any means led a blameless life.

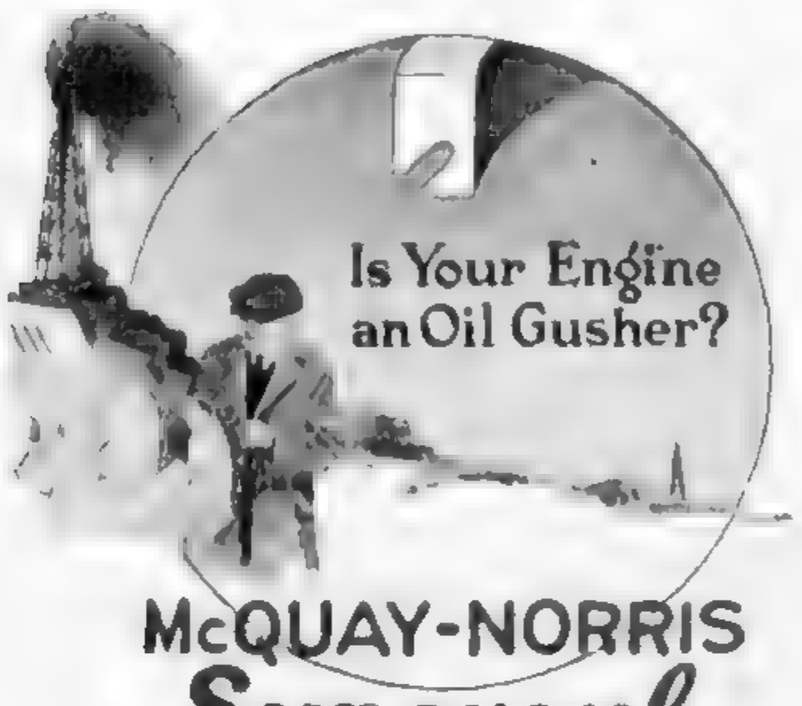
(Continued on Page 65)

Oil and Power Trouble

Upon the piston rings rests the responsibility for keeping excess oil out of the engine's cylinders as well as preventing the escape of gas and loss of power.

Many modern automobile motors develop an oil flow in the cylinders far in excess of any amount their designers planned to have piston rings control. This is the cause of fouled spark plugs, heavy carbon deposit and smoky exhaust—to say nothing of excessive oil consumption.

These oil troubles necessitated a specially designed oil ring. After long and careful engineering study of the problem we have perfected for Oil Pumping motors the McQuay-Norris Supercyl Ring.



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This is a concentric, one-piece ring with an Oil Reservoir which collects all of the excess oil from the cylinder wall on each down stroke of the piston, leaving just the film necessary for proper lubrication. The position and shape of this Oil Reservoir is the exclusive McQuay-Norris Supercyl design. It is not a mere groove in the face of the ring. Note its position in the cross-section illustration.

One Supercyl ring should be installed in the top groove of each piston. It will maintain compression as well as any one-piece ring can do, but it should always be supported in the lower grooves by a complete equipment of McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings.

Seven years of successful performance records have established the leadership of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring in the field of power production. Performance has proved the merit of its exclusive design by which equality of tension (the secret of maximum compression) is obtained. Performance testifies to its enduringly elastic material that insures long service — its wonderfully accurate workmanship that guarantees perfect fit.

McQuay-Norris Supercyl Rings are made of the same special processed gray iron and finished with the same exactness as McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings. Knowing the McQuay-Norris standard you can accept Supercyl with every confidence in its efficiency.

McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof and Supercyl Rings are made in every size and over-size to fit every make and model of motor. Obtainable anywhere—any time. Your dealer, garage or repair man has them or can get them for you promptly.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—"To Have and to Hold Power"—a truthful, clear explanation of piston rings—their construction, development and operation.

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However, silk hats it had to be, so every man who possessed such a relic of past days in the temperate zone got it out and tried it on. Then the whole town began to laugh; and about that incident at least the town is laughing yet. One young man, more zealous to please than anyone else, even went so far as to dig up a rusty old tile somewhere for the bronze statue of José Rizal which stands in the center of the Luneta. Rizal has on an old-fashioned Prince Albert coat and his attitude is distinctly oratorical, so you can imagine that with a battered top hat tilted over one eyebrow his appearance was not all that a renowned and honored patriot's should be.

The Hon. Manuel Quezon was with the governor; the Hon. Manuel Quezon was doing all the coaching that was being done; and the Hon. Manuel Quezon knew as well as anybody that silk hats and other items of formal afternoon garb are as much out of place in Manila as sun helmets would be in Alaska in midwinter. The lower-class natives go as nearly naked as the law permits, while everybody else, including Americans and other foreigners, wears white linen on all occasions. So what could the Hon. Manuel Quezon have been thinking of to allow the governor to issue such instructions?

I mention this silk-hat incident only because it gave an overwrought company of men and women in Manila a chance to relax and to introduce a little unqualified fun into the situation. They had been laughing before—but there are ways and ways of laughing.

I would emphasize in capital italics, if I could, the facts that the whole upbuilding and development of the Philippine Islands and the whole extraordinary advancement of the Philippine people in health and education and prosperity were the work of American right thinking and love of accomplishment. If fifteen years of such work had not preceded Mr. Harrison's advent, he would have found it absolutely impossible to put any one of his so-called democratic theories into practice. Even so, both he and his colleagues took hold of their new duties like men appointed to bring order out of chaos.

The Head-Hunters

The man on whom the first blow fell was an assistant executive secretary. He was dismissed by verbal message sent to his house after office hours, the day Governor Harrison arrived.

Then everybody, even his best friends, began to look at him askance and to wonder whether the new officials had something on him. It was a gross injustice; but the man is a hero now, because he was the first to fall.

I do not believe anybody knows in what order the heads fell after that, because the action was so fast and furious that they dropped in bunches. The new authorities won for themselves the sobriquet of Head-Hunters, and dinner parties began to be called *cañao*—which is the name of the feast with which real head-hunters celebrate a successful descent upon a neighboring tribe. Only in this case the victims were the guests of honor, and the hunters were never by any chance among those present. All social gatherings within the old circle became condolence parties, and each day's news consisted of nothing but "casualty lists."

One important branch of the service after another was promptly decapitated and left literally headless, because, after all, in no instance was a Filipino substituted in the higher offices who was capable, by virtue of either native ability or training, of maintaining the standard of efficiency that had been established.

Nor were the higher offices the only ones the Filipino politicians wanted. I keep on writing politicians when I know some persons will think I should occasionally write patriots. But they are politicians, practically all of them; they play politics for jobs, and they thrill themselves with patriotism for political ends. In this they are not unique by any means, but the general order of intelligence to which they make their appeal is not high enough to rob their activity of any degree of its pernicousness. And that makes them somewhat different.

The little offices, too, they wanted. Even the Civil Service, an organization of picked men that had been built up through many years of conscientious examination and selection, was attacked and practically destroyed. This service already had in it a large majority of Filipinos, but the Americans one by one were forced out, and those who remained, realizing that they could expect neither advancement nor security, soon lost interest, and the splendid *esprit de corps*, which was wholly maintained by the leaven of Americanism in the service, vanished utterly.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that all this was going on while the population stood by in silence. There was a storm of protest from all sides, in which many Filipinos of the substantial class found courage to join, though it is well known that no prominent Filipino dares offer open objection to anything the *politicos* may do, on pain of paying some kind of penalty. But on this occasion there was too much immediately at stake, so many of them joined in the chorus of denunciation and criticism.

An Ingenious Little Law

In order to quiet this tempest and at the same time to accomplish the main purpose of eliminating all Americans with the least possible trouble to themselves, the Filipino legislators passed a very ingenious little bill. It is known as the Osmeña Retirement Law. It provides that any official or employee of the government who has served continuously for six years may apply to the governor-general for retirement and receive an annual gratuity for three years—a curious kind of pension—based on the length of his service.

That sounded fairly generous to begin with, but the act was passed on February 4, 1916, and it decreed that no employee would receive the stipulated benefits who failed to make application for retirement before the end of June. What they wanted was quick action, and they got it. Practically every American in the service filed an application at once, because it was a certainty they could not retain for long the positions they held, and this at least promised them a breathing space in which to look round for an opportunity to place themselves elsewhere.

But this admirable law makes still further provisions: It provides that the granting of a request for retirement shall be in the discretion of the governor-general, and that if the applicant resigns before the governor sees fit to take action in his case he shall forfeit all claim to the gratuity. Being suspended in midair by a single thread has nothing on that for discomfort and uncertainty.

I should like to say that practically nobody objects to the Filipinos' having an elective Senate and House of Representatives and full legislative autonomy. The objection is to rank politics in public service and the denudation for political purposes of all the branches of the constructive and administrative governmental organization. The Japanese were not too proud to employ foreign advisers in their government for half a century. They are not too proud now to employ foreign instructors in their schools and universities and trained foreigners in nearly all their big development enterprises. Nor are they too proud to pay foreigners foreign salaries. They know the difference between the Oriental and Occidental standards of living expense, and they never questioned the justice of the demand of foreign employees for sufficient pay to make service with them attractive. They wanted results, and they never could have achieved unaided what they have achieved with foreign advice and assistance. They employ American and English officers on their large passenger ships to-day because they realize the world's lack of confidence in a people whose traditions, compared with the traditions of the modern Western world, are still in the making.

In the meantime, while the slaughter was in progress, the old form of government was still in force, the Jones Bill, which abolished the commission and substituted a Filipino Senate, not being passed by the United States Congress until the end of August, 1916. So it was necessary in the beginning to replace the commissioners, whose tenure of office—they being Presidential appointees—came automatically to an end when the new President was inaugurated.

The men of the old commission were not all intellectual giants by any means, but they were trained men who enjoyed the respect of everybody, Filipinos and Americans alike, and most of them are looked back upon now as having been positively exceptional.

Among the gentlemen sent out on the new commission was one who possessed ability of a high order and a requisite fund of common sense, but he found himself in a hopeless minority and his resignation was eventually very much in order because he refused to play the game of native politics. He resigned. And the political process of Filipinizing practically every branch of the government went merrily forward, with consequence felt in every *barrio*. The inevitable retrogression had begun. A mixed staff of American and Filipino veterinarians had fought the plague of rinderpest, which was costing the Filipinos millions of pesos every year and annually reducing hundreds of farmers to helplessness by carrying off their carabaos. This fight had been so far successful that the disease was completely stamped out in all but nine municipalities located within four provinces, these municipalities being closely quarantined under constabulary guard. Since the Bureau of Agriculture has been Filipinized from the top down and most of the American veterinarians discharged, rinderpest has spread through one hundred and seventeen municipalities scattered throughout twenty-four provinces, and is once more the burning question before the insular authorities. Yet one of the favorite excuses for discharging American men is that it serves the ends of economy to employ Filipinos in their places!

The animal quarantine is supposed to be enforced, but every municipality now has its Filipino *cacique*, or head man, as in the good old days before American occupation—or something infinitely worse in the form of a regular political boss. The American-officered Filipino Constabulary has been withdrawn from such service, and the frontiers are guarded by ignorant and undisciplined policemen who, in a spirit of benevolence or for a small consideration, permit farmers and other taos with diseased carabaos to come and go wherever and whenever they please. All of which is to be expected.

American Doctors Forced Out

The Bureau of Health, which used to be such a magnificent organization, got itself knocked into a cocked hat by a piece of Filipino legislation designed for nothing but to force out all the American doctors. Nearly all these men, who were capable of serving the government to its advantage, were highly prized by the community as private practitioners. One's family doctor, for instance, was head surgeon in the General Hospital, or one of the house physicians, with fixed hours of duty in the public wards; but nobody every heard of the public work being neglected for the sake of private gain. However, a piece of Filipino legislation provides that no physician receiving a salary of three thousand pesos a year—fifteen hundred dollars—shall engage in private practice. Could anything be simpler?

To a Filipino doctor who lives as Filipinos live, three thousand pesos a year is a fine income, but to a high-class American with a home to maintain and with a family, perhaps, to be brought up and educated ten thousand miles away in the homeland, it is pitifully inadequate. Besides, no American doctor of ability could be satisfied with fifteen hundred dollars a year as a reward for the practice of his profession.

Doctor Heiser left the service in 1915 and was succeeded by a thoroughly efficient and devoted United States public-health officer. This man has to-day nothing but a remnant of the old force to work with, and to the casual observer his position looks exceedingly difficult. Outside Manila there are only three American doctors left in the whole service, and in Manila there are only seven or eight, of whom at least five are said to be already up for retirement. The three-thousand-peso law, as it is called, together with the impossibility of working cheerfully and efficiently under the circumstances now existing, has forced them all out and left a corps of young Filipino medicos in charge. One of the invaluable men sacrificed in this grand sweep was the physician of Bilibid Prison, who had been taking care of the three thousand-odd inmates of that remarkable institution for as many years as I can remember, and a good while longer. All but two or three of the higher-grade men—middle-aged or worse, every one of them—have left the islands for good, to begin life all over again somewhere in the United States.

I must not forget to inquire what has become of the resident physician at Culión Leper Colony. This position is not affected by the three-thousand-peso law, because at Culión there is no private practice; but it is a horrible job, and in the old days no Filipino could be induced to touch it. But it must be admitted—and I do it gladly, not to say thankfully—that a good many of them are trying with admirable determination to prove their capacity for going it alone. So maybe some one among them has had the courage to go to Culión.

It is not that the Filipinos are unworthy; it is just that they are unready. It is only nineteen years since Fate thrust their destiny into our hands, and only seventeen years since we began to establish any kind of order among them. Seventeen years ago they had nothing and infinitely worse than nothing. There were few doctors; there were no modern hospitals; there were no nurses ever dreamed of; there were no schools except church schools, and only a handful of men—few of them pure Filipino—who had more than the merest rudiments of an education. Nor had any of them the remotest conception of the true meaning of democratic privileges.

Filipino Teachers

If we had let them go then and there to work out their own salvation, or otherwise, in their own way, it would have been quite different. But we have thrust upon them a certain high standard in everything that pertains to national development and public trust; and we have established certain institutions for them which we intended should be the equal of any similar institutions anywhere. Premature surrender of our control and responsibility means, under the circumstances, that we content ourselves with about a twenty per cent success—eighty per cent, at least, of all our effort being a total loss.

It must be taken into consideration that such a public service as was in force in these islands when Governor Harrison arrived would carry forward for a certain length of time by its own impetus, and that outward evidences of slowing down would not be immediately apparent. But it is four years now since it all began, and the present indications of lost motion make one think of the way you let the cat die after someone has given you a high push in the garden swing. This makes some persons very sick.

The Philippine University even in the old days needed a much larger appropriation and a better corps of American instructors in some of its departments, but it has almost no American instructors of any kind now, and the Filipino professors are all either of the old Spanish régime or of the first generation of American education, these being naturally and inevitably immature. Even those who have been educated in the United States can hardly be regarded as being fully equipped to conduct unaided the important affairs of a great university, because such education as they have acquired has been acquired in a language foreign to them and is founded on nothing in the way of tradition and high racial development. Moreover, they must teach in the English language—though, of course, they do not; so bang goes another American institution! We undertook to give the people English as a medium of intercommunication. And this was not substituting our own for something they already had either. They spoke and still speak innumerable dialects, no one of which is understood outside the division to which it belongs. The youngsters who began their education in the English language at the A-B-C stage are now speaking it quite naturally and with no marked accent, but the young men and women of the older generation—the generation that was nearly grown when we took possession—do not speak English sufficiently well to enable them to teach it. Yet such teachers have been and are being substituted for Americans even in the primary schools, and largely on political recommendation. This is true. And, incidentally, the Director of Education is now a Filipino.

It is said that the standard of instruction now given in the university would hardly compare with that of an ordinary grammar school in the United States. The younger Filipinos know what they have been deprived of, and many of them are quite outspoken about it. They write letters to the newspapers and criticize the whole thing in no uncertain terms. And this is the institution we undertook to make a Mecca for ambitious students in the Far East! The president of the university is a Filipino of the pre-American era.

The Philippine General Hospital, in which the medical students at the university get their actual practice and observation—the finest institution of its kind east of Suez, mind you; and built at a cost of I do not know how much more than a million pesos of the people's money—has been Filipinized absolutely and completely.

And it used to be a haven even for the overworked and the overwrought. It had wide, heavenly clean, cool corridors, spotless beds, and soft-shod attendants coming and going under the able supervision of as fine an American nurse as ever practiced the profession of nursing. There were five or six high-class American doctors and surgeons, always with one specially skilled operator. Most of the Filipino doctors in the city, I think, who were old enough and experienced enough to be useful and trustworthy had positions on the staff, and nobody ever thought of accusing the medical authorities of discriminating against them. That they should achieve efficiency and administrative ability was greatly to be desired.

There was a fine corps of American nurses in the hospital, with a large corps of Filipina nurses. The American nurses were picked women who got their appointments in the United States through the strictest kind of competitive examination.

There had never been such a thing as a Filipina nurse up to about ten years ago, but a training school was established and a patient campaign of persuasion was undertaken to convince the right class of Filipina women that nursing was a profession they might attempt to acquire without degrading themselves. In the beginning most of the students brought servants along to do the menial tasks, but that kind of pride and laziness was soon preached out of them and in time a fairly efficient nursing organization was established.

Nurses Without Traditions

But that the nurses had taken to heart very few of the traditions of the profession was proved by a recent exhibition they made of themselves. There were a last remaining American doctor in the hospital and a last lone American nurse. The nurse was the supervisor and the doctor was the director.

The whole Filipino nursing force walked out in a body one day, leaving the hospital full of patients absolutely without attendance. The excuse given was something about intolerable conditions under which they had to work and unreasonable demands from the director and the supervisor. An investigation was insisted upon, and both these Americans were exonerated by a neutral investigating committee; but the nurse resigned and the doctor's resignation was asked for. So there you are. The next step will be the struggle between the ins and the outs. As a matter of fact the outs are already engaged in making it as difficult as possible for the ins, and sooner or later we may expect some such political disturbance as we are used to in the badly organized countries to the south of us.

There are only two or three of the old bureau chiefs left, one of them being the insular Auditor, and another Father Algue, Chief of the Weather Bureau, who is a man unique in his line and inherited by us from the Spaniards. He knows more about typhoons and monsoons and things like that than any mere human should, and he is about as much influenced by politics as they are.

Then, too, nearly all the insular revenues continue to be handled by Americans. The Treasurer and the Director of the Bureau of Customs—both capable men—as well as a number of provincial treasurers and collectors are Americans, and the American Auditor can still overrule everybody.

This seems to me to be a reflection on the Filipino character to which Filipinos should refuse to submit. And they probably will sooner or later. They have large projects on hand, or in process of development, for the expenditure of public funds which should not be interfered with.

Rinderpest Spreading

Among other things they have recently acquired a railroad. Nobody knows why they acquired a railroad, but they did, and in doing so they imposed upon the people an obligation of something like sixty million pesos. Rinderpest is spreading like a prairie fire for want of men and money to fight it; millions of pesos' worth of rice has to be imported every year for want of intelligent supervision and development of agricultural resources; thousands of school children are being denied educational privileges for want of new buildings and competent teachers; more roads and bridges are needed, needed year by year, of course; and interisland transportation is so inadequate that the United States had to be appealed to for a share of the German shipping that was taken in Manila Bay; there are hundreds of orphans without care or protection because the government has withdrawn from religious and private institutions the funds for their support and has not provided others; lunatics are still kept by their families in confinement for want of a sufficient provision of asylums; cholera is showing its ugly head here and there; all kinds of needs are crying in a wilderness of ineptitude—and the government buys a railroad!

So far as anybody knows, the railroad was all right as it was. It was privately owned and was operating, I believe, under certain guaranties of the United States Government, providing a fairly satisfactory means of transportation from Manila northward and southward on Luzón. It would be interesting to know just why the Philippine Government wanted it, and why the legislators of a country so little advanced in every way should consider it advisable to assume a responsibility which other countries have learned to regard as of very questionable public advantage.

Practically all the old operators and employees—Englishmen mostly, not Americans—have been discharged and Filipinos substituted; and if there is any reason to believe anybody in Manila, except a Filipino politician or one of the Governor's followers, the service of the road has not improved. An ordinary pay-the-price citizen asked one of the few Englishmen still connected with the road why it was that the schedules had been slowed down so much and why the trains stopped so long at stations, and the answer was "Because we had to make the road fool-proof."

Already the government has advanced large sums for new equipment, and the Board of Public Utilities—known locally as the Futilities Commission—has just authorized an increase in freight rates because the present income of the road is not sufficient to defray current expenses, though under private management they were high enough to satisfy the demands. The sugar growers to the north—Filipinos in a small way of business mostly—depend on this road to handle their cane and sugar, and I understand that they, as well as the operators of the centrals, are now sitting with their chins in their hands wondering what they are going to do about it.

And while the poor tao sits and wonders; while supposedly impregnable Corregidor stands guard at the entrance of Manila Bay, bristling with American guns, garrisoned by American forces and provisioned for indefinite siege; while the Philippines are still upheld and guarded like a Tom Thumb astride the mighty arm of giant Uncle Sam; while the whole world of giants contend together in a struggle which passes even their own understanding—Filipino politicos make plans to appropriate five million pesos for the construction of one aëroplane, one submarine and one torpedo-boat destroyer "as a nucleus" of a navy with which to defend the islands against "foreign aggression."

I should like to go and write about the new Philippine militia, which is another very expensive and wholly unnecessary addition to the burdens of the people—but what's the use, and who cares anyhow? Except that this same militia, or a force of twenty-five thousand men picked from the militia, the scouts and the constabulary, has been offered to the United States for service at the Front. One does care about that; and I, at least, am not disposed to question the sincerity of it or the spirit in which the offer was made. Manuel Quezon made it with the knowledge and consent of very few of his compatriots; and he is the busiest and most efficient little press agent any country ever had; but the fact remains that as soon as the Filipinos as a whole heard of it they were all for it and as keen as mustard about it; and that ought to satisfy anybody.

Mr. Quezon cabled from the United States:

"The President asks me to express to the Philippine Government and people his heartfelt appreciation of their loyalty; that he is particularly pleased in having been instrumental in bringing about conditions that met with the expectations of the Filipino people and particularly pleased that Governor Harrison has interpreted thoroughly the sentiments of the American Government and people toward the Filipinos, and he has been able to do this because they are Governor Harrison's own feelings. The President says he will discuss with the Secretary of War the question of taking advantage of the offer of the National Guard, for it may have a wholesome effect even in Europe to have Filipinos there fighting for the cause of Democracy."

A Sharper Focus Needed

And this pleased everybody tremendously, especially the last sentence, which offers as clear an indication of Filipino character as anything I ever read. The Filipino always sees himself in the center of the stage, the observed of all observers, and "the eyes of the world are upon us" used to be one of his favorite editorial and oratorical expressions—even though he might be referring to nothing of greater international importance than a school athletic meet.

Nobody wants the Filipinos to be humble or self-depreciative, but if they could just get a little more accurate focus on themselves the casual onlooker would have vastly greater hopes for their future.

Just now there is a momentous mix-up between the mayor and the municipal board of the city of Manila—all Filipinos. A "'tis too; no it ain't" kind of controversy over the mere wording of a resolution, it has split the municipal government in two and has been going on so long that it has become important as an example of what can be expected under the circumstances. This is the first elective municipal board the city has ever had. In the old days this body was a mixture of Americans and Filipinos, with a Filipino mayor, and if any member abused his office or proved to be unworthy or inefficient it was in the power of the Governor-General to remove him. And I should like to say that the present city of Manila could never have been built if there had been any Filipino politics in the game.

I have referred to the withdrawal of government support from the orphans. It is a very serious matter, and the situation that has resulted must be met and dealt with; so a philanthropic citizen offered a certain sum of money for the purchase of a house for some of the orphans, provided the city government would appropriate a like sum.

The members of the municipal board are known locally as the city dads, and the dads were all for meeting the philanthropist halfway. So they drew up a resolution authorizing the contribution on condition that a certain number of orphans might be placed in the institution each year by the municipal board. The document went up to the mayor for his signature, but he refused to sign it unless "city of Manila" was substituted for "municipal board" in the proviso.

Mountains From Molehills

The members of the board refused to make the change; the mayor refused to sign; there was a long and ludicrous wrangle about it; the philanthropist got disgusted and threatened to withdraw his offer; the children were still without a home; still the board refused to give in; so did the mayor; and they quarreled about it like a lot of bad-tempered and not very intelligent schoolboys. They finally put it up to the Secretary of the Interior—a Filipino now—and he tried conciliation. Whereupon the political elements opposed to him took it up and accused him of indecision and cowardice and a few other things of like character. Then it went to the Governor-General, and the Filipino press had considerable to say about Filipinos not being able to "arrange their own differences without resorting to foreigners."

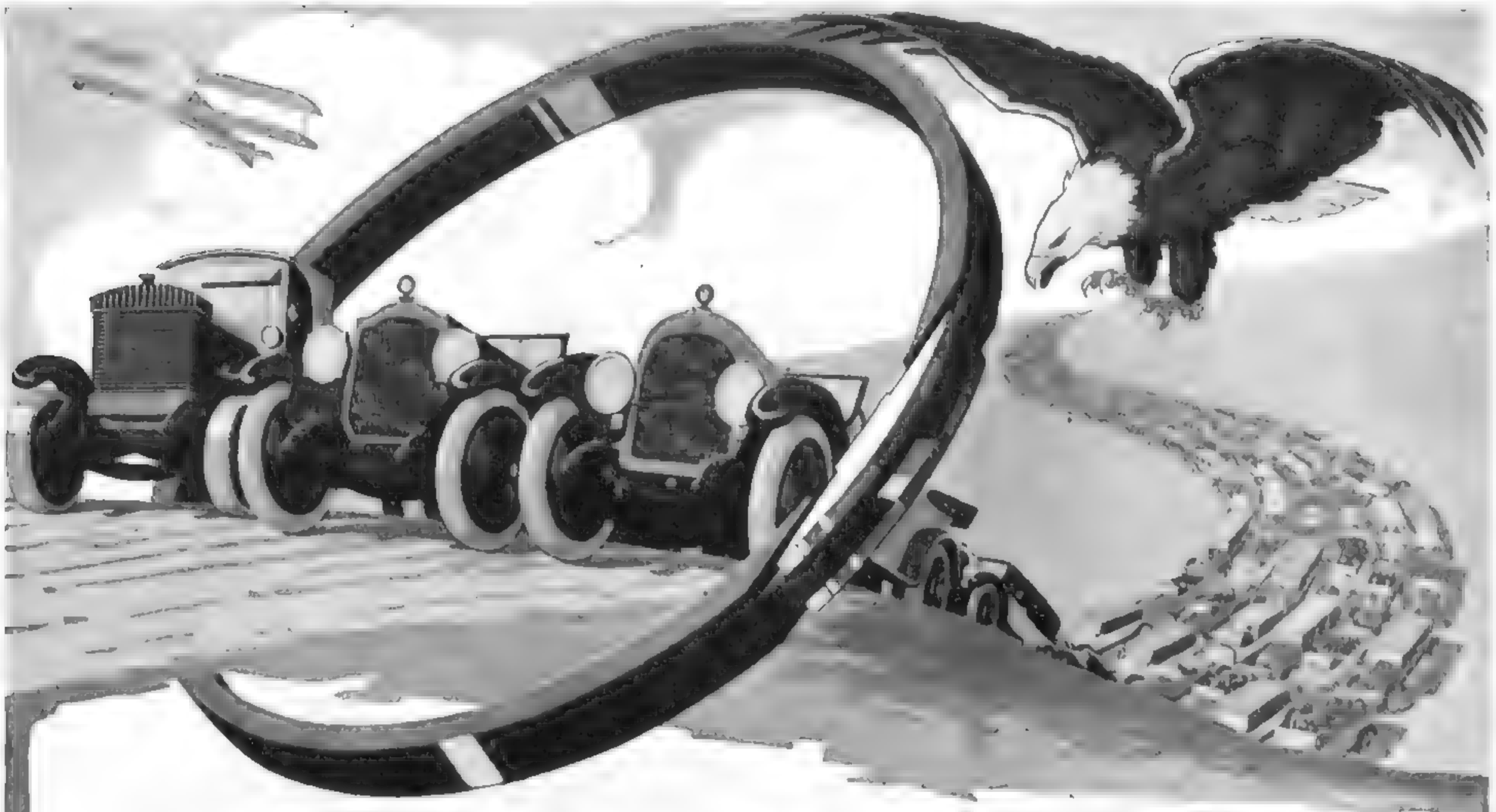
"If to settle differences of opinion we Filipinos are not enough," says one native newspaper, "the day when American sovereignty will be withdrawn from these islands, that portion of us which is constantly dreaming of the speedy advent of our emancipation will be the first to ask for the return of the Americans to intervene in interior conflicts, because it does not believe in the sincerity of the purpose, nor does it have faith in the justice and capacity of its brothers."

Mountains, you see, are as likely as not to grow out of almost any sized Filipino molehill. And let me call your attention to the fact that they still make editorial use of the independence theme, but this is because it is the only issue they have ever had to discuss.

I do not know whether the Governor-General has yet delivered a solemn decision in the municipal-government squabble, but he took occasion the other day to do a little scolding. He appealed to "the eyes of the world are upon us" brand of Filipino egotism and at the same time separated his goats from other people's sheep in the American population by saying:

"If it were not that they are occupied with the problems of the war, the jingoists"—of the United States—"would avail themselves of the present difficulties between the municipal authorities to proclaim to the wide winds Filipino incapacity."

Wonderful picture altogether, is it not? And when all is said and done the really vital question is: How are we to reconcile our retention of responsibility with our surrender of control?



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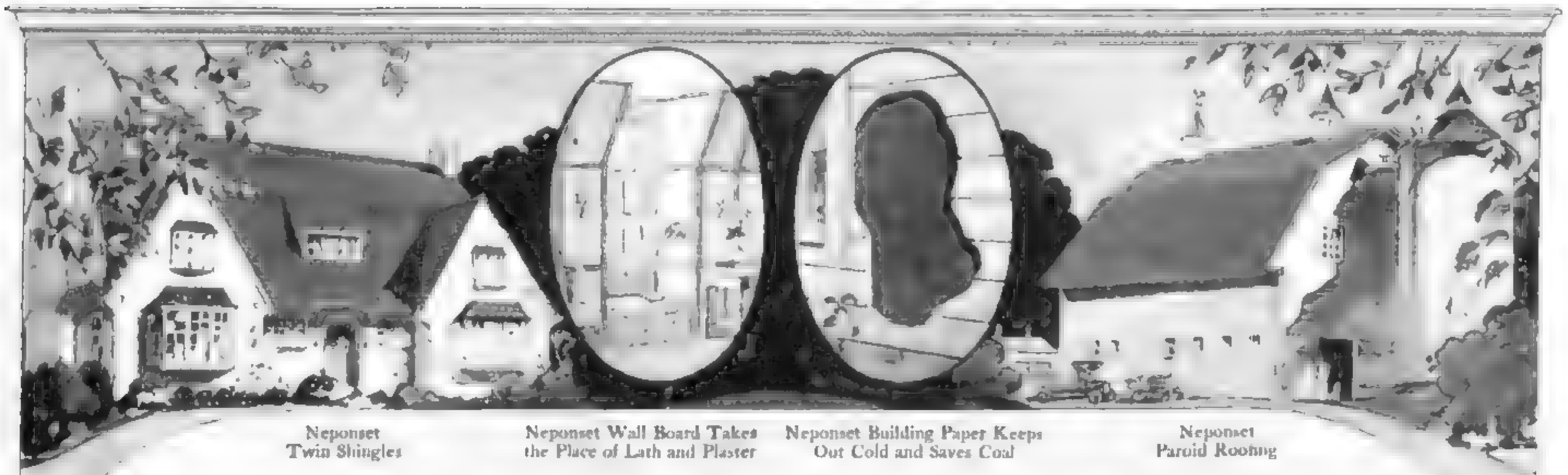

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THE LUCK PIECE

(Continued from Page 6)

smooth by years of handling and with the hole drilled through the center of it—that was what was gone—his token, his talisman, his charm against evil fortune. He had carried it for years, ever since he had turned crook, and for nothing in this world would he have parted from it.

In a mounting flurry of superstitious terror he searched the pockets again, with fingers that shook—this man who had lost faith in human beings, who had no hope and no fear for the hereafter, who had felt no stabs of regret or repentance for having killed a man, whose thoughts had never known remorse for any misdeed of his. The second hunt and the third and the fourth were fruitless as his first one had been; Trencher's luck piece was gone.

Those wise men, the alienists, say that all of us are insane on certain subjects, however sane we may be upon other subjects. Certainly in the mental composition of every one of us is some quirk, some vagary, some dear senseless delusion, avowed or private. As for Trencher, the one crotchet in his cool brain centered about that worthless trade dollar. With it in his possession he had counted himself a winner, always. Without it he felt himself to be a creature predestined and foreordained to disaster.

To it he gave all the credit for the fact that he had never served a prison sentence. But once, and once only, had he parted company with it, even temporarily. That was the time when Murtha, that crafty old Central-Office hand, had picked him up on general principles, had taken him to headquarters, and first stripping him of all the belongings on his person, had carried him to the Bertillon Bureau, and then and there, without shadow of legal right, since Trencher was neither formally accused of nor formally indicted for any offense and had no previous record of convictions, had forced him to undergo the ordeals, ethically so repugnant to the instincts of the professional thief, of being measured and finger-printed and photographed, side face and full face. He had cursed and protested and pleaded when Murtha confiscated the luck piece; he had rejoiced when Murtha, seeing no harm in the thing, had restored it to him before lodging him in a cell under the all-embracing technical charge of being a suspicious person. Because he had so speedily got it back, Trencher had gone free again with the loss of but two days of liberty—or anyway, so Trencher firmly believed. But because it had left his custody for no more than an hour his pictures were now in the Gallery, and Murtha had learned the secret of Trencher's one temperamental weakness, one fetish.

And now—at this time, of all times—it was gone again. But where had it gone? Where could it have gone? Mentally he reconstructed all his acts, all his movements since he had risen that morning and dressed—and then the solution came to him, and with the solution complete remembrance. He had slipped it into the right-hand pocket of the new tan-colored topcoat—to impregnate the garment with good luck and to enhance the prospects for a successful working-out of the scheme to despoil the Wyoming cattleman; and he had left it there. And now here he was up on the seventeenth floor of the Bellhaven Hotel and the fawn-colored coat with the luck piece in one of its pockets dangled on a hook in the cloak booth of the Clarenden café, less than a block away from the spot where he had shot Sonntag.

He marveled that without his talisman he had escaped arrest up to now; it was inconceivable that he had won his way thus far. But then the answer to that was, of course, that he had retained the pasteboard square that stood for possession of the coat itself. He gave thanks to the unclean spirits of his superstition that apprehension of his loss had come to him before he destroyed the slip. Had he gone ahead and torn it up he would now count himself as doomed. But he hadn't torn it up. There it lay on the white coverlet of the bed.

He must make a try to recover his luck piece; no other course occurred to him. Trying would be beset with hazards, accumulated and thickening. He must venture back into the dangerous territory; must dare deadfalls and pitfalls; must run the chance of possible traps and probable nets. By now the police might have definitely ascertained who it was that killed Sonntag; or lacking the name of the slayer they might have secured a reasonably complete description of him; might have spread the general alarm for a man of such and such a height and such and such a weight, with such a nose and such eyes and such hair and all the rest of it. It might be that the Clarenden was being watched, along with the other public resorts in the immediate vicinity of where the homicide had been committed. It might even be that back in the Clarenden he would encounter the real Parker face to face. Suppose Parker had finished his supper and had discovered his loss—losses rather—and had made a complaint to the management; and suppose as a result of Parker's indignation that members of the uniformed force had been called in to adjudicate the wrangle; suppose through sheer coincidence Parker should see Trencher and should recognize the wardrobe that Trencher wore as his own. Suppose any one of a half dozen things. Nevertheless, he meant to go back. He would take certain precautions—for all the need of haste, he must take them—but he would go back.

He put the pink check into his waistcoat pocket, switched out the room light, locked the door of the room on the outside, took the key with him and went down in an elevator, taking care to avoid using the same elevator that shortly before brought him up to this floor level. Presently he was outside the hotel, hurrying afoot on his return to Broadway. On the way he pitched the key into an areaway.

Turning out of Forty-second Street into Broadway and thence going south to a point just below the intersection with Fortieth Street, he approached the Clarenden from the opposite side of Broadway. There was motive in this. One coming across from the opposite side and looking upward at a diagonal slant could see through the windows along the front side of the Clarenden with some prospect of making out the faces of such diners as sat at tables near the windows. Straining his eyes as he crossed over, Trencher thought he recognized his man. He was almost sure he made out the outlined head and shoulders of Parker sitting at a corner table alongside the last window in the row. He trusted he was right and trusted still more fervently that Parker would bide where he was for three or four minutes longer.

Tucking his head well down inside his upturned collar and giving the brim of his hat a tug to bring it still farther forward over his eyes, he took a long breath, like a man preparing for a dive in cold water, and went up the flight of stairs from the sidewalk into the building. No one inside made as if to halt him; no one so far as he could tell gave him in passing even an impersonal look. There was a wash room, as Trencher knew, at the back end of the ornate hall which separated the Chinese lounge and the main café on one side, from the private dining rooms and tea rooms on the other. That wash room was his present destination.

He reached it without mishap, to find it deserted except for a boy in buttons. To the boy he surrendered hat and overcoat, and then in the midst of a feint at hitching up his shirt cuffs, as though meaning to wash his hands, he snapped his fingers impatiently.

"I forgot something," he said for the boy's benefit; "left it in the café. Say, kid, watch my hat and coat, will you? I'll be back in a minute."

"Yes, sir," promised the youth. "I'll take good care of 'em."

Bareheaded as he now was and lacking the overcoat, Trencher realized the chief elements of his disguise were missing; still there had been for him no other course to follow than this risky one. He could not claim ownership of one coat and one hat while wearing another coat and another hat—that was certain. As he neared his goal he noted that both the maids on the outside of the booth were for the instant engaged in helping the members of a group of men and women on with their outdoor wraps. So much the better for him. He headed straight for the third girl of the force, the one whose station was within the open-fronted booth. In front of her on the flat shelf intervening between them he laid down the numbered pink slip, which in the scheme of his hopes and fears stood for so much.

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"Never mind my hat, miss," he said, making his tone casual; "I'm not through with my supper yet. But just let me have my coat for one minute, will you, please? I want to get something out of one of the pockets to show to a friend."

There was nothing unusual, nothing unconventional about the request. The girl glanced at the figures on the check, then stepped back into her cuddy, seeking among rows of burdened hooks for whatsoever articles would be on the hook bearing corresponding figures. To Trencher, dreading the advent of the Stamford man out of the Chinese room alongside him and yet not daring to turn his head to look, it seemed she was a very long time finding the hook. In reality the time she took was to be gauged by seconds rather than by minutes.

"Is this the garment you desired, sir?" Speaking with an affected English drawl and with neither curiosity nor interest in her face, the girl laid across her counter the tan-colored overcoat, one of its big smoked-pearl buttons glinting dimly iridescent in the light as she spread it out.

"That's it, thank you. Just one moment and I'll give it back to you."

Trencher strove to throttle and succeeded fairly well in throttling the eager note in his voice as he took up the coat by its collar in his left hand.

The fingers trembled in spite of him as he thrust his right hand into the right-hand pocket. Twitching and groping they closed on what was hidden there—a slick, cool, round, flat, thin object, trade-dollar size. At the touch of the thing he sought and for all, too, that he stood in such perilous case, Trencher's heart jumped with relief and gratification. No need for him to look to make sure that he had his luck piece. He knew it by its feel and its heft and its size; besides the tip of one finger, sliding over its smooth rimless surface, had found in the center of it the depression of the worn hole, and the sensitive nerves had flashed the news to his brain. He slid it into a trousers pocket and passed the coat back to the girl; and almost before she had restored it to its appointed hook, Trencher had regained the shelter of the wash room and was repossessing himself of the slouch hat and the long black overcoat.

Back once more to the street he made the journey safely, nothing happening on the way out into the November night to alarm him. The winking, blinking electrically jeweled clock in the sign up the street told him it was just five minutes past midnight. He headed north, but for a few rods only. At Fortieth Street he turned west for a short block and at Seventh Avenue he hailed a south-bound trolley car. But before boarding the car he cast a quick backward scrutiny along the route he had come. Cabs moved to and fro, shuttle fashion, but seemingly no pedestrians were following behind him.

He was not particularly fearful of being pursued. Since he had cleared out from the Clarenden without mishap it was scarcely to be figured that anyone would or could now be shadowing him. He felt quite secure again—as secure as he had felt while in the locked room in the Bellhaven, because now he had in his custody that which gave him, in double and triple measure, the sense of assurance. One hand was thrust deep into his trousers pocket, where it caressed and fondled the flat perforated disk that was there. It pleased him to feel the thing grow warmer under his fingers, guaranteeing him against mischance. He did not so much as twist his head to glance out of the car window as the car passed Thirty-ninth Street.

At Thirtieth Street he got off the car and walked west to Silver's place. Ninth Avenue was almost empty and, as compared with Broadway, lay in deep shadows. The lights of the bar, filtering through the filmed glass in the one window of Silver's, made a yellowish blur in what was otherwise a row of blank, dead house fronts. Above the saloon the squatty three-story building was all dark, and from this circumstance Trencher felt sure he had come to the rendezvous before the Kid arrived. Alongside the saloon door he felt his way into a narrow entryway that was as black as a coal bunker and went up a flight of wooden steps to the second floor. At the head of the steps he fumbled with his hand until he found a doorknob. As he knew, this door would not be locked except from the inside; unless it contained occupants it was never locked. He knew, too, what furniture it contained—one table and three or four chairs. Steering a careful course to avoid bumping into the table, which, as he recalled, should be in the middle of the floor, he found the opposite wall and, after a moment's search with his hands, a single electric bulb set in a wall bracket. He flipped on the light.

"That's right," said a voice behind him. "Now that you've got your mitts up, keep 'em up!"

As regards the position of his hands Trencher obeyed. He turned his head though, and over his shoulder he looked into the middle-aged face of Murtha, of the Central Office. Murtha's right hand was in his coat pocket and Trencher knew that Murtha had him covered—through the cloth of the coat.

"Hello, Murtha," said Trencher steadily enough, "what's the idea?"

"The idea is for you to stand right where you are without making any breaks until I get through frisking you," said Murtha.

On noiseless feet he stepped across the floor, Trencher's back being still to him, and one of his hands, the left one, with deft movements shifted about over Trencher's trunk, searching for a weapon.

"Got no gat on you, eh?" said Murtha. "Well, that's good. Now then, bring your hands down slow, and keep 'em close together. That's it—slow. I'm taking no chances, understand, and you'd better not take any neither."

Again Trencher obeyed. Still standing behind him Murtha slipped his arms about Trencher's middle and found first one of Trencher's wrists and then the other. There was a subdued clicking of steel mechanism.

"Now then," said Murtha, falling back a pace or two, "I guess you can turn round if you want to."

Trencher turned round. He glanced at his hands, held in enforced companionship by the short chain of the handcuffs, and then steadily at his captor.

"Why so fussy, Murtha?" he asked in a slightly contemptuous tone. "You never heard of me starting any rough stuff when there was a pinch coming off, did you?"

"That's true," said the detective; "but when a gun's just bumped off one guy he's liable to get the habit of bumping off other guys. Even a swell gun like you is. So that's why I've been just a trifle particular."

"You're crazy, man! Who says I bumped anybody off?"

"I do, for one," replied Murtha cheerfully. "Still that's neither here nor there, unless you feel like telling me all about what came off over in Thirty-ninth Street to-night.

"You've always been a safety player so far as I know—and I'm curious to know what made you start in using a cannon on folks all of a sudden. At that, I might guess—knowing Sonntag like I did."

"I don't know what you're talking about," parried Trencher. "I tell you you've got me wrong. You can't frame me for something I didn't do. If somebody fixed Sonntag it wasn't me. I haven't seen him since yesterday. I'm giving it to you straight."

"Oh well, we won't argue that now," said Murtha affably. In his manner was something suggestive of the cat that has caught the king of the rats. A tremendous satisfaction radiated from him. "You can stall some people, son, but you can't stall me. I've got you and I've got the goods on you—that's sufficient. But before you and me glide down out of here together and start for the front office I'd like to talk a little with you. Set down, why don't you, and make yourself comfortable?" He indicated a chair.

Trencher took the chair and Murtha, after springing a catch which he found on the inner side of the door, sat down in another.

"I've got to hand it to you, Trencher," went on the detective admiringly. "You sure do work swift. You didn't lose much time climbing into that outfit you're wearing. How did you get into it so quick? And, putting one thing with another, I judge you made a good fast get-away too. Say, listen, Trencher, you might as well come clean with me. I'll say this for Sonntag—he's been overdue for a croaking this long time. If I've got to spare anybody out of my life I guess it might as well be him—that's how I stand. He belonged to the Better-Dead Club to start with, Sonntag did. If it was self-defense and you can prove it, I've got no kick coming. All I want is the credit for nailing you all by my lonesome. Why not slip me the whole tale now, and get it off your chest. You don't crave for any of this here third-degree stuff down at headquarters, and neither do I. Why not spill it to me now and save trouble all round?"

His tone was persuasive, wheedling, half friendly. Trencher merely shook his head, forcing a derisive grin to his lips.

"Can the bull, Murtha," he said. "You haven't got a thing on me and you know it."

"Is that so? Well, just to play the game fair, suppose I tell you some of the things I've got on you—some of them. But before I start I'm going to tell you that your big mistake was in coming back to where you'd left that nice new yellow overcoat of yours. Interested, eh?" he said, reading the expression that came into Trencher's face in spite of Trencher's efforts. "All right then, I'll go on. You had a good prospect of getting out of town before daylight, but you chucked your chance when you came back to the Clarenden a little while ago. But at that I was expecting you; in fact, I don't mind telling you that I was standing behind some curtains not fifteen feet from that check room when you showed up. I could have grabbed you then, of course, but just between you and me I didn't want to run the risk of having to split the credit fifty-fifty with any bull, in harness or out of it, that might come butting in. The neighborhood was lousy with cops and plain-clothes men hunting for whoever it was that bumped off Sonntag; they're still there, I guess, hunting without knowing who it is they're looking for, and without having a very good description of you, either. I was the only fellow that had the right dope, and that came about more by accident than anything else. So I took a chance, myself. I let you get away and then I trailed you—in a taxi.

"All the time you was on that street car I was riding along right behind you, and I come up these steps here not ten feet behind you. I wanted you all for myself and I've got you all by myself."

"You don't hate yourself, exactly, do you?" said Trencher. "Well, without admitting anything—because there's nothing to admit—I'd like to know, if you don't mind, how you dope it out that I had anything to do with Sonntag's being killed—that is if you're not lying about him being killed?"

"I don't mind," said Murtha blithely. "It makes quite a tale, but I can boil it down. I wasn't on duty to-night—by rights this was a night off for me. I had a date at the Clarenden at eleven-thirty to eat a bite with a brother-in-law of mine and a couple of friends of his—a fellow named Simons and a fellow named Parker, from Stamford.

"I judge it's Parker's benny and dicer you're wearing now.

"Well, anyhow, on my way to the Clarenden about an hour or so ago I butt right into the middle of all the hell that's being raised over this shooting in Thirty-ninth Street. One of the precinct plain-clothes men that's working on the case tells me a tall guy in a brown derby hat and a short yellow overcoat is supposed to have pulled off the job. That didn't mean anything to me, and even if it had I wouldn't have figured you out as having been mixed up in it. Anyway, it's no lookout of mine. So I goes into the Clarenden and has a rarebit and a bottle of beer with my brother-in-law and the others.

"About half-past eleven we all start to go, and then this party, Parker, can't find his coat check. He's sure he stuck it in his vest pocket when he blew in, but it ain't there. We look for it on the floor but it's not there, either. Then all of a sudden Parker remembers that a man in a brown derby, with a coat turned inside out over his arm, who seemed to be in a hurry about something, came into the Clarenden along with him, and that a minute later in that Chinese room the same fellow butts into him. That gives me an idea, but I don't tell Parker what's on my mind. I send the head waiter for the house detective, and when the house detective comes I show him my badge, and on the strength of that he lets me and Parker go into the cloak room. Parker's hoping to find his own cloak and I'm pretending to help him look for it, but what I'm really looking for is a brown derby hat and a short yellow coat—and sure enough I find 'em. But Parker can't find his duds at all; and so in putting two and two together it's easy for me to figure how the switch was made. I dope it out that the fellow who lifted Parker's check and traded his duds for Parker's is the same fellow who fixed Sonntag's clock. Also I've got a pretty good line on who that party is; in fact I practically as good as know who it is.

"So I sends Parker and the others back to the table to smoke a cigar and stick round awhile, and I hang round the door keeping out of sight behind them draperies where I can watch the check room. Because you see, Trencher, I knew you were the guy and I knew you'd come back—if you could get back."

He paused as though expecting a question, but Trencher stayed silent and Murtha kept on.

"And now I'm going to tell you how I come to know you was the right party. You remember that time about two years ago when I ran you in as a suspect and down at headquarters you bellyached so loud because I took a bum old coin off of you? Well when I went through that yellow overcoat and found your luck piece, as you call it, in the right-hand pocket, I felt morally sure, knowing you like I did, that as soon as you missed it you'd be coming back to try to find it. And sure enough you did come back. Simple, ain't it?

"The only miscalculation I made was in figuring that when you found it gone from the pocket you'd hang round making a hunt for it on the floor or something. You didn't though. I guess maybe you lost your nerve when you found it wasn't in that coat pocket. Is that right?"

"But I did find it!" exclaimed Trencher, fairly jostled out of his pose by these last words from his gloating captor. "I've got it now!"

Murtha's hand stole into his trousers pocket and fondled something there.

"What'll you bet you've got it now?" he demanded gleefully. "What'll you bet?"

"I'll bet my life—that's all," answered Trencher. "Here, I'll show you!"

He stood up. Because his wrists were chained he had to twist his body sidewise before he could slip one hand into his own trousers pocket.

He groped in its depths and then brought forth something and held it out in his palm.

The poor light of the single electric bulb glinted upon an object which threw off dulled translucent tints of bluish-green—not a trade dollar, but a big overcoat button the size of a trade dollar—a flat, smooth, rimless disk of smoked pearl with a tiny depression in the middle where the thread holes went through. For a little space of time both of them with their heads bent forward contemplated it.

Then with a flirt of his manacled hands Trencher flung it away from him, and with a sickly pallor of fright and surrender stealing up under the skin of his cheeks he stared at the detective.

"You win, Murtha," he said dully. "What's the use bucking the game after your luck is gone? Come on, let's go downtown. Yes, I bumped off Sonntag."

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WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

(Continued from Page 14)

slender shoulder. In that moment a firm hand met her own, and on its back fell a warm pressure—a pressure that clung.

She snatched her hand to her breast and closed the door. "Oh!" she gasped angrily. Gradually her anger died. "Oh!" she said again, more gently. Her lips curved in a faint smile.

Once more she opened the door. "It's twenty minutes of four," she whispered sternly. "Please be ready!"

The message delivered, she stood for a moment deep in thought. Finally, raising her hands to her throat, she unclasped a pearl necklace.

Entering the dining room she placed the necklace in the exact center of the massive Jacobean table. Against the dull brown wood the pearls glowed as softly as concentrated moonbeams. She stepped back to the threshold of the room, tilted her golden head on one side and scrutinized the effect. Dissatisfied, she moved the necklace to the front of the table and arranged its coils more carefully. This time its appearance suited her.

Continuing along the hallway she contemplated a huge piece of tapestry that screened one-half of a recessed doorway, glanced into the eighteen-inch space behind it with a doubtful eye, and finally opened the unscreened half of the door and entered the room beyond.

Silence brooded over the hallway. The massive clock on the staircase landing ticked out the minutes drowsily. The soothing murmur of distant feminine voices served only to accentuate the stillness. A board creaked, a shadow fell across the dining-room entrance, the tapestry moved slightly—things that may occur in any silent hallway.

From the staircase came a click and a whir. Four mellow notes pealed out softly from the clock. Beyond the front door sounded the hum of a motor and the squeaking of brakes as a heavy car came to a sudden stop.

The door flew open to admit a young man in olive drab, with the single bars of a lieutenant on his shoulder straps. Simultaneously the door beside the tapestry opened and from beyond it rushed a young woman, who cast herself into the lieutenant's arms.

For the space of five heartbeats they were alone. Then, over the same course which the young woman had pursued, surged a proud and portly lady whose eyes were glittering with suspicion and whose face was set in lines of dreadful expectancy.

As her eyes fell on the lieutenant and the occupant of his arms her stare became fixed and glassy. Throwing back her head she opened her mouth cavernously and filled her lungs with air. It was a spectacle of dire import. A breathless hush—the calm before the storm—hovered over the scene in anticipation of the vocal cataclysm which the full lungs and the open mouth presaged. Miss Ames, who stood behind her, gazed at her in fascinated horror.

A hand stole out from behind the tapestry and clamped itself firmly over her mouth. An arm encircled her waist. With almost miraculous speed she was whisked back into the room from which she had emerged. Her captor dropped her on a couch, snatched a pair of gloves from his pocket, thrust them between her jaws and tied them securely in place with a generous napkin. He produced other napkins from his pockets. With them her wrists were fastened together and her ankles made fast to one leg of the couch.

"There," said he, drawing a deep breath and smiling into his victim's wild eyes, "that's done! Now we can have a nice comfortable chat."

He listened for a moment to hurrying footsteps in the hall, on the staircase and in the rooms overhead. Then he drew a chair opposite his captive, seated himself in it and eyed her thoughtfully.

"I assume," said he slowly, "that you are blaming this occurrence on the inherent hellishness of the human race. To you, no doubt, it seems like a foul and dastardly deed, planned to thwart the righteous teachings of years and to encourage the willful folly of an infatuated girl."

His captive's eyes flashed fire. Her head nodded violently and her feet stamped on the floor in impotent rage.

"Quite so," continued her questioner serenely. "I understand your feelings perfectly. You are, however, in error. You are a perfect type of the reckless and fanatical reformer who, in order to attain his own ends, is willing to drag down himself and everyone who stands near him to a welter of ruin and desolation. Your present ignominious position is merely a protest against your effort to alter life's vital courses and forcibly set up your own warped and infinitesimal opinions in place of those held by mankind as a whole. There are too many of you in the world to-day. You haven't the vision of dreamers, who are content to forge slowly but surely toward their ideals; you must plunge wildly at your objective, careless of the hearts you bruise beneath your boot heels in your mad career."

His captive squirmed and squirmed again. The features which the enshrouding napkin revealed were contorted with anger.

"Who are you," he continued, disregarding her agitation, "to toy with love? What do you know of the tender but consuming passion that drives strong men to commit insane acts that even a schoolboy would view with alarm, and that surrounds healthy hearts with aching voids that all the balm of Gilead cannot soothe? Nothing, surely; or else you would never have attempted to keep it from your nieces' hearts. Better try to empty the ocean with a spoon than to control love."

He paused and gazed fixedly at the ceiling. Footsteps still sounded overhead—hurried footsteps, footsteps eloquent of excitement. He listened carefully with inclined head.

Dissatisfied, he rose to his feet and listened at the door to the hall. Still dissatisfied, he crossed to the sliding doors that shut off the dining room from the room in which he was. Here his listening brought better results. After a moment he cautiously parted the doors a fraction of an inch and peered through the aperture.

What he saw caused him to glance back doubtfully at his captive. Noting that her position was such that the doorway was not within her line of vision, he opened the doors, passed between them and carefully closed them behind him.

He turned, to find himself confronted by a revolver in the hands of a grim-looking figure on the opposite side of the dining-room table.

"If I were you, Burns," said he, "I'd put back that silver. It's not worth the risk."

Burns laughed shortly. "I don't see any risk," said he. "What risk are you talking about?"

"The risk of being caught and sent up the river for five years—unless this is your second or third offense. In that case you'd probably get ten years."

"Not a chance!" sneered Burns. "Did you think I was deaf this morning? I know that you're Slim Keegan, and that the bulls have had their eyes on you ever since you got out of Sing Sing. Burgess and Corcoran know you're out here. If anything is missed, you're the goat!"

"Ah; I see!"

"That's fortunate. If you didn't see I might have to feed you a few pills out of this 38-caliber pill box—and I'd just as soon do it, too; because I'd only have to say that I caught you looting the house and shot to protect myself."

"If I agree to keep my mouth shut will you split with me?"

"Not so that you could notice it! This is my own little job; and it's as safe as taking a nursing bottle from a child. If anything happens to me or the silver you're the one that gets blamed; so I'm not worried about you, and I won't give you a look-in. On your way, Keegan! They'll be on your trail in a couple of hours."

Keegan's eyes suddenly opened wide and fixed themselves on a point beyond Burns' left shoulder. "Not yet, officer!" he called excitedly.

With a smothered exclamation Burns wheeled to his left, revolver ready at his hip.

Over the dining-room table dove Keegan. One arm caught Burns round the waist, his other hand closed on the wrist of the hand that held the revolver. The two men struck the sideboard with a crash, Burns underneath. The revolver spun across the floor and brought up with a thud against the wall. Keegan crawled to his feet and examined the prostrate Burns. Then he abstracted a number of napkins from the

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sideboard, carefully trussed him up and rolled him out of sight under the table.

"I think," he murmured, "that Mr. Burns won't disturb anyone for some time to come." Putting the furniture to rights he returned again to Aunt Ellen.

As he resumed his seat there was a commotion and a scurrying on the staircase and in the hall. The front door opened, voices called out in farewell, a motor whirred, the front door slammed.

"Well," he remarked, "there goes Mary, driven into a runaway match with some young rascal she has never seen but twice in her life; and all because you never gave her a chance to meet the hundreds of nice young men she should have met. If you had done your duty toward her she probably would have married some boy whose family you have known all your life. As it is, she has married into a family that you will be meeting piecemeal for the next five years. Think of the uncertainty of the thing! No matter how nice they ultimately prove to be, your existence will be a torment, because you will expect each new relative you meet to be a horrible specimen.

"I can see from the expression of your eyes that you doubt my statements. You consider me an impudent meddler. You feel that you know far more than I concerning love and matrimony and your nieces. You are wrong; and I will prove it to you."

Stepping toward the door to the hall he opened it and looked out. Miss Ames, pitifully small in the gloom of the dusky hallway, leaned disconsolately against the newel post, handkerchief to her eyes.

"Miss Ames!" he called; "may I trouble you for a moment?"

The girl raised her head. At the sight of her pale, grief-stricken face he would have gone to her, but she passed him without a glance. When she saw her aunt she would have unloosed her had he not prevented it.

"Will you be kind enough, Miss Ames," said he, "to tell your aunt who I am?"

"Gladly!" she declared. "Aunt Ellen, this is Mr. Slim Keegan, who has served two years in Sing Sing prison for robbery. He has no moral sense and he is quite devoid of gentlemanly instincts."

He stared at her in surprise. "That description is a bit strong," he declared. "At the same time, Aunt Ellen, it shows you with sufficient clearness that I am rather a low creature, from her standpoint. Yet her opportunities for knowing young men have been so limited, thanks to your endeavors, that she has actually been on the verge of falling in love with me—a man she knows to have served a jail sentence for theft."

"How dare you!" cried Miss Ames, stamping her foot in rage. "I hate you! I despise you!"

He was frankly puzzled. "I don't quite understand," said he.

"Oh, please don't pretend!" she expostulated. "Before the lieutenant came I felt that I could trust you with anything. Like a romantic little fool, I left my pearls on the dining-room table, so that when I came back and found them there I could say 'See! He is above temptation!'"

He smiled sadly. "And now," said he, "the pearls are gone, are they?"

"Please, please don't!" she entreated. "You are playing with me; and I can't bear it!"

He turned again to Aunt Ellen. "You see, my dear madam," said he, "I was correct. Your niece actually was on the verge of falling in love with me. Before I remove your gag and lose all vocal privileges hereabouts I wish to make one final suggestion to you: Send your niece into society; let her meet men. Then she will have an opportunity to know her own heart. If you don't you'll have more to answer for than a stolen string of pearls. She might even marry a food hoarder—or a pacifist!"

Before Aunt Ellen could reply to this suggestion by making faces the door opened and Police Commissioner Burgess entered, followed by Inspector Corcoran.

"Pardon our unceremonious entrance," said the commissioner, "but I have been a little nervous over Geraldine's proposed escapade all day. I called you up some time ago, but found the wires had been damaged; so I decided to come out in the car. Corcoran, untie Miss Judson at once. Geraldine, my dear, I couldn't help hearing something about a stolen string of pearls. Have your pearls been stolen?"

Miss Ames' hand went to her throat. "No, no!" she whispered. "That is—I think not—I hope ——"

"So they have been stolen!" exclaimed the commissioner triumphantly. "Who stole them? Slim Keegan?"

"No!" cried Miss Ames firmly. "Never!"

"I'm glad to hear that," said the commissioner. "Where is he, by the way? And who is this young man?"

"Yes! Where's Keegan?" echoed Corcoran, pausing in his task of bringing back circulation to the arms of the still silent Aunt Ellen.

This, however, proved too much for her. "You fools!" she croaked. "This man is Keegan! Arrest him and hang him, as he deserves." She leveled an accusing forefinger at her captor.

Corcoran laughed raucously. "He's no more Keegan than I am the Kaiser!" said he.

"Aren't—aren't you Keegan?" asked Miss Ames, staring up into his face.

"Since you ask me now for the first time," said he, "I am perfectly willing to tell you that I am Capt. Paul Donaldson of the 393d Infantry. When Corcoran pointed out Keegan to you, you must have looked at the wrong man."

"But your uniform," protested Aunt Ellen sourly. "Where is it? And I know you took Geraldine's pearls!"

The captain sighed hopelessly. "My uniform is at my hotel," he replied. "We sail in the morning; and to-night a few of us had planned to dine at Sherry's. Farewell dinners and the United States uniform frequently are incompatible. As for Miss Ames' pearls, I think they may be under the dining-room table—in Mr. Burns' pocket."

There was a general movement toward the dining room. With fascinated eyes Aunt Ellen watched Corcoran and the commissioner remove Burns from beneath the table.

Captain Donaldson caught up Miss Ames' hands and drew her into the hall. "Golden moments mustn't be wasted," said he. "When we were in the automobile I told you I didn't know whether or not I believed in love at first sight. I know now that I do believe in it—with all my heart. A few minutes ago you protected me, even though you thought I had taken your pearls. Why did you do it?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

He clasped her hands more tightly. "Only the truth between us, my dear," he urged. "I love you—and I sail to-morrow. Tell me!"

Her face crimsoned as her eyes met his. "I thought you knew," she murmured. "You told Aunt Ellen that I was on the verge of falling in love with you."

"And have you?" he persisted, drawing her closer to him.

"Haven't you any pity?" she cried breathlessly, hiding her face against his coat. "I am ashamed to say such things!"

He pressed her hands to his lips. "Will you say them when I come back, my dear?" he asked.

"I'll say anything you want me to say," she whispered, raising tear-dimmed eyes.

A loud cough broke the stillness of the hall. Miss Ames, looking up and seeing her aunt, the commissioner and Inspector Corcoran, tore herself from the captain's arms.

"If you feel that way about it," said Aunt Ellen fretfully, "why don't you get married? I suppose the captain's as good as any of them, though he needn't take that as a compliment."

The captain drew a deep breath. "God bless you, Aunty," said he. "Commissioner, will you allow Inspector Corcoran to run us all over to the nearest parsonage? I believe that Burns is having the afternoon off."

Corcoran, swinging the string of pearls on a massive forefinger, scratched his jaw thoughtfully. "Well, commissioner," he finally ventured, "your young friend certainly struck someone to do this job in the way she wanted it done."

"How was that, Corcoran?" asked the commissioner.

"With neatness and dispatch," replied Corcoran hoarsely.

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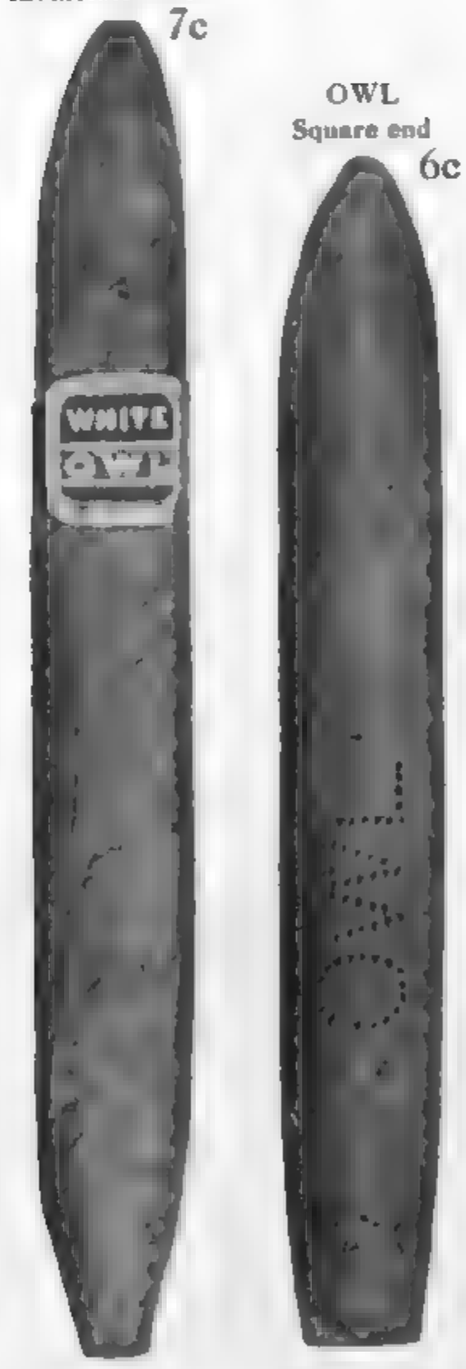

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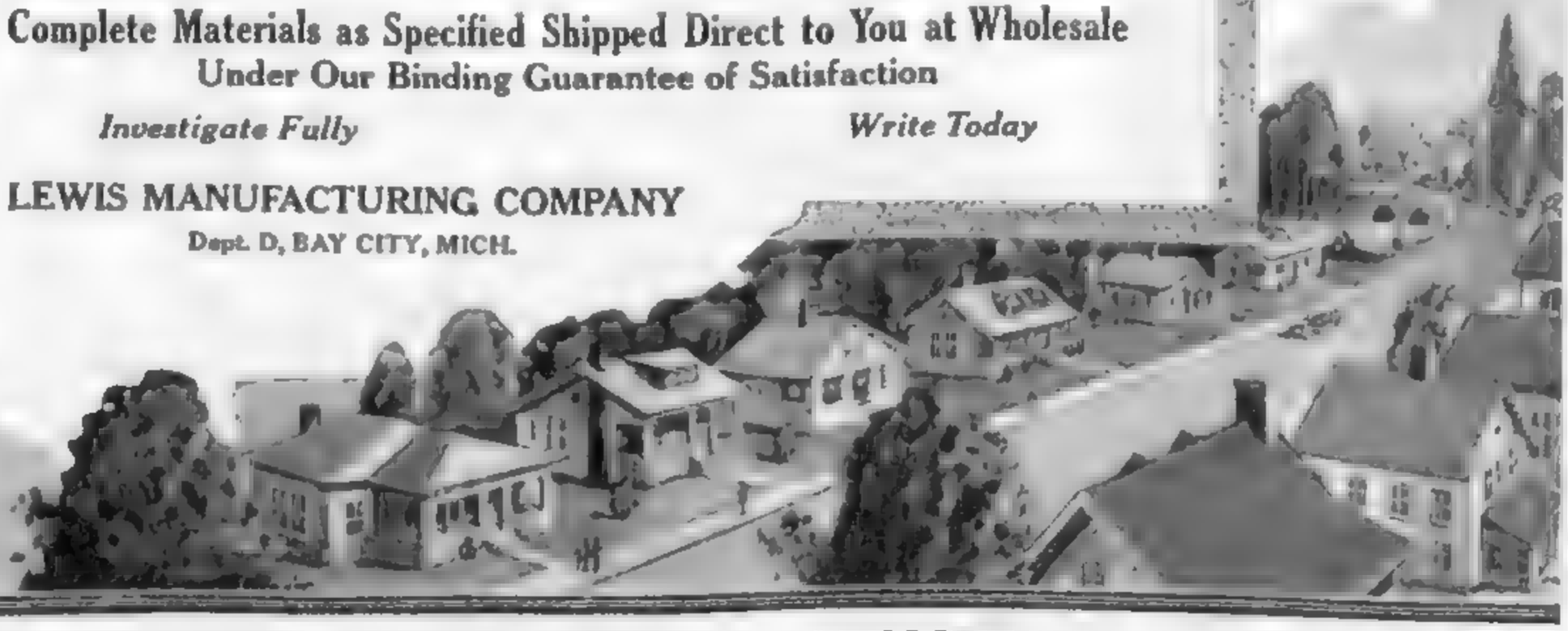

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 26)

She drove straight through my pretense. "Not dead? Oh, Mr. Bayne, not dead?"

"Yes," I said gently. "He had been dead some time. I would have liked to take my chances with him, but I came too late. No, please!"—for she had moved forward and I was barring her passage. "You mustn't go. You can't help him—and you wouldn't like the sight."

How black her eyes were in her white face! "I don't understand," she faltered. "You mean that he was murdered? But who could have killed Georges?"

"The men who came last night—if you can call them men. At least, appearances point that way," I said.

"The men in the gray car?" She swayed a little. "But why?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that." My tone was grim; there were so many things about this matter that I couldn't tell!

Her eyes flashed for an instant. "But how cowardly, how cruel! He never hurt anyone; he was just like a good watchdog, the truest, most faithful soul! If they killed him they did it for some deliberate purpose. And when I think that I brought him here—oh, oh, Mr. Bayne ——"

"Yes," I broke in hastily, "I should like to see them boil in oil, or fry on gridirons, or something of the sort, myself. But this is very serious; we must keep calm, Miss Falconer. And I know you are going to help me—you have such splendid self-control."

Though there were sobs in her throat she pressed her hands to her lips and stifled them. Only her pallor and her wet lashes showed the horror and grief she felt. I wanted desperately to comfort her, but there was no time for it; and besides, who ever heard of a comforter at five A. M., in a kitchen garden, in a leather coat?

"What I wanted to speak about," I went on rapidly, "was our plans. This may prove a rather nasty mess, I'm sorry to say. The French police, you know, are—well, they're capable and very thorough; and since you are here at the scene of a murder in an *infirmière's* costume they will never rest till they have seen your papers, learned your errand, asked you a hundred things. Unless your replies are absolutely satisfactory the whole business will be—er—awkward for you. That is why I put these togs on—yes, I know it is ghastly," as she shuddered. "And that is why I want to beg you, very seriously indeed, to let me drive you back to Paris and put you under your friends' protection—after which, of course, I'll return here to see the thing through and give my testimony about it all."

It was not going to be so simple, the course I had outlined airily. When I visioned myself explaining to a French *commissaire* why I had come to Bleau at all; why I had set up a false claim to be an artist—for that circumstance was sure to leak out and look darkly incriminating; and what had inspired me to take a murdered man's clothes and conceal his body—I can't pretend that I felt much zest. Still, if the police and the girl came together worse would follow, I was certain; and it seemed like a real catastrophe when she slowly shook her head.

"I can't," she murmured. "Oh, it's kind of you, and I'm sorry; but I can't go back to Paris—not yet, Mr. Bayne. You won't understand, of course, but I left there to—to accomplish something. And since poor Georges can't help me now I must go on—alone."

XVII

IF I LIVE to be a hundred—which is not improbable, since I am healthy—I shall never forget that little garden at the inn at Bleau. It was a vegetable garden, too, which is not in itself romantic. I recall vaguely that there were beds all about us, which in due time would doubtless be filled with rows of sprouting green objects—peas and artichokes, or beans and cabbages maybe; I don't know, I am sure. But then, there was the stream, running just outside the wall of masonry; there was the sky, flushing with that faint, very delicate, very lovely pink which a spring morning brings in France; there was the quaint building, wrapped in slumber, beside us; and in the air a silent, fragrant dimness, the promise of the dawn.

And then, there was the girl. I suppose that was the main thing. Not that I felt sentimental—I should have scouted the notion. If I meant to fall in love—which, I should have said, I had no idea of doing—I should certainly not begin the process among the turnips, in this unheard-of spot! No—it was simply that the whole business of caring for Miss Esmé Falconer had suddenly devolved upon my shoulders; and that instead of my feeling bored, or annoyed, or exasperated at the prospect, my spirits rose inexplicably to face the need.

Here, if ever, was the time for the questions I had planned last evening. But I didn't ask them; I knew now I should never ask them. In those few unforgetable moments—an eternity they had seemed—when I stood in the gallery and wondered whether or not she were living, my point of view had altered. I was through with suspecting her; I was prepared to laugh at evidence, however damning. As for the men in the gray car and their detailed accusations, I didn't give—well, a loud outcry in the infernal regions for them, to soften the phrase. I knew the standards of the land they served, and I had seen their work this morning. If they were French officers I would do France a service by going after them with a gun!

The girl had sunk down on the ancient bench beside me. Her eyes, wide and distressed, yet resolute, went to my heart. Not a figure, I thought again, for this atmosphere of intrigue and secrecy and danger. A girl rather, beautiful, brilliant, spirited, to be shielded from every jostle of existence; the sort of girl whom men hold it a test of manhood to protect from even the most passing discomfiture!

But time was moving apace. We must settle on something, and in short order. I spoke in the most matter-of-fact tones that I could summon—not, heaven knows, out of levity toward what had happened; just to try to lighten the grim business a degree or so, and keep us sane.

"I think, Miss Falconer," I began, standing before her, "that we have got to thresh this matter out at last. You think I've behaved unspeakably, trailing you everywhere, and I don't deny I have, according to your point of view. But the fact is I didn't follow you to annoy you; I'm a halfway decent fellow. You have simply got to trust me until I've seen you through this tangle. After that, if you like, you need never look at me again!"

Her troubled eyes rested on me, half bewildered.

"Why, I'd forgotten all that," she murmured. "I do trust you, Mr. Bayne. Of course I must have misunderstood you in some way last evening; and I'm afraid I was disagreeable ——"

"Naturally. You had to be. Now if that's all right and I'm forgiven, may I ask a question? About those men who arrived last night—and who killed your chauffeur, we're justified in assuming—can you guess who they are?"

"Yes," she faltered, looking down at the pebbled walk. "They must have been sent by the government, or the army, or the police. If the French knew what I was doing they wouldn't understand my motives; and I've been afraid from the first that they would learn!"

Another of my precious theories was going up in smoke. Not seeing why a set of bona-fide officers should gratuitously murder a chauffeur, I had been wondering if the quartet might not be impostors, tricked out in uniforms to which they had no claim. Still, of course, I couldn't judge. If she would only confide in me! I was fairly aching to help her, yet how could I, in this blindfold way?

"I don't wish to be impertinent," I ventured at length meekly, "and I give you my word I'm not trying to find out anything you don't want me to. Only, assuming I've got some sense—in case you care to be so amiable—I'd like to put it at your service. Do you think you could give me just a vague outline of your plans?"

She looked at me in a piteous, uncertain manner. I braced myself for a "No." Then suddenly she seemed to decide to trust me—in sheer desperate loneliness, I dare say.

"I am going," she whispered, "to a village in the war zone—where there is a château. There are things in it—some papers; at least I believe there are. It is just a chance, just a forlorn hope; but it means all the world to certain people. I have to act in secret till I have succeeded—and

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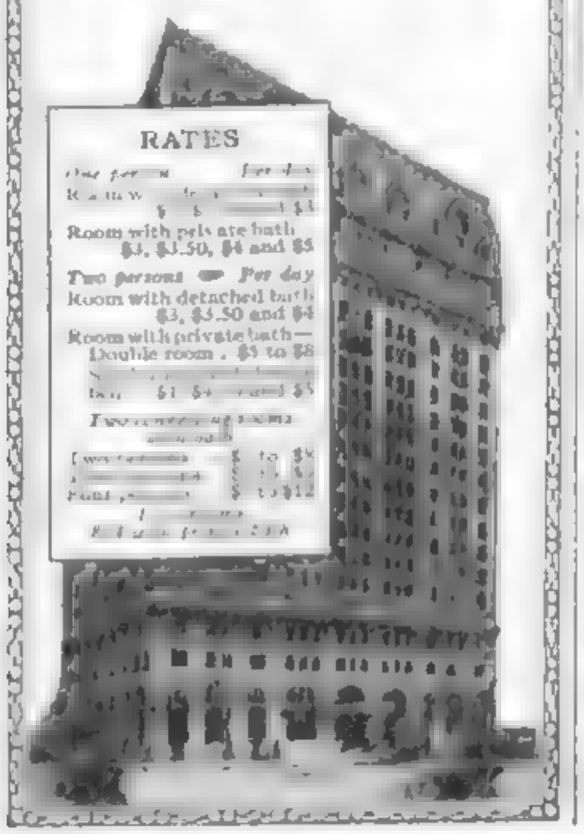
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then everyone in France, everyone on earth, may know all that I have done!"

If I had not burned my bridges this announcement might have worried me; it was too vague, and what little I grasped tallied startlingly with Van Blarcom's rigmarole. However, having vowed allegiance I didn't blink an eyelid.

"Yes," I said encouragingly. "Is it very far?"

Her eyes went past me anxiously, watching the inn and its blank windows, as she fumbled in her coat and brought forth a motor map.

"Take it," she breathed, thrusting it toward me. "Look at it. Do you see? The route in red!"

As I realized the astounding thing I choked down an exclamation. There, beneath my finger, lay the village of Bleau, a tiny dot; and from it, straight into the war zone, the traced line ran through Le Moreau and Croix-le-Valois and St. Remilly; ran to—what was the name? I spelled it out: P-r-e-z-e-l-a-y.

Though it was early in the game to be a wet blanket I found myself gasping.

"But," I protested weakly, "you can't do that! It's in the war country; it's forbidden territory! One has to have safe-conducts, *laissez-passers*, all sorts of documents—to get into that part of France!"

"I didn't come unprepared," she answered stubbornly. "Before I started I knew just what I should need. I can get as far as the hospital at Carrefonds; and Carrefonds is beyond Prezelay—ten miles nearer to the Front!"

"But ——"

The monosyllable was distinctly tactless. She straightened, challenging me with brave, defiant eyes.

"I know!" she flashed. "You mean it looks suspicious. Well, it does; and if I told you everything it would look more suspicious still! You shouldn't have followed me; when they learn we both spent the night here they will think you are my—my accomplice. The best advice I can give you, Mr. Bayne, is to go away!"

"Perhaps we had better," I agreed stolidly. I had deserved the outburst. "Shall we be off at once, before the servants come downstairs?"

She drew back, her eyes widening. "We?" she repeated.

"Naturally!" I replied with some temper. "I must have disgusted you last night! What sort of a miserable, spineless, cowardly, caddish travesty of a man do you take me for, to think I would let you go alone?"

"Please don't joke," she urged distressedly. "It simply isn't possible! You would get into trouble with the French Government, and ——"

"Do you know," I grinned, "it is rather exhilarating to snap one's fingers at governments? Just see what success I made of it with Great Britain and Italy on the ship!"

"You don't realize what you are laughing at," she pleaded. "It is dangerous ——"

"I won't disgrace you. I seldom tremble visibly, Miss Falconer, though I often shake inside."

Her great gray eyes were glowing mistily.

"Mr. Bayne, this is splendid of you. I—I shall go on more bravely because you have been so kind. But I won't let you make such a sacrifice or mix in a thing that others may think—disloyal, treacherous. You know how it looks. Why, on the steamer, and on the way up to France, and even last evening—you see I've guessed now why you followed me!—you didn't trust me yourself!"

"I know it," I confessed humbly. "I can't believe I was such an idiot. Somebody ought to perform a surgical operation on my brain. I apologize; I'm down in the dust; I feel like groveling. Won't you forgive me? You won't have to do it twice!"

This time it was she who said "But ——" and paused uncertainly. I could see she was wavering, and I massed my horse, foot and dragoons for the attack.

"You'll please consider me," I proclaimed firmly, "to be a tyrant. I am so much bigger than you are that you can't possibly drive me off. I don't mean to interfere, or to ask questions, or to bother you. But I vow I'm coming with you—if I cling to the running board!"

Her lashes fluttered as she racked her brains for new protests.

"The car is a French make," she urged—"which you couldn't drive ——"

"I can drive any car with four wheels!" I exclaimed vaingloriously. "It's kismet, Miss Falconer; it's the hand of Providence, no less! Now, we'll leave these notes in the *salle à manger* to pay for our lodging, which would have been dear at twopence, and be off, if you please, for Prezelay!"

She had yielded. We were standing side by side in the silence of the morning, the dimness fading round us, the air taking a golden tinge. My surroundings were plebeian; my costume was comic; yet I felt oddly uplifted.

"Jolly old garden, isn't it?" said I.

XVIII

TO PASS straight from a humdrum, comfortable, conventionally ordered life into a career of insane adventure is a step that is radical; but it can be exhilarating, and I proved the fact that day. To dwell on present danger was to forget the past hour in the garage—which I had to forget or begin gibbering.

Once committed to the adventure and away from the scene of the murder, I found a positive relief in facing the madness of the affair.

While the girl sat silent and listless, blotted against the cushions, rousing from her thoughts only to indicate the turns of the road, I had time for cogitation; and I began to feel like a man who has drunk freely of champagne. Hitherto I had been a law-abiding citizen. Now I had kicked over the traces. Like the distinguished fraternity that includes Raffles and Arsène Lupin, I should be "wanted" by the police—those good-natured, deferential beings so given to saluting and grinning—with whom, save for occasional episodes not unconnected with the speed laws—Dunny says libelously that my progress in an automobile resembles a fabulous monster, with a flying car for the head, a cloud of smoke and gasoline for the body, and a cohort of incensed motorcycle men for the tail—I had lived on the most cordial terms.

Whether they would accuse me of murder or espionage I was not certain. There were pegs enough, undeniably, on which to hang either charge. Myself, I rather inclined to the latter; the case was so clear, so detailed! My rush from Paris to Bleau—no doubt that I might at an unostentatious spot join forces with my confederate, Miss Falconer, whom I had been meeting at intervals ever since we left New York in company—my behavior there, and the fashion in which we were vanishing should suffice to doom me, in themselves!

When the French began tracing my movements, when they joined my present activities to the fact that only by the skin of my teeth had I escaped a charge of bringing German papers into Italy, there would be the devil to pay! I acknowledged it; then—really, this brand-new, unfounded, cast-iron trust of mine in Miss Falconer was changing me beyond recognition - I recalled the old recipe for the preparation of Welsh rabbit, and light-heartedly challenged the authorities to catch me first. I had a disguise; if I bore any superior earmarks my leather coat obliterated them; and I could drive—even Dario Resta could not have sniffed at my technic! Better still, my French, learned even before my English, would not betray me. As nurse and *mécanicien*, we stood a fair chance in our masquerade.

I might have to pay my shot, but I was enjoying it. This was a good world through which we were speeding; life was in the high gear to-day! The car purred beneath us like a splendid harnessed tiger; the spring air was fresh and fragrant, the country charming—with here a forest, there a valley, farther off the tiled, colored roofs of some little town. Our road, like a white ribbon, wound itself out endlessly between stone walls or green fields or plots which with the coming of summer would sprout forth into quaint neat strips of rye and cabbages, fruit and grain. I liked these carefully planned, lovingly tended holdings of the French peasant. In my content I forgot food and such prosaic details till I noticed that the girl looked pale.

"I say," I exclaimed remorsefully, "we've been omitting rolls and coffee! I'm going to get you some at the first town we pass."

"We are coming to a town now—to Le Moreau." She was looking anxious.

"Yes? I'm afraid I don't place it exactly. Ought I to?"

"It is the first town in the war zone. And—and our road passes through it."

"Oh!" I was enlightened. "Then they will probably ask to see our papers at the *octroi*?"

"Yes."

The car was eating up the smooth white road; I could see the little *octroi* building at the town outskirts, and a group of gendarmes in readiness close by. It was a critical moment. Miss Falconer, I recalled, had said she could get through to Carrefonds; but glittering generalities were not likely to convince these sentries; one needed safe-conducts, passes, identity cards and such concrete aids. She couldn't give a reasonable account of herself, I felt quite certain; and even if she did, how was she to account for me?

As I brought the car to a standstill my conscience clamored, and my costume seemed to shriek incongruity from every seam. In this dilemma I trusted to sheer blind luck—which is rather thrilling. As a gray-headed sergeant stepped forward to welcome us I looked him unfalteringly in the eye, though I wondered whether he would not say: "Monsieur, kindly remove that childish travesty with which you are trying to impose on justice! We know all about you. Your name is Devereux Bayne. You are a German agent and intriguer; you have smuggled papers; you have murdered a man and concealed his body. Unless you can give a satisfactory explanation of all your actions since leaving New York your last hour has arrived!"

What he really said was: "Mademoiselle's papers?" He spoke quite amiably—a catlike pretense, no doubt.

Miss Falconer was no longer looking anxious. Her hands were steady, she was even smiling as she produced two neat little packets, which on being unfolded proved to have all the air of permits, *laissez-passers* and police cards. Two nondescript photographs, which might have represented almost anyone, adorned them, and of these our sergeant made a perfunctory survey.

"Mademoiselle's name," he recited in a high singsong, "is Marie Le Clair. She is a nurse, on her way to the hospital at Carrefonds. And this is Jacques Carton, who is her chauffeur?"

A singularly stupid person, on the whole, he must have thought me—hardly fit to be trusted with so superb a car. My mouth, I fancy, was wide open; I can't swear that I wasn't popeyed. This last development had completely addled me. Marie Le Clair! Jacques Carton! Who were they?

"I wish," I remarked into the air as we drove on, "that someone would pinch me—hard."

She smiled faintly. Now it was over, she looked a little tremulous. "Oh, no," she answered, "we are not dreaming! Poor Georges—I wish we were!"

Such was the incredible beginning of our adventure. And as it began so it continued. We breakfasted at Le Moreau. Miss Falconer ate in the dining room of the small hotel; I sought the kitchen and, warmed by our late success, I did not shrink from playing my rôle. Then we resumed our journey, and though we showed our papers twenty times at least as the control grew stricter they were never challenged. I rubbed my eyes sometimes. Surely I should wake up presently! We couldn't be here in the forbidden region, in the war zone, plunging deeper every instant, in peril of our lives!

Yet the proof was thick about us. In the towns we passed we saw troops alight from the trains and enter them; we saw farewells and reunions—the latter sometimes tearful, but the former invariably brave. We saw *dépôts* where trucks and ambulances and commissary carts were filled, and canteens and soup kitchens where soldiers were being fed. At Croix-le-Valois we saw the air turn black with the smoke of the munition factories, that were working day and night. At St. Remilly, above the towers of the old château, we saw the Red Cross flying, and on the terraces the reclining figures of wounded men. It seemed impossible that sightseers and pleasure seekers had thronged along this road so lately. The signs of the Touring Club, posted at intervals, were survivals of an era that now was utterly gone.

With the afternoon the country grew still more beautiful. Apple orchards and woods were thick on either side of the road. The little thatched cottages had odd fungi sprouting from their roofs like rosy mushrooms; and the trees and streams had a silvery shimmer, like a Corot fairyland.

Then, set like signposts of desolation in this loveliness, came the ravaged villages. We were on the soil where in the first month of the war the Germans had trodden as conquerors, and where, step by step, the

(Continued on Page 81)

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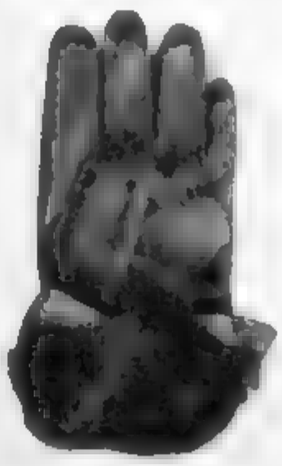

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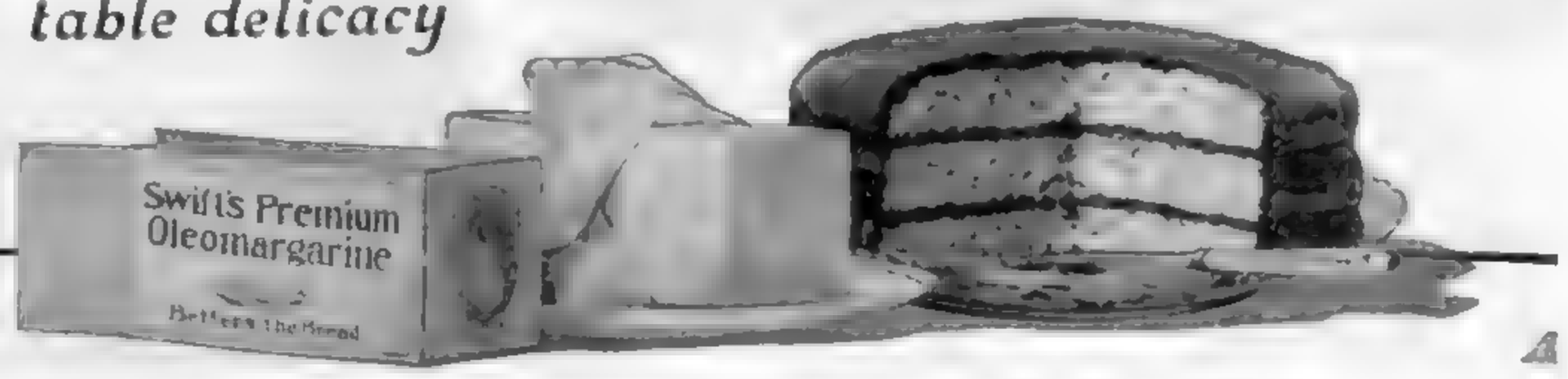

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(Continued from Page 78)

French had driven them back. We passed Cormizy, burned to the ground to celebrate its taking; Le Remy, where the heroic mayor had died, transfixed by twenty bayonets; Bar-Villers, a group of ruined houses about a mourning, shattered church. It was the region where the Hun triumph had spoken aloud, unbridled. Miss Falconer sat white and silent as we drove through it; my hands tightened on the wheel.

We had lunched at Tolbiac, late and abominably. Then leaving the highway we had taken a country road. Two punctures befell us; once our carburetor betrayed the trust we placed in it. By the time these deficiencies were remedied I had collected dust and grease enough to look my part.

It had been, by and large, a singularly speechless day, which my spasmodic efforts at entertainment had failed to cheer. The girl tried to respond, but her eyes were strained, eager, shadowed; her answers came at random. My talk, I suppose, teased her ears like the troublesome buzzing of a fly.

"She is thinking," I decided at last, "about those papers. Lord, if she doesn't find them she is going to take it hard!"

I left her in peace after that, and drove the faster. Luck was with us! At the end of our journey everything would be all right!

As evening settled down on us the road grew increasingly lonely. Woods of oak trees were about us, their trunks mossy, their branches lacing; on our left was a narrow river dotted with smooth green stones. So rutty was the earth our wheels sank into it and our engine labored. There was a charming sylvan look about the scenery; we seemed to be alone in the universe—I could not recall when we had last seen a peasant or passed a hut.

Suddenly I realized that there was a sound in the distance, not continuous but steadily recurrent—a faint booming, I thought.

"What's that noise off yonder?" I asked, with one ear cocked toward the east.

Miss Falconer roused herself.

"It is the cannonading," she answered. "We have come a long way, Mr. Bayne. In two hours—in less than that—we could drive to the Front. And see!"

The dark was coming fast; a crimson sunset was reddening the river. On the opposite bank a little below us I saw what had been a village once upon a time. But some agency of destruction had done its work there; blackened spaces and heaped stones and the shells of dwellings rose tier on tier among trees that seemed trying to hide them; only on the crest of the bank, overlooking the wreck like a gloomy sentinel, one building loomed intact—a dark, scarred, frowning castle with medieval walls and towers.

I stared at the scene of desolation. "The Germans again!" I said.

"Yes," the girl assented, gazing across the water. "They came here at the beginning of the war. They burned the houses and the huts and the little church with the image of the Virgin and the tomb of the old Constable—all Prezelay except the château; and they only left that standing to give their officers a home!"

With an automatic action of feet and fingers I stopped the car. Here was the town she had shown me on the map that morning, when we sat like a pair of whispering conspirators in the garden of the Three Kings! The obstacles which had seemed so great had melted away before us. This ruined village—this heap of stones across the river—was our goal, the key to our mystery, the last scene of our drama: Prezelay.

XIX

IN THE midst of my triumph—which was as intense as if I myself, instead of pure luck, had engineered our journey—I became aware of a tiny qualm as I sat gazing across the stream. Perhaps the gathering night affected me, or the air, which was growing chilly, or the remnants of the village, which were cheerless, to say the least. But that castle, perched so darkly on its crag, with a strip of blood-red sky framing it, was at the heart of my feeling. If it had been a nice, worldly looking, well-kept château now, with poplared walks and a formal garden, I should have welcomed it with open arms; but it wasn't, decidedly! It was the threatening, age-blackened sort of place that inevitably suggests Fulc of Anjou, strongholds on the Loire, marauding barons and the good old days, with their concomitants of rapine and robbery and death!

It was picturesque, but it was intensely gloomy; the proper spot for a catastrophe, rather than a happy dénouement, to occur. I was not impressionable, of course; but now I thought of it, our jaunt had been going with a smoothness almost ominous. Could one expect such clocklike regularity to run forever without a break?

Take the utter disappearance of the gray car, for instance. That had seemed to me reassuring; but was it, on the whole? Those four men had cared enough about Miss Falconer's movements to involve themselves in a murder. Why, then, should they have so suddenly given up the chase?

And the girl herself! When I looked at her I felt horribly worried. She was shivering through her furs; yet not with the cold, I felt quite sure. With her hands clasped she sat staring at that confounded castle with a look of actual hunger. She cared too much about this thing; she couldn't stand a great deal more!

Well, she wouldn't have to, I concluded, my brief misgivings fading. We were out of the woods; another hour would see the business closed. As for the men in the car, they were victims of their guilty consciences—were no doubt in full flight or hiding somewhere in terror of the law!

At any rate, there was no point in my sitting here like a graven image, so I roused myself and wrapped the rugs closer about the girl.

"I'm to drive to the château?" I inquired with recovered cheerfulness. I had to repeat the words before they broke her trance.

"Yes," she answered. Suddenly, impulsively, she turned toward me, her face almost feverish, her eyes astonishingly large and bright. "I haven't told you much," she acknowledged tremulously, "but you won't think that I don't trust you! It is only that I couldn't talk of it and keep my courage; and I must keep it a little longer—until we know the truth!"

"That's quite all right, Miss Falconer."

I was switching on the lamps. Then I extinguished them—their clear glare seemed almost weirdly out of place.

"We can muddle along without any lights—not much traffic here," I muttered. I had a feeling, anyhow, that unostentatiousness of approach might not be bad.

There was intense silence about us; not even a breeze was stirring. A thin crescent moon was out, silvering the river and the trees. The road was atrocious; on one dark stretch the car rocking into a rut jolted us viciously and brought my teeth together on my tongue tip. "Sorry," I gasped, between humiliation and pain.

What with the silence and the dimness we were like ghosts, the car like a phantom. An old stone bridge seemed to beckon us, and we crossed to the other side. There, at Miss Falconer's gesture, I drew the automobile off the road at the edge of the town, halted it beneath some trees and helped her to alight from it. We started up the hill together without a word.

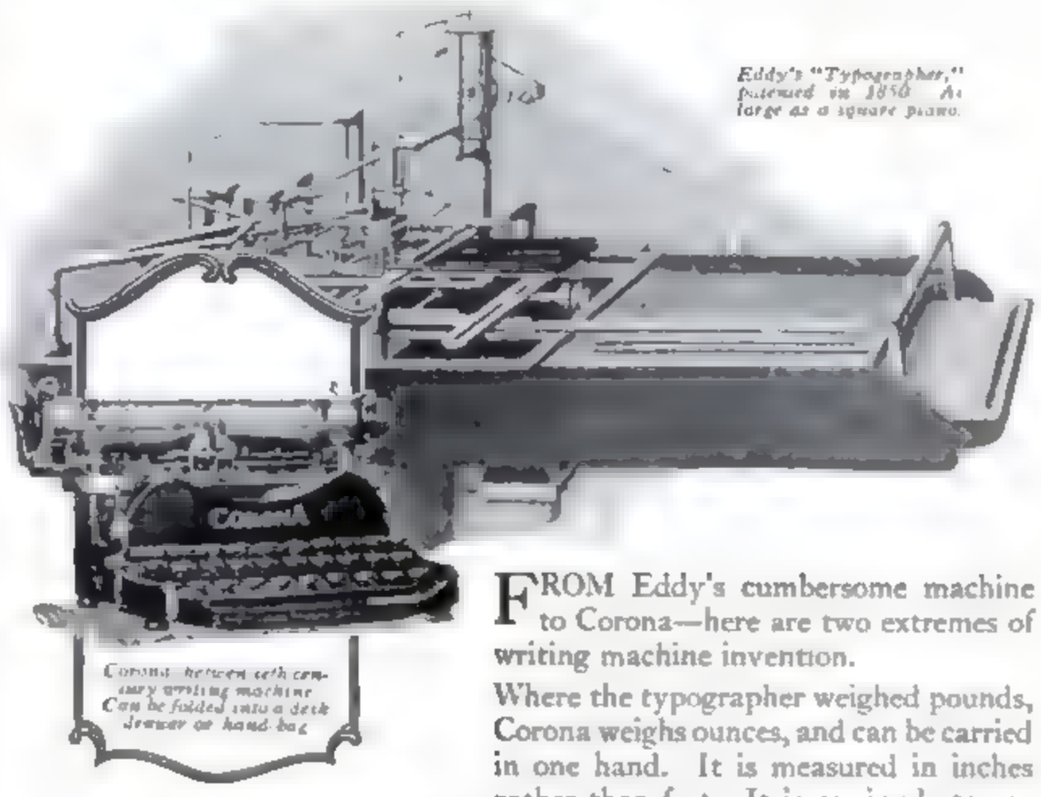
Two ghosts! More and more, as we climbed through the wreck and desolation, that was what we seemed. The road was choked with stones and débris; there was nothing left of the little church save a single pointed shaft. We climbed rapidly, the girl always gazing up at the castle with that same feverish eagerness. She had forgotten, I think, that I was there.

At last we were coming to the hilltop and the château. Rather breathless I studied its looming walls, its turrets, its three round towers. It looked dark and inexplicably menacing, but I had recovered my form and could defy it. When we halted at a great, iron-studded oak gate and Miss Falconer pulled the bell rope I was astonished—it had not occurred to me that the castle would be more inhabited than the town.

Nor was it apparently, for no one answered the summons though I could hear the bell jingling faintly somewhere within. Miss Falconer rang a second time, then a third; her face shone white in the moonlight; she was growing anxious.

"Did you think," I ventured finally, "that there was someone here?"

"Yes; Marie-Jeanne," she answered, listening intently. Then she roused herself. "I mean the *gardienne*. She never left, even when the Germans came—they made her cook for them; she said she had been born in the keeper's lodge, and her grandfather before her, and that she would rather die at Prezelay than go to any other place.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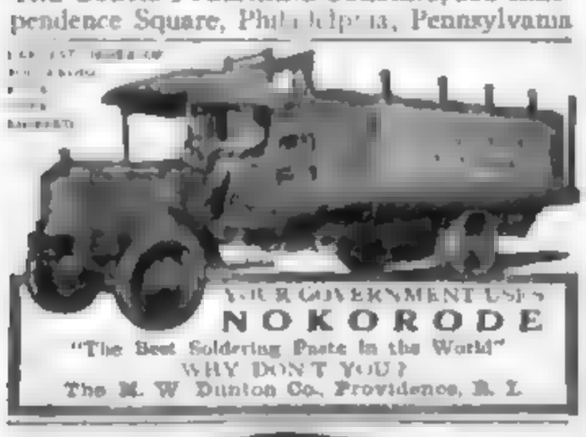

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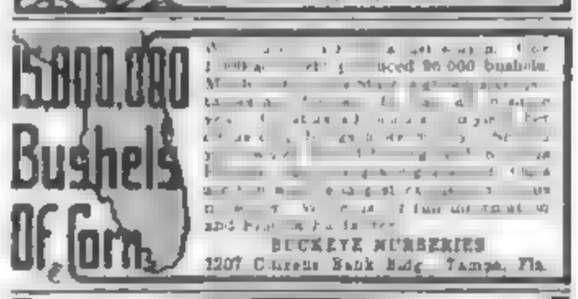

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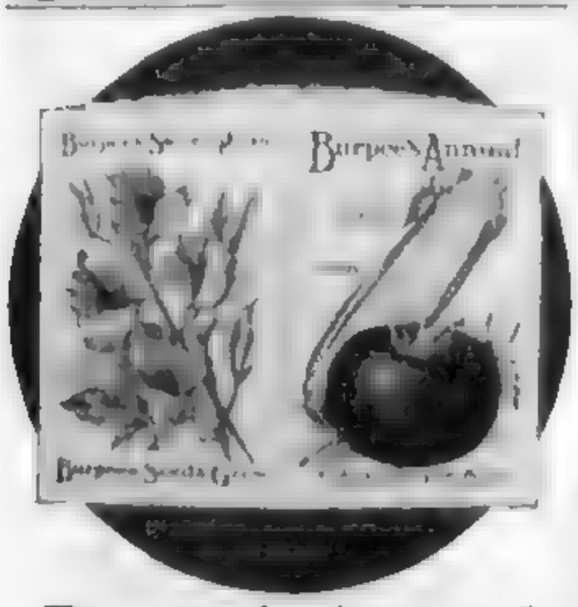

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But of course she may have walked down the river for the evening. Her son's wife is at Santierre, two miles off. She may be there ——"

"That's it," I agreed hastily, the more hastily because I doubted. "She's sitting over a fire, toasting her toes and gossiping, and having a cup of tea or whatever people like that use for an equivalent in these parts!" I suppressed the unwelcome thought that a woman living here alone ran a first-rate chance of getting her throat cut by strolling vagrants. "Shall we have to wait until she comes back?" I asked. "Then let's sit down. I choose this stone!"

On my last word, however, something surprising happened. Miss Falconer in her impatience put a hand on the bolt of the gate, shook it and raised it—and, lo and behold, the oak frame swung open beneath our eyes! Before I quite realized the situation we were inside, in a square courtyard, with the *gardienne's* lodge at the right of us, impenetrably barred and shuttered, and before us the portal of the castle, surmounted with quaint stone carvings of men in armor riding prancing steeds. The court, as revealed by the moonlight, was intact but neglected. Weeds were sprouting between the square blocks of stone that paved it, and in the center a wide circular space, charred and blackened, showed where the German sentries had built their fires. It was not cheerful, nor was it homy. I scarcely blamed Marie-Jeanne for flitting. The faint sound of the cannonading had begun again in the distance, but otherwise the place was as silent as a tomb.

"It seems strange!" Miss Falconer murmured, looking about in puzzled fashion. "Why in the world should she have left the gate open in this careless way? Of course there is nothing here for thieves—the Germans saw to that; but still, as keeper —— Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It saves us from waiting till she comes home!"

As I followed her toward the castle entrance she opened the bag she carried and produced a candle, which I hastened to take and light. I nearly said "The latest thing in the housebreaking line, madam, is electric torches, not tapers," but decided not to. After all, perhaps we were housebreakers! How could I tell?

Hot candle wax splashed my fingers and scorched them, but I scarcely noticed. My sense of high-gear adventure had reached its zenith now. There was something thrilling, something stimulating in this stealthy night entrance into a deserted castle! It was an experience, at all events—no *concierge* to stump before one through dim passages and up winding staircases; no flood of dates and names and anecdotes poured inexorably into one's bored ears, to insure a *douceur* when the tour of the château should be done!

The door—faithless Marie-Jeanne!—opened as readily as the outer gate. We were entering. I glimpsed, in a dim vista, a superb Gothic hall of magnificent architecture and most imposing proportions, arched and carved, and stretching off with apparent endlessness into the gloom. Holding up my light I scanned the place with growing interest. It had not been demolished, but neither had it been spared. The furniture was gone, save for a few scattered chairs and a table; the walls were defaced with cartoons and scrawled inscriptions; the floor was stained, and littered with empty bottles and broken plates. From the chimney place—a medieval-art jewel topped with carved and colored enamels—pieces had been hacked away by some deliberately destructive hand. I glanced at Miss Falconer, whose eyes had been following mine.

"They tore down the tapestries," she said almost in a whisper. "They slashed the old portraits with their swords, and broke the windows, and took away the statues and candlesticks and plate. They cut up the furniture and had it used for firewood; and the German captain and his officers had a feast here, and drank to the fall of Paris, and ordered their soldiers to burn the village to the ground! Oh, I don't like the place any more; too much has happened. And—and I don't like Marie-Jeanne's not being here, Mr. Bayne. I feel as if there were something wrong about it. I believe I am a little—just a little afraid!"

"Come now, you don't expect me to believe that, do you?" I countered promptly. "Because I won't. Why, it's your pluck that has kept me up all day! Just the same, on general principles I'll take a look round if you'll allow me. Here's a chair, and if you will rest a minute I'll guarantee to find out ——"

The chair I mentioned was standing near the chimney, and as I spoke I walked over to it and started to spin it round. It resisted me heavily; I bent over it, lifting my candle. Then I uttered an ejaculation, stood petrified and stared.

In the chair, concealed from us until now by the high carved back of wood, was what at first looked like a huddled mass of garments, but which on closer scrutiny resolved itself into a woman in a striped dress, an apron and a pair of heavy shoes. There was a cut on her cheek, a bruise on her forehead. Locks of graying hair straggled from beneath her disarranged white cap, and she glared at me from a lean, sallow face with a pair of terrified eyes.

She must be dead, I thought. No living woman could sit so still and stare so wildly. The scene in the inn garage rushed back upon me, and I must say that my blood turned cold. But she was alive, I saw now; she was certainly breathing! And an instant later I realized why she stayed so immobile—she was bound hand and foot to the chair she sat in, and a colored handkerchief, her own, doubtless, had been twisted across her mouth to form a gag.

"I think," I heard myself saying, "that we have been maligning Marie-Jeanne!"

A choked, frightened cry from Miss Falconer made me wheel about sharply, to find her staring not at me but at the farther wall. Prepared now for anything under heaven, I followed her gaze. Above us, circling the whole hall, there ran a gallery from which, at a distance of some fifteen feet from where we stood, a wide stone staircase descended; and halfway down this, as motionless as statues, as indistinct as shadows, I saw four men in the uniform of officers of France!

For an uncanny moment I wondered whether or not they were specters. For a stupid one I thought they might be people whom the girl had come here to meet. Still, if they were she wouldn't be looking at them in this paralyzed fashion! I could not see them plainly—but they must be the men from Bleau.

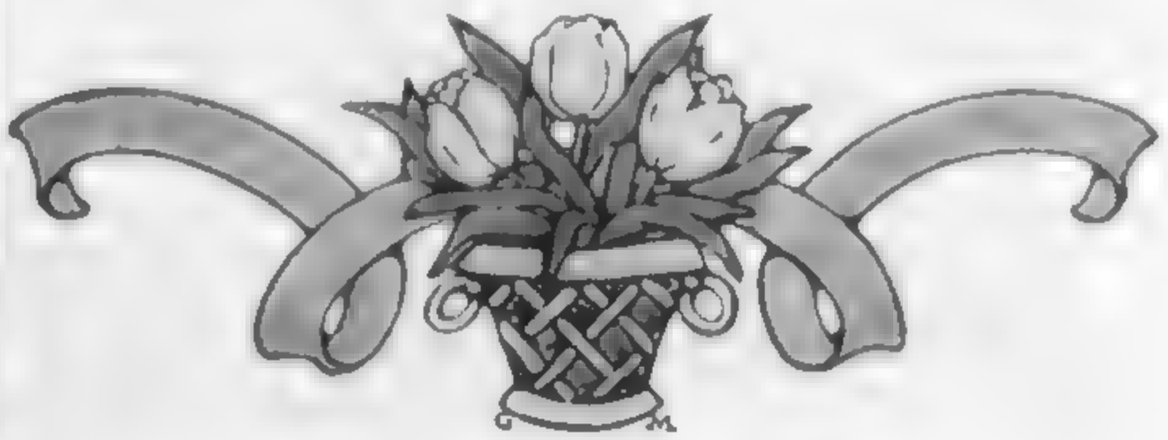
"Well, Mr. Bayne," the foremost was asking, "did you think we had deserted you? Not a bit of it! We came on ahead and rang up the old woman there and commandeered her keys. We've been killing time here for a good half hour, waiting for you. You must have had tire trouble! And you don't seem very pleased to see us now that you've come, eh—what?"

At Bleau the previous night, I was recalling dazedly, there had been only three men wearing the horizon blue. Who was this fourth figure, who knew my name and who spoke such colloquial English? I raised my candle as high as possible and scanned him. Then I stood transfixed.

"Van Blarcom!" I gasped. "And in a uniform, by all that's holy!"

He grinned. "No. You haven't got that quite right," he told me. "What's the use keeping up the game, now that we're here, all friends together? My name isn't Van Blarcom. It's Franz von Blenheim, Mr. Bayne."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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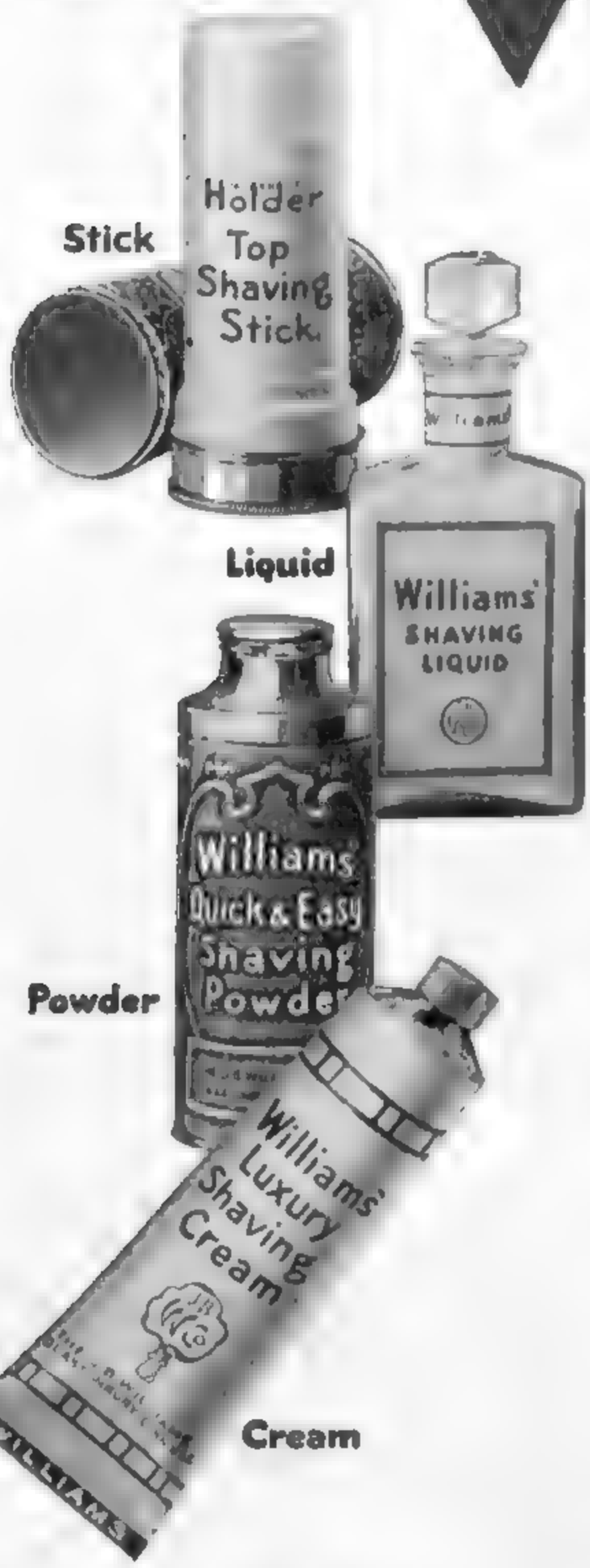

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

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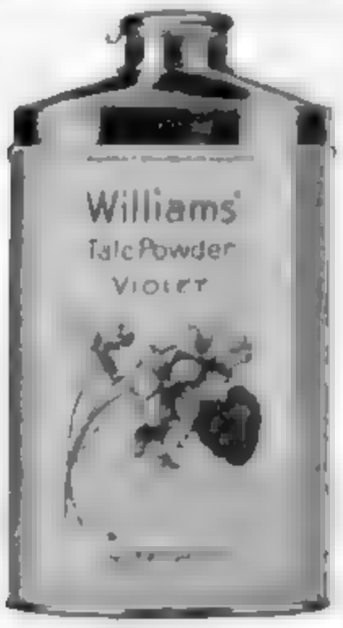
After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



Williams'
PATENTED Holder Top

The Holder Top—
A top for the box and
a holder for the fingers

Shaving Stick

LOTS of discarded razors have come into their own again since men learned the secret of the home shave. They used to think shaving was the razor's job. They know now it is the softening, lasting, economical lather of Williams' Shaving Stick that smoothes the razor's way and brings the gratifying result.

No man shirks the daily shave once he realizes that his shaving comfort has been the chief concern of the Williams' establishment for 77 years.

Ask for Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick. Then you have the additional convenience of a firm metal grip for your fingers while applying the soap and a tight-fitting, dust-proof top for the box when the Stick is not in use.

THE PRICE OF A DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 22)

The law requires every bank belonging to the Federal Reserve system to keep a certain proportion of its deposits as reserve. The proportion of deposits which must be kept as reserve differs between country banks and city banks; but it works out in practice about one dollar of reserve to seven dollars of deposits. So when a member bank gets credit for a dollar on the books of a Reserve bank it is entitled to build seven dollars of deposits thereon.

Bank deposits are pretty largely created by bank loans. Smith borrows ten thousand dollars to buy wheat or for any other purpose. As a rule, having borrowed the money he immediately deposits it in the bank, drawing checks against it as his payments fall due. A bank's reserve earns nothing for it. From the point of view of earnings it is idle money. So when a bank has more reserve on hand than the law requires it will usually exert itself to lend the idle money, and thus both its loans and deposits will increase until its reserve is no greater than the law requires. In other words, a dollar of reserve tends powerfully to blossom into seven dollars of deposits.

You borrow a thousand dollars on a Liberty Bond. Your bank may rediscount the note at the Federal Reserve bank and thus get a thousand dollars of reserve, on the basis of which it may build up seven thousand dollars of loans and deposits. The only limitation on the process lies in those provisions of the law that requires the Federal Reserve banks to keep a stock of gold equal to a certain proportion of their liabilities. But the Federal Reserve banks now hold nearly a billion dollars of gold aside from that deposited with Reserve agents for the redemption of circulating notes—enough gold, that is, to sustain a very large increase in liabilities.

Speaking on this subject before the American Academy of Political and Social Science, A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, pointed out the possibility of making the Federal Reserve system a great engine of banking inflation. "Its possibilities in that direction," he said, "are vast. The Federal Reserve banks have an aggregate capacity of credit expansion to the amount of about two billion dollars. If we assume that one dollar of Reserve bank credit increases sevenfold when transmuted into credit extended by member banks to their customers, it is clear that the Reserve banks and the member banks of the system have an additional credit capacity of some fourteen billion dollars."

More Money and Higher Prices

In other words, highly efficient machinery for a further great increase in the dollar heap and a further great rise in commodity prices is at hand. That the price of goods and the cost of living will go still higher if the number of dollars—currency dollars and bank-deposit dollars—increases much faster than the stock of goods for sale is a reasonable deduction from experience.

People are already thoroughly acquainted with the disadvantages of that. In the year ending December 1, 1917, the wholesale price of all leading commodities taken together, as measured both by Bradstreet's index number and by Dun's, increased about one-third. You know what that means every time you look at your grocery bill, your meat bill, your dry-goods bill—every time you buy anything.

Of course if income changed automatically to correspond with price changes it would be immaterial. But income by no means does. When trade is booming some people enjoy a rapid expansion of income, even more than offsetting the increased cost of living. But an immense number of people enjoy no such advantage.

If a bookkeeper spending his entire income for the support of his family got a thousand dollars a year in 1914 and gets twelve hundred a year now, he has suffered a decided loss in effective salary. A tremendous number of people are in more or less that situation. The income from a five-per-cent thousand-dollar bond or from a thousand dollars deposited in the savings bank at four per cent is worth about half what it was just before the war.

This cost of living sets up a chronic and increasing dissatisfaction among wage-earners. They get a raise of wages and presently discover that the raise has vanished—cost of living has absorbed it. British wages have been increased repeatedly and are now—measured simply in money—much higher than ever before known. Only the other day the Department of Labor at Washington reprinted a voluminous report by a British commission of inquiry into causes of industrial unrest. There is an abundance of industrial unrest in that country and reports from all districts agree that high cost of living is the chief cause of it.

As I mentioned before, commodity prices in England advanced a hundred and twenty per cent from the beginning of the war to November, 1917. Wages have advanced at a rate never before heard of. In the most favorable cases the greater part of the wage increase has been absorbed by rising cost of living. In the least favorable cases cost of living has outstripped wage increase and workmen find themselves worse off than before they got a raise.

This plays into the hands of the Socialists, who have always tried to persuade workmen that it was impossible for them to better their condition materially under the capitalistic system. Socialists are now saying, "You got a big raise in wages, and you see how much good it does you."

Inflated Currency

Of course this rise in prices makes the war much more costly, for in spite of all price fixing the government pays an abnormal price for everything it buys.

It unsettles the value of all investments bearing a fixed rate of return and of all time contracts involving fixed payments. The landlord's rent and the mortgage holder's interest are worth, in purchasing power, only half what they were in July, 1914. Suppose you sold a farm to Smith on four years' time, agreeing to accept in payment three hundred shares of the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation. Before the four years are up the steel corporation doubles the issue of its common stock—waters it a hundred per cent. Smith pays you the stipulated three hundred shares, but they are worth only half as much as they were when the bargain was made. In substantially the same way currency inflation waters the stock of dollars.

Government can fix the value of money for one purpose only—that is, for paying debts. When it mints a silver dollar or prints a dollar bill it doesn't pretend to say what that dollar shall be worth for buying groceries or shoes or clothing; but it does say the dollar shall cancel a hundred cents of debt. Inflating the currency or watering the stock of dollars undoubtedly does make it that much easier to pay off the debts that are outstanding at the time the inflation takes place. That is why multiplying the stock of dollars, as by issuing greenbacks, free coinage of silver, and so on, has often looked attractive to people who were in debt. But the advantage that they gain doesn't last long and has important offsets.

Say a farmer owes a thousand dollars. An issue of paper money, by inflating the currency, sends prices up fifty per cent. Obviously that makes it easier for him to pay the debt, for his wheat and hogs fetch fifty per cent more. In other words, it takes less of them to pay a thousand dollars. But the moment he buys anything he pays the inflated prices. If he is a creditor as well as a debtor—as most are—he gets paid in depreciated dollars. If he borrows another thousand dollars for some further improvement he gets it in depreciated dollars.

For many years in the important commercial countries of Europe, as well as in the United States, there had been an automatic check on the issue of paper money and on the expansion of bank deposits—namely, gold. The paper money was redeemable on demand in gold. So the amount outstanding was limited by the stock of gold available to redeem it with. As a rule the gold reserve was never less than one-third the amount of paper money. As the output of gold, available for all the world, ran four hundred to four hundred and fifty million dollars a year, and as a considerable part of that was used in the industrial arts, the gold stock of any given country, under normal conditions, increased slowly. In ten years prior to 1914 the stock in the United States increased only five hundred million dollars.

There was the same check on bank deposits, for every country, either by statutory requirement or by long-settled practice, kept a certain reserve of gold against its bank-deposit liability. If its stock of gold, in proportion to its paper money and bank credits, fell too low its international credit began to suffer.

If any country practiced undue inflation of currency or bank deposits, prices would rise. It would be a good country to sell in and a bad country to buy from. In the end it would buy more than it sold and would have to export gold to settle the trade balance, so the diminishing stock of gold would force a contraction.

But war has abolished that check upon inflation. Practically none of the European belligerents redeem their paper money on demand in gold. All of them—and even the United States—forbid the export of gold except in very special cases and by special permission. So inflation may proceed unchecked and prices may go to the moon.

Writing in August, 1914, Prof. Irving Fisher said, "In Europe especially the cost of living will probably rise above anything previously known. The rise is likely to be greater after the war than during the war." And in a series of charts he showed that as to the important wars of modern times—the Crimean War [1854–56], the American Civil War [1861-65], the Franco-Prussian War [1870–71], the Spanish-American War [1898], the Boer War [1899–1902] and the Russo-Japanese War [1904–05]—prices rose not only during but after the war. "In the American Civil War the greenbacks obscured the facts; but the price level, expressed in gold, increased faster after than it did during the war."

The reason is obvious if you keep in mind that the value of money—its purchasing power—is affected by the familiar law of supply and demand. Money is demand for everything. It stands opposite the total quantity of goods and services for sale. The more there is of it, relatively to the stock of goods, the less a given unit of it will be worth, substantially as a bushel of wheat will be worth less when there are many bushels than when there are few.

War increases the heap of dollars—currency dollars and bank-deposit dollars—as indicated above. It also undoubtedly increases the stock of goods, for though production of some old goods is diminished a great quantity of new goods, especially for war, is produced. But when war ceases, the production of war goods stops, too, while the stock of dollars remains as large as before—or at least decreases more slowly than the stock of goods.

After three and a half years' experience only extremely venturesome people indulge in prophecy about this war or about after-the-war conditions. But at least there is a gruesome possibility that the effect of inflation, by way of boosting prices, may be greater after the war than during the war—at a time when labor may be less fully employed and less able on the whole to meet the grocery bill.

The Federal Reserve Banks

Certainly we don't want that. We don't want higher prices now. Inflation has gotten very extensively into the pay roll already. To meet increased cost of living the wage scale has been going up at a rate that would have appalled conservatism in ordinary times. Everybody knows that reducing the wage scale is a difficult and painful process. From every angle inflation spells trouble.

How is it to be kept in hand?

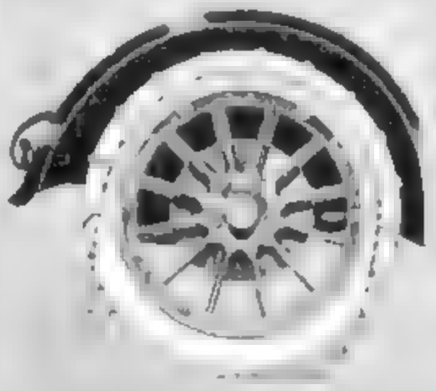
In the first place, while the Federal Reserve system may be made a great engine for banking inflation, as Mr. Miller pointed out, it can also exert a great force in the opposite direction. Commercial banks can inflate only in proportion to their legal reserves and broadly speaking they must go to the Federal Reserve banks for their reserve. In order to expand their loans and deposits they must take their customers' notes to a Federal Reserve bank and rediscount them.

The Federal Reserve banks can discourage rediscounting by raising the discount rate at will—thus making it unprofitable for member banks to rediscount, or forcing them to raise their interest rates so it is unprofitable for their customers to borrow. They also have an important measure of discretion as to what sort of paper they will rediscount.

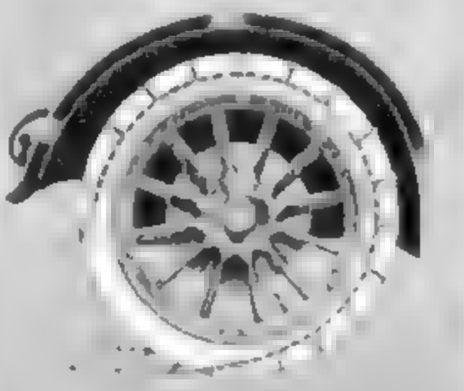
Last autumn, for example, various corporations proposed to finance themselves

WEED TIRE CHAINS

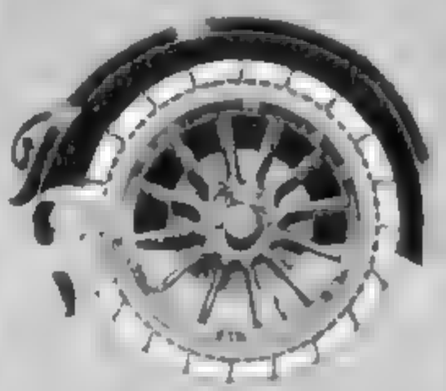
Attached without the Use of a Jack or Other Tools



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

Chains must be free to "creep"—to shift their position on the tires continually—or they will injure tires.

Weed Chains do "creep"—a patented principle.

AMERICAN CHAIN CO., Inc.

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In Canada:
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Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

GUNS AND CROPS EAT THE SAME FOOD

And guns come first. That is why our potatoes are hungry for potash, cotton for nitrogen, corn for phosphates. We must feed them.

WHAT ABOUT FERTILIZERS?

By John E. Pickett

is a series of articles telling what we can do this year and how we may become independent of Germany, Spain and Chile. It begins in this week's issue of

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by borrowing from their banks on two years' time. The Federal Reserve banks will not rediscount notes that run more than ninety days. The corporations proposed to give ninety-day notes, with the understanding, however, that at the end of that time new notes should be given for another ninety days, and so on for two years. In December the Federal Reserve Board served notice that notes of that character would not be rediscounted.

And in December the Reserve Board set up a new system for keeping close watch of the situation. Heretofore member banks have made a report of their condition to the Comptroller of the Currency five times a year. To get in and tabulate these reports from thousands of banks all over the country requires considerable time. For example, summaries for the statement of September 11, 1917, were not published until November. Banks in New York City, Philadelphia and Boston publish weekly reports, but as to all the remainder of the country there is no telling what the exact banking situation is except at comparatively long intervals, and then the information is not available until several weeks after the date it bears.

So in December the Reserve Board made a rule that all member banks in one hundred leading cities should send reports of their condition weekly to the Reserve banks in the several districts, where they will be compiled and the summaries wired to the Reserve Board at Washington. So henceforth the board will have an eye on the banking situation from week to week all over the country.

There is no doubt that the Reserve Board will exercise its great powers on the conservative side and check inflation as far as the situation lies in its hands. But though its powers are great they have a strict limit, and after all else is said and done the question of how much inflation there shall be is simply up to you.

The Government is taking this year, for itself and the Allies, goods and services to the amount of something like nineteen billion dollars. That is unavoidable and irrevocable. It is going to take those goods and services. Everybody knows a government can have no money except what it gets from the people. It will pay for the goods and services in good money if you give it good money. If you do not it will pay in poor money.

Uncle Sam's Competition

There are those who argue that these high prices in Europe and the United States are due to enormous government demands for goods of all sorts and that the volume of currency has nothing to do with it. Put it that way if you like, for it comes round to exactly the same thing.

Robinson's income is six thousand a year, which he spends on family living. He subscribes two thousand dollars to the Liberty Loan, borrowing the money at his bank on pledge of the bonds, and goes on living as before. He is still in the market bidding for six thousand dollars of goods and services. But his bond subscription has enabled the Government to come into the market and bid for two thousand dollars of goods. The total bidding—the total demand for goods—is obviously thirty-three and a third per cent greater than it was before. Multiply that by a hundred million people and you can see why goods should go up without troubling yourself about a currency theory. Suppose when Robinson subscribed to the loan he cut down his living expenses two thousand dollars. That means that he stops buying just so much. As his buying falls off the Government's buying comes in. The total demand for goods is not changed; neither are prices.

When Robinson subscribes to the loan he does not increase the stock of goods in the country by an ounce. If it is not increased, but remains the same, then his bidding and the Government's bidding will send prices up to a point where his six thousand dollars will buy no more than the four thousand would have bought if he had cut down his living expenses.

Rising prices have forced him to economize as he should have done in the first place. His six thousand is worth no more in purchasing power than four thousand would have been. He is no better off than he would have been if he had economized. But the Government has piled up a debt of many billions. The war has been paid for twice over. Such is the deleterious effect of inflation.

Taxation does not necessarily alter the case. Presumably a man who pays taxes has credit, and he can borrow the money for his taxes if he wants to, as he can for his bond subscription.

There is no avoidance of inflation except through rational, voluntary economy on the part of individuals. Nothing else will answer.

Two hoary fallacies about war persist in some quarters even to-day when everybody should know better from the experience of the last three years. One is that the cost of war falls upon a nation's accumulated wealth. When the United States declared war its accumulated wealth amounted probably to two hundred billion dollars. It consisted of lands, buildings, machinery, railroads, stocks of goods, and so on, very little of which an army could eat, wear, or shoot at an enemy. Except a very small stock of warlike goods—battleships, guns, uniforms—it was not serviceable for war. If you look about you you will see that everything we are using for war we are making as the war goes on. It must be that way, for even Germany had a very small stock of wealth in a form that could be used for war.

Charging Wars to Posterity

If the United States continues at war five years and spends a hundred billion dollars it will probably not be poorer than it was last April. Practically all the wealth it then had—the lands, buildings, railroads, machinery, stocks of goods, and so on—will be there still or will have been replaced. Of the accumulated wealth it had at the beginning it may have lost a few battleships. All the rest will be here unless Germany should come over and destroy it by bombarding New York. But outside of the theater of actual warfare no accumulated wealth is destroyed. The nation is as rich as it was before, for all it uses up in war it also produces as the war goes on. Of course this takes no account of lives lost, but human beings are not usually counted as wealth.

There will be a huge national debt, but that does not alter the total wealth of the nation in the least; for while the debt is charged up against all the people collectively as a liability, it is credited to some of the people—the individual bondholders—as an asset. The two entries balance—supposing, of course, that all the bonds are held at home.

Another ancient fallacy is that we can somehow charge it up to posterity and make posterity pay for it. In fact, we pay every dollar of it ourselves as the war goes on. Posterity's wealth will consist of the accumulation that we hand on and of what posterity produces. For a country that is not the scene of actual fighting the accumulation of wealth is not impaired, and it ought to be evident that we can't possibly touch a penny of the wealth that posterity produces. How can we take wealth that is not in existence? If we create a debt of a hundred billions posterity's wealth and income are not diminished thereby. The bonds will be there as a liability against all the people collectively; but they will also be there on the other side of the ledger as an asset of the individual bondholders. Posterity will be paying interest on the bonds, but it will be paying it to itself—to people then living, not to us. Smith's great-great-grandson may be paying taxes to the Government out of which the Government pays interest to Jones' great-great-grandson, who holds some of the bonds. The income of the two great-great-grandsons taken together will be the same as though no bonds had been issued.

Is war really an inexpensive luxury then?

By no means. There is the frightful loss of life. In the actual theater of warfare, as in Belgium, the occupied part of France, Poland, Serbia—there is a very great destruction of wealth. But much more important than that is a colossal expenditure of human energy for human injury instead of human benefit.

But while bond issues held at home do not at all diminish the aggregate wealth or income of the nation, either now or in the future, they do affect the distribution of income among the people of the nation. They take income from all of the people and hand it over to some of the people. From the beginning of history the task of taking income from all the people, through taxation, has been one of the most troublesome with which governments have had to deal. A great national debt obviously makes it all the more troublesome.

Since practically all that war consumes is produced as war goes on and the bill is actually paid day by day as the war proceeds, a good many theoretical economists ask, "Why not just charge the whole bill up against current production or income through taxation and issue no bonds at all?"

That would undoubtedly be the best way of doing it—if the theory could be applied in a theoretical world. But in an actual world it is out of the question. In an actual world taxes can be assessed and collected only through some rude and clumsy general rules. There never was a tax that worked with real equality upon all the people subject to it. Every tax ever framed pinches some people relatively more than others. That is inevitable when you frame a general rule for a hundred million people, with all their infinite variations of individual circumstances. The inequality is tolerable when the tax is levied on only a comparatively small part of the total national income.

The present Congress spent six months framing a tax measure designed to raise two and a half billion dollars.

It is abundantly clear already that this measure will work with great inequality—like a bad gear, pinching and binding now here, now there. It is clear that this measure will set up a very injurious friction at many places in the country's industrial machine.

When you propose to frame a tax measure that will take a third or two-fifths of all the wealth produced in the United States—by every turn of a human hand or of a wheel—you propose a practical impossibility. The pinchings, bindings and friction would put the whole machine out of order. Taxing the rich—meaning people with incomes in excess of twenty-five thousand a year—and taxing corporations wouldn't do it. For if you took every penny of their incomes, as shown by the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, you would still have a large deficit.

How to Lessen Inflation

Every family must sit in judgment on its own income and by intelligent economy save to the best of its ability. As it thereby reduces its own consumption of goods and at the same time turns buying power over to the Government by subscribing to War Savings Certificates and Liberty Loans, it will be checking inflation and helping to hold down the cost of living.

Some inflation, some expansion of bank credits are no doubt inevitable in carrying through the Government's vast war financing. The Federal Reserve banks will be the chief means by which inflation is accomplished. Yet it must not be forgotten for a moment that the Federal Reserve banks are incalculably useful. That inflation may be accomplished through them is not due to any fault in the system. Whatever inflation there may be would have occurred without them, and been decidedly less manageable than it is with them.

But finally how much inflation there is doesn't depend on the banks. It is up to you. If you demand goods in 1918 on the same scale as in 1916, while the Government is setting up a huge extra demand, prices will rise.

Probably the country saved out of its income in 1916 six or seven billion dollars. That saving was invested in all sorts of things, from a new chicken coop or a savings-bank deposit to a railroad or municipal bond.

The savings fund must be increased and nearly all of it turned over to the Government. The alternative to that is a competitive individual and Government demand for goods and services, and inflation of currency and prices.

When the Government quite abruptly begins borrowing at the rate of something like a billion dollars a month and buying goods and services at the same rate it would, of course, be impossible to make an immediate offsetting adjustment to the full extent of the Government's requirements. Some inflation of currency and of prices is no doubt inevitable. The point is to keep both at a minimum.

In December, 1917, it took a dollar and thirty cents to buy what one dollar bought in December, 1916, and it took two dollars and five cents to buy what one dollar bought in July, 1914. We don't need any more of that.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

ANY child could be happy in this playroom, because it is cheerful, colorful, and ideally equipped for romping, tumbling, and the exercise of childhood fancies. The floor is bright and dainty, and fulfils the practical requirements of a playroom or nursery.

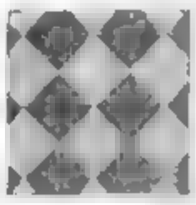
It is an Armstrong's Linoleum floor in a tile effect—harmonizing with everything else in the room. It is very durable. The tough, elastic fabric wears well under scraping, scuffling feet, and sliding furniture.

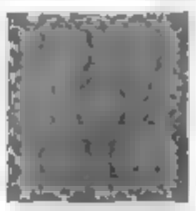
Armstrong's Linoleum is practically germ-proof, for the linseed oil it contains, chemists say, is deadly to disease germs. It has no cracks and crevices like wood floors, to catch the dirt.

It is resilient, and breaks the frequent falls of the little ones. Its smooth surface offers nothing to trip over. There are no rough edges to damage dainty frocks. It is by all odds the most economical kind of floor for a nursery or playroom.

Armstrong's Linoleum will make an artistic, sanitary floor for any room in your house. The Parquetry Inlaid Designs are well adapted to hallway, living-room or dining-room. The new jaspe (moiré) effects come in attractive brown, blue, green, gray and tan tones. The new plain colors—in brown, rose, blue, tan, dark gray, light gray and green—are equally attractive and serviceable; also the matting and carpet effects for the bedroom. Many fine European homes use linoleum for every room in the house.

Two appropriate patterns for a nursery floor.



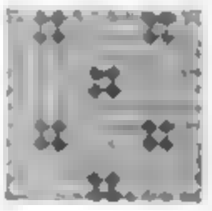


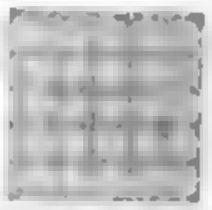
Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there is a difference.

Send for our new book, "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration," by Frank Alvah Parsons, America's foremost authority on interior decoration. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home and tells how to use Linoleum effectively in every room. The author discusses his interesting subject in characteristically illuminating and intimate style. Sent with portfolio of de-luxe color-plates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps.

Visit your house-furnishing store and have the newest Armstrong designs shown you.

Another attractive pattern—also a close-up of the one shown below.





ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, Linoleum Department, Lancaster, Pa.

NURSERY—Both the color and the texture of objects used in a child's room should suggest cleanliness, freshness, cheerfulness and durability. At the same time they should represent *his* interests and *his* pleasures. To all these ends linoleum is expressly adapted.

The walls, furniture, hangings and toys in this room have been selected to harmonize with these ideas and with the linoleum floor which is ivory, turquoise blue and light gray in color.—*Frank Alvah Parsons.*

A CAR OF THE UTMOST USEFULNESS

IT is no more the part of economy to operate a motor car only a few months in the year, than it is to operate a business that way.

The motor car is essentially an article built to be used, and its full benefit is not experienced unless it is kept in service the whole year through.

There is no car more closely designed to this idea of an automobile's function or more able successfully to carry it out, than the Oakland Sensible Six unit-body Sedan.

It is quickly alterable from a closed winter car to an open summer model; it has ample power for town or country usage in any season; it affords the owner the utmost usefulness at extremely reasonable cost.

The carefully made body on this Oakland Sensible Six Sedan is unusually roomy and comfortable; it is very easy to enter and leave.

It has staggered doors, the forward one opening to the left at the driver's seat, the rear one opening to the right at the curb, and throughout it is finely equipped.

The individual front seats and the wide tonneau seat are upholstered in fine quality gray automobile cloth, in keeping with the car's interior.

For summer driving the windows may be lowered into the bodywall of the car, or they may be entirely taken out if desired.

The high-speed overhead-valve Oakland Sensible Six engine delivers 44 horsepower at 2600 r. p. m., or one full horsepower to every 55 pounds of car weight in this Sedan.

Its high carburation efficiency, and its unusual ratio of power to weight, make it exceedingly capable and economical under all conditions.

Unique construction has eliminated all unnecessary weight from the 1918 Oakland Sensible Six Sedan, protecting the chassis from overloading and the body and roof support from all undue strain

Touring Car	$1050
Roadster	1050
Roadster Coupe	1150
Sedan	1750
Sedan (Unit Body)	1850
Coupé (Unit Body)	1850

f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

FOR THE LOVE OF LULU

(Continued from Page 17)

"It isn't as if I was asking for a fortune, Mr. Edgren," continued Lou's husband, holding his ground as gallantly as any hero ever did at Gettysburg or Ypres or Verdun. "I only want another four dollars a week, and if you only knew how much it meant to me ——"

Whereupon Old Grumpy puffed out his cheeks and made a noise like a boiler letting off steam. This pleasing feat accomplished, he pressed a button by the side of his desk and slowly walked toward the window with a shrug of his mane.

"Can't do it. Can't do it," he said more impatiently than before. "That's all!"

But so far as Lou's husband was concerned, it wasn't all—not by a long, ricocheting shot. Whether Lou's behavior that morning had tightened certain strings in his own temperament and started them thrumming or whether he would have done it anyhow I must leave the psychologists to decide. But all at once, speaking with such a firmly satirical voice that he was proud of this child of his larynx as soon as it greeted his ear, he exclaimed, "Thank you, Mr. Edgren—both for your time and your courtesy!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when old John G. Edgren swung round and stared at him with the beetling attention of an old ornithologist who is thinking to himself, "I was mistaken in this bird. He's got a few feathers of the eagle's plumage, and I thought he was full-blooded cuckoo." Completing his survey he suddenly snapped to Jim "Sit down!" and to his stenographer who was opening the door at that moment, her book and pencil ready for business, "Wait!" Having thus disposed of his forces he seated himself opposite Jimmy, thoughtfully rapped his desk a time or two with his eyeglasses, beetled his eyebrows again and delivered himself as follows, with an air of surprising briskness, considering his bulk, his age and his previous deportment:

"You say you've been here ten years? Then let me tell you this, my boy: You've been here too long! When I was a young man I worked on a farm fifteen and sixteen hours a day and got twenty dollars a month for it. I might have been there yet, but instead of hanging on till I was an old man—I got up and got out!"

Jimmy nodded, and that inner reason of his—that inner reason which always gave him the other man's point of view—lifted its still, small voice and said: "You hear that, James? If he hadn't got up and got out he'd have been there yet. That's a hint for you."

"I didn't blame the farmer for not giving me more," continued old John G. with spirit. "There were months in the year when he had to scratch pretty hard to get my twenty dollars together. No; I didn't waste my time longing and waiting for something that would never happen. I got up—and got out!"

"I see," said Jimmy, and almost involuntarily he stiffened the muscles of his legs with a proud appulse as though about to get up and get out himself.

"Now take this business here," continued the old man; "you know the competition we have to meet. We have to figure our costs down to a cent—yes, to the fraction of a cent! And even then there are times when I have to borrow every dollar I can lay my hands on in order to pay my bills and meet the pay roll ——"

"That's right, James," said Jimmy's still, small voice; "when all is said and done, you know, the old man isn't made of money."

"If I increase your salary there are a hundred other young men in this company with claims as good as yours. What am I going to say to them? As a matter of fact," he continued with his air of surprising briskness, "I have been figuring for the last few weeks how to cut down our fixed expenses in order to meet the increasing competition. And here you come and ask for more instead of less!"

Again he thoughtfully tapped his desk with his eyeglasses.

"Married?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Children?"

"One," replied Jimmy, his hopes rising.

"Any money saved?"

"Not a cent."

"In debt?"

"Some."

"Just as I thought," said the old man, smacking his lips with satisfaction. "You've been here too long! My boy, there's a big world just outside this office. Take my advice—and get up—and get out—and get at it!" At this he punched the button on his desk again. "That's all!" he grumbled with a sudden return of his peevishness as he pulled toward him a pile of letters and bills, and when the stenographer came hurrying in, her pencil already poised for business, he began: "Isaac G. Riley & Sons, 71 Commerce Street, Boston ——"

Jimmy slowly walked to the door, befogged, bewildered, hardly knowing whether he had been pounded or pacified, kicked or caressed, and as he made his somewhat shuffle-footed recession old John G. shot him a glance of disappointment which seemed to say "Full-blooded cuckoo, I guess, after all."

Poor Jimmy!

Back to his desk he went, his young heart unhappy with discontent—back to his catalogues and letters—back to his thoughts of Lou and her tear-streaked face; but as he began reading the letters on his desk preparatory to placing them in their proper files the fog gradually lifted from his mind and there, like a golden kite, flew the great idea in all its buoyant glory.

"Why, sure!" he muttered in almost feverish hope. "Why, sure I could!"

He read the letters on his desk with renewed interest. For the greater part they were circular letters referring to catalogues and prices that had been sent to the Eastern Supply Company. And oh, such a collection of platitudes that most of those letters were! They begged to state, and they begged to inclose, and they also begged to call attention to the fact. They took pleasure in inclosing herewith under separate cover. They replied to your favor, and they called attention to the fullness of their lines and to the fact that they were quoting the lowest possible prices compatible with quality and service. They noted, evidently with surprise, that they had not yet heard from you, and they would state this, and they would state that, and trusting to receive a favorable reply to the same they remained, yours truly.

In the light of his great idea Jimmy read them all with a curling lip and a sardonic droop of his eyelids.

"If I couldn't write a better letter than any of those——" he began, and, though he didn't finish the thought, you would have been justified in gathering from his expression that he would have forthwith drawn his sword and committed hara-kiri or the happy dispatch. Instead of performing this rash act, however, he hurried back to old J. G.'s office and found that graduate farmer just finishing his mail.

"Say, Mr. Edgren," he began, "I want your advice on this: If a business firm gets out a catalogue they have an artist do the pictures and a printer print the book, generally the best they can find. But when it comes to sending out circular letters or anything of that sort they seem to think that anybody in the office can write them. But they can't. Letter writing is a gift—a specialty. I'm not sure that it couldn't be developed into an art or a profession. Why not? It's one of the most important things in any business. Now, listen, Mr Edgren. I think I've got a great idea ——"

He outlined his plan, and when he was through old John G. thoughtfully tapped his desk with his eyeglasses.

"If you can keep up your present enthusiasm," he said at last, "I think your idea may possibly lead to something."

Whereupon Master James showed his headpiece.

"Will you let me take my vacation now instead of in August?" he asked.

Old Grumpy scribbled a note to the cashier and grunted to himself as though to say "There's always a catch in it."

But Jimmy didn't do any grunting—not so you could hear it. First he hurried out and rented a typewriter for a month, the same to be sent to his home in the Bronx; then he went to a printer's and put in a rush order for a thousand letterheads, and the rest of the morning he spent on Fifth Avenue, taking down the names and addresses of the shops, his eyeglasses glistening with earnestness, the wrinkled crown of concentrated thought upon his brow.

"'If you want to make big money,'" he quoted once, "'you've got to go where the

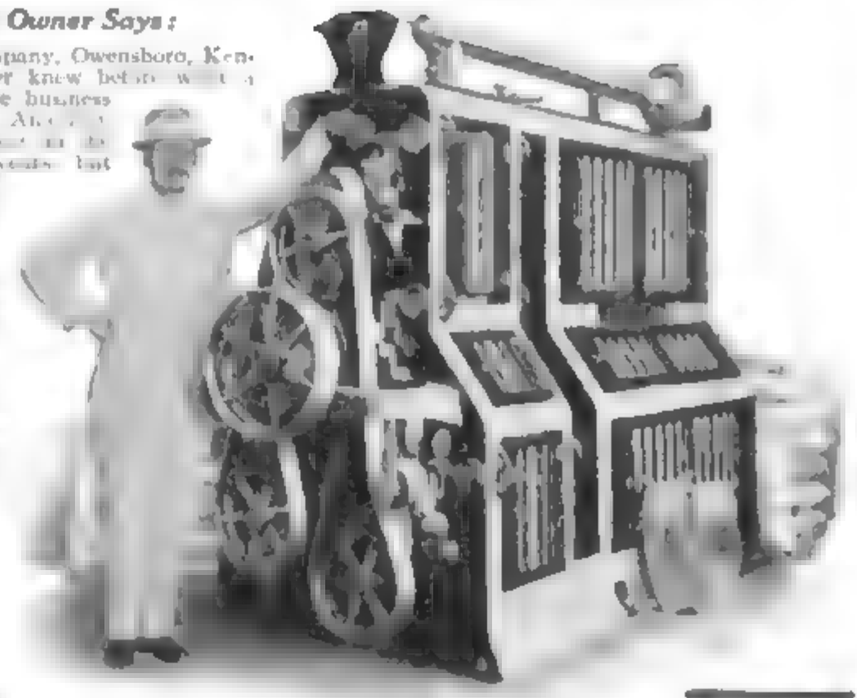
Read What This Owner Says:

Anglo-American Mill Company, Owensboro, Kentucky. Gentlemen: I never knew before what a [illegible] at and very profitable business [illegible] I installed the American MARVEL mill. I have been in the business for several years but [illegible] 1915, I installed an American MARVEL mill, throwing out my old [illegible] and because of [illegible] of wheat, my profits have been more than doubled.

In a baking contest, in which there were more than [illegible] ty, bread made from my flour took the First Prize.

Yours truly,
E. F. Breining,
Waynesboro, Pa.

Write and ask Mr. Breining



Read What Other Mill Owners Say

[illegible] Hundreds of Other Testimonials

Read What Those Flour Users Say

Thousands of delighted users of FLAVO Old Time Nature flavored [illegible] made [illegible]

"Never Knew Before What a Pleasant and Profitable Business Was"

WE HAVE hundreds of other owners like this happy man to refer you to. Write. Find out whether you are in just the community where this splendid business can be started at once. It will make you successful and independent.

Our Special Service Department [illegible] Some men in some communities consider $150 a month clear profits as very satisfactory. Many make $150 a week clear. Some are making as high as $1000 a month. When you write us and get all the facts we believe you will say as we do, that there is no other business possible to get into on a moderate investment, requiring no special experience or much time or hard work, that is so desirable as this.

There never was a time so good as right now to get into this substantial, dignified, money-making business. Hundreds of our mills are running day and night right now. Let us explain this all to you.

As soon as you have one of these wonderful mills you can start right in selling your flour under our strongly established brand "FLavo FLour", already advertised from coast to coast and eaten in hundreds of thousands of homes every day.

Hundreds of fortunate men, of all ages—town men, farmers, millers—are now making nature-flavored FLavo FLour; enjoying splendid, steady, independent incomes in their communities. The nation-wide movement toward community made full-nutrition flour has become startling. No matter where you live, town or country, write us and find out whether you can get this opportunity.

Many Making from 50% to 100% the First Year —From $150 to $1000 per Month

With our catalog, prices, special proposition and Special Service Department advice, you'll read many letters from AMERICAN MARVEL MILL [illegible] like this.

[illegible] praise too high for the Marvel Mill. I am putting out flour [illegible] the best. Am doing all the work alone and cleared $500 last [illegible] Anamoose Roller Mills, Anamoose, N. D.

AMERICAN MARVEL
Self-Contained, Quick-Process
COMMUNITY FLOUR MILL

Every day's delay may be costing you from $5 to $25 or more in profits you should be making that much sooner. If, after investigation and our advice, you should decide to go into this splendid business.

No experience or new building needed—little attention or power required. With our easy-to-understand instruction book, confidential selling plans, and Service Department help, you certainly should quickly succeed in doing as well as hundreds of other live men are doing all over America. These opportunities are going fast.

The average earnings of owners of American MARVEL Flour Mills run from 50 to 100 per cent per year on their original moderate investment.

Whether you are a young man, or have been engaged in any other business all your life, please do not get the idea that you might not be able to run an American MARVEL Flour Mill. It is practically automatic. No complicated machinery that you have to understand from long milling experience, as with long-system mills.

If you have as little as $3,000 to invest, you should get all the facts of this proposition at once. More than 1200 others are now independently established with this mill. You can be too.

I am highly pleased with my mill and could never have made a better investment. It is all and more than you recommend it to be.—A. L. Gardner, Eona Milling Company, Eona, Va.

As to the mill will say we are more than pleased with it. Our flour has a great reputation. Have been running all night a good part of the time to keep up. I am so glad we put in the mill; it is making good.—Bellevue Roller Mills, Bellevue, Texas.

No Failures Allowed

We investigate your community conditions and demand at once. If not right, we advise you not to start. If right, we go the limit with you. We will not risk failures. We cannot afford that risk any more than you can. It is not necessary. So many communities demand this mill that we can afford to refuse to sell unless all conditions and demand are right.

Cash or On Time

Get our latest, special proposition. Then decide. Terms convenient if you and your community are right.

30 Days' Trial

All our sales are on 30 days' trial—money back if you say so for any reason within 30 days. No long system mill manufacturers make such an offer. We could [illegible]

WRITE TODAY SURE!

Be sure to write us today

Good, live men wanted, young or old, who think they can succeed in any business.

Easy Payments

allowed out of profits where we are satisfied conditions are right. You will get our book and proposition at once—

FREE

Anglo-American Mill Company, Inc.
417–423 Trust Building, Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

Please send me your Special Service Department advice about my community.

Name _____

Address _____

Use this for convenience, or a postal or letter. Pencil will do. Write today.

WEARING good shoes is economy. The service given by The Florsheim Shoe—the style, fit and satisfaction—prove that quality is more important than price.

Eight to Ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

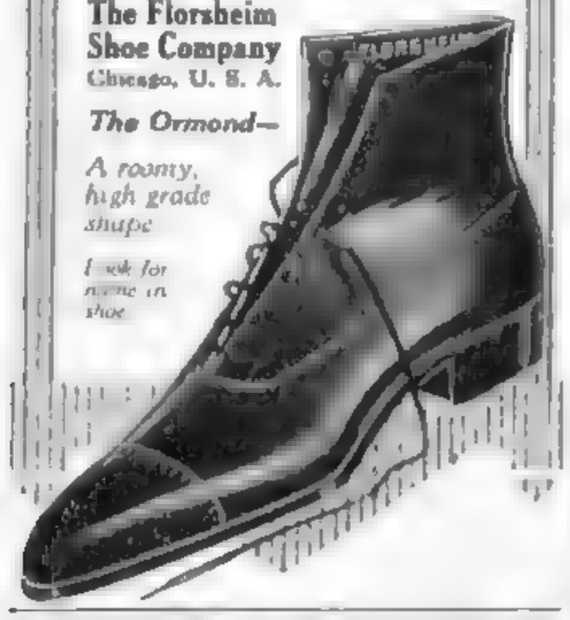
There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

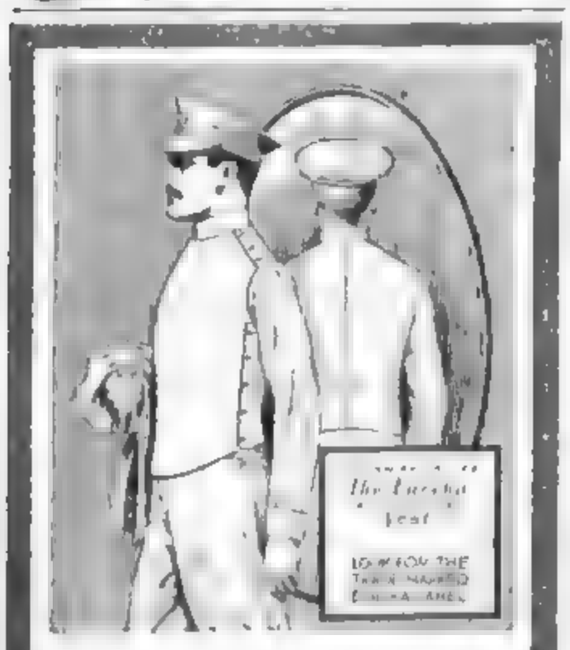
The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Ormond—

A roomy, high grade shape

Look for name in shoe





THE EUREKAVEST
A HEALTH SAVER

THIN, featherlight—yet absolutely proof against cold and wind.

A wonderful boon to the Soldier, the Sailor, Aviator and Autoist.

The Eureka Vest is made of Japanese Paper Fibre, covered with O. D. Sateen, and lined with cambric. Can be worn *over or under the shirt.*

PRICE: $3 00

On sale at your Clothier's. If not, send his name—we'll see that you're supplied.

HEIDELBERG, WOLFF & CO.
Sole Manufacturers
644-650 Broadway New York

High School Course in Two Years

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. P2382 Chicago U. S. A.

big money is!'" To which he added with a glance at the six rows of cars which were pulsing and throbbing up and down the Avenue, "Well—here I am!"

And when at last he turned his steps toward home he was humming away as though his heart was in it; but *nota bene*, if you please: he wasn't humming "It May be in the Coming Years," but "Walking in the Sunshine, Beautiful and Bright!"

VIII

TO SAY that life often resembles a grab bag would be to utter an old truth, white-bearded and wearing a porous plaster between its venerable shoulders. To say that the hazards of chance give existence some of its keenest zests would be to make a statement inclined to baldness. But to say that there are few grabbagging adventures equal to sending out an armful of circular letters and waiting for the returns to come in—well, there perhaps I am introducing a little stranger among the philosophies of life, albeit he may have to some a most familiar look.

When Jimmy got home that afternoon he straightway told Lou of his great idea, and straightway cleared off a corner of the sitting-room table, drew a scratch pad from his pocket and began "*Dear Sir:*"

"But, Jim," said Lou in a fearful voice, "do you mean to say that you are through at the office?"

"Yep! Got to make good in the next two weeks or it's back to the woods for us." And underneath "Dear Sir:" he wrote, "You wouldn't go to a blacksmith to have your teeth filled, would you?"

A look that was almost fright stole over Lou's face—not at the strange question that her husband had just written—she couldn't see that—but at the fact that at one great stride her James had stepped out of the wage-earning class with its small but certain weekly envelope, and was now standing so perilously poised between rough wind above and dark churning water below. But after she had looked at Sir James for nearly a minute his quiet air of confidence began to have its effect upon her, and the frightened look on her face gave place to one of awe as though she were paraphrasing thus the telegraph's first message: "What wonders hath Lulu wrought!"

Meanwhile Jimmy was staring at what he had written. "James," said his still, small voice, "I think that sounds too fresh." The next moment Jimmy had torn it up, and starting again he wrote: "*Dear Sir:* Have you a little Kubelik in your office? Letter writing, like violin playing, is an inborn gift ——"

"Too fancy, James," said the still, small voice; and again Lou's husband tore up the draft, and again he began, "*Dear Sir:*"

That was at half past two. It was after midnight when he finally completed the copy for his first form letter—a short, striking, appealing epistle to the Fifth Avenue merchants whose names and addresses he had taken that day—an epistle based upon that unmistakable gift of his of being able to put himself in the other fellow's place, of being able to hear and heed the still, small voice of the contrary view. The next morning the typewriter and letterheads arrived, and if you could have seen how proud Lou was of her man when she noted how fast he could make his fingers fly among the keys, and with what an air of fearful happiness she kept Dicko and the Li'l Angel quiet, and did her housework on tiptoe, and cooked the dinner pianissimo, and even took a few short, silent excursions into the golden land of dreams, that happy country from which she had been an exile for, oh, so many years!

Altogether there were nearly two hundred letters, and it wasn't till noon of the following day that the last three envelopes were sealed. All but these had been moistened with a sponge, but when they came to the last three they had a little ceremony.

Jimmy moistened the first flap in the old-fashioned manner, meanwhile "making a wish."

Lou moistened the next envelope, and truth compels me to say that she also kissed it for luck and offered up a prayer as intent as it was internal.

And the last, of course, was sealed by the Li'l Angel, who made a good job of it and gave it plenty of moisture, and under the gleeful pretense that his mouth was a letter drop would have posted it, too, without any delay, if Lou hadn't rescued it just in the nick of time.

"There!" said James. "They'll be delivered this afternoon, and we ought to get our first batch of answers in the morning."

"How many answers do you think we'll get?" asked Lou, speaking from close to her heart.

"How many do you think?"

"Oh, half of them, anyhow. Say a hundred."

Jimmy laughed the mixed laugh of feverish hope and superior wisdom. "If we get a dozen I'll be satisfied," he said. He expected at least twenty, but he said a dozen to be on the safe side.

"How many!" cried Lou, almost angry with his paltry estimate.

"A dozen," said Jimmy.

You ought to have heard Dicko—how he whistled in his cage!

IX

THE letter carrier made his first call about half past seven in the morning. Not to miss him, Jimmy was up at half past five.

At seven he had a gentle perspiration, at seven-fifteen a pleasing little chill, at seven-twenty-five he went and waited down in the hall, his system quaking with that grab-bag fever indicated above.

In the distance sounded the postman's whistle, Jimmy's heart—to use a striking old phrase which ought not to be lost to contemporaneous history—Jimmy's heart, I say, played tag with his gizzard—turned a somersault—dipped the dip—and did the giant swing.

At half past seven, precisely, the postman appeared on the steps, loaded down with letters. About a dozen of these he put in the letter boxes on each side of the door and departed whistling. There wasn't a single letter for Jimmy.

He went upstairs and Lou comforted him.

Later he went downstairs to meet the noon mail. There was nothing for him.

He went upstairs, and again Lou comforted him.

"They'll be here on the six o'clock delivery," she said at last. "You wait and see. I'll go and get them when the postman comes. Maybe it'll change the luck."

But when the six o'clock delivery had come and gone that evening, and Lou had slowly climbed the stairs as empty-handed as she had gone down them, it was Jimmy's turn to comfort her, and then they comforted each other.

Neither slept much that night.

The next morning, his heart rising and sinking in disconcerting swoops, as though it was tired of playing tag and was now playing elevator instead, Jimmy again went downstairs to see how his fortune fared. A minute later he was bounding up the stairs like a startled chamois with its tail on fire, and in his hand were three meaty-looking envelopes, each bearing in the upper left-hand corner the name and address of a Fifth Avenue firm.

If you could have heard Sir James when he burst the door open and called for his Louisa to come at once and rejoice with him!

And if you could have heard him at ten o'clock that morning, full of fire and enthusiasm, talking to his first prospect, Mr. Peterson, of the Peterson Player Piano Company, who was always on the lookout for live wires and electromotive forces!

"Mr. Peterson," said Jimmy earnestly, "this is an age of specialists ——"

Inside, his still, small voice said: "James! James! That's a chestnut. I wouldn't use that expression again if I were you."

Whereupon Jimmy amended himself, saying: "Mr. Peterson, I am establishing the specialty of writing business letters—circular letters—form letters—follow-up letters—letters with pull and power and persuasion in them. I won the greatest prize in the world with a series of my letters. I married her," he smiled in answer to the other's look of inquiry. But quickly his smile vanished before his look of intense sincerity. "Mr. Peterson," he said, "I think you can take it for granted that I can write an unusually strong, powerful, pulling business letter. You, for instance, are one of the busiest men on the Avenue—but when you received my circular letter you wrote me to call! My letter had pull enough for that! My letter had power enough to do just what I wanted it to do!"

"Good point," nodded the other. "Now I'll tell you what I have in mind, Mr. Allison. We are extensively advertising our new player-piano records, and whenever we get an inquiry where we haven't a local agent we send them one of these catalogues and a copy of this letter. A few days later we send this follow-up letter—and in two weeks we send this third letter. The results—I will be frank with you—have been disappointing. Do you think you can improve our letters? Do you think you can put more pulling power into them?"

"I will certainly try!"

"And what is your proposition?"

"The simplest in the world, Mr. Peterson. I will take away all the printed matter you can give me and study it carefully. Then I'll draft up a new series of letters for you, and on your next hundred inquiries you'll send your old letters to fifty of them and my new letters to the other fifty."

"And compare the results?"

"Exactly!" beamed James. "If the improvement isn't a big one I'll try again—and again—as often as necessary. In other words you owe me nothing until I have proved that my letters pull more orders than yours. And then you'll owe me fifty dollars."

"And I'm to be the sole judge?" asked the other after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir! Sole judge! And sole jury!"

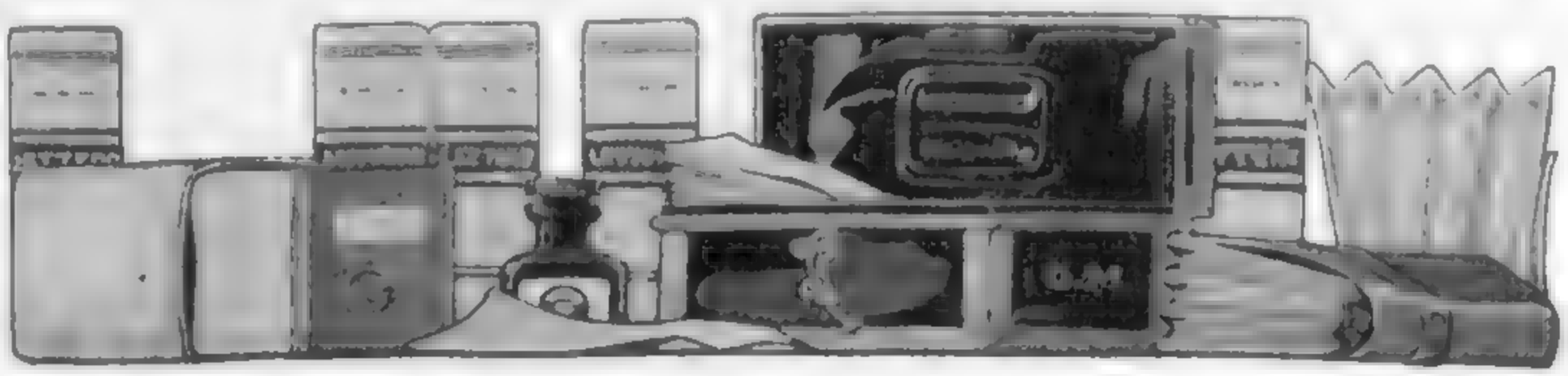
Again there was a slight pause, and then: "All right, sir! Go to it!"

Such, in brief, was the great idea—an idea that earned our James two other commissions before the day was over, brought him another fruitful crop of inquiries the next morning, netted him more than three hundred and fifty dollars before the end of the month, and finally won him the position of advertising manager of the Peterson Player Piano Company. These matters I mention in abridgment, first because I only started to tell how a great idea was born—not how it grew; and second because I have something else very rich to tell you—one of the strangest morals that ever adorned a tale.

Along toward Christmas the local Y. M. C. A. began to give a series of talks on the topic From What Hour Do I Date My Success? And who should be asked to speak one Friday night but James Allison, Esquire, of the Peterson Player Piano Company.

"My dear friends," he began, "I think I can date my success from the hour when I first decided to give everyone a square deal and to demand one for myself ——"

And there, to considerable applause, he stopped for a time, and though they thought he had forgotten his lines, he really hadn't. Instead he was listening to his still, small voice, which was saying, "James! James! Don't you know that your success in life dates from the moment when your wife said 'Damn!' and clipped you on the side of the head with her old Apple Blossoms?"



"Only Enough For One Motorist In Fifty"

Uniform Tires (99% Excellent) Built by Uniform Men (96% Efficient)

MANY manufacturers build good tires. But each producer's problem is to build all of his tires as good as his best one. To make them as uniform in mileage as they are in looks.

Even tires built side by side, bearing the same brand, often vary thousands of miles. Were it not for this, other brands would equal the Miller. For Miller has succeeded in building tires the same. Not a few—not certain "lucky tires." But 99 Millers in 100. Less than 1 per cent ever need adjustment. Heretofore most experts have believed that tires so uniform could not be made.

How Uniformity Came

Tires are mostly handwork. So they are bound to vary about as the workmen do. To build them uniform, "human variables" must go. Hence three years ago, we created a masterful system to rid men and tires—both—of variables.

We began to keep books on every tire built, and on the man who built it. We brought in experts on scientific management. And the master tire builders were used to train the rest.

Many withstood this new order of efficiency and are building Miller Tires today. Those who fell below the mark had to go elsewhere. Perfection demanded the survival of the fittest.

So today, this body of Miller Men is known as Tiredom's crack regiment. Their efficiency averages 96 per cent. And more than 99 per cent of their tires exceed the warranted mileage.

Miller Tires — UNIFORM MILEAGE — GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Geared-to-the-Road

Miller Tires are vulcanized at a lower temperature than most, to preserve the natural wax in the cotton fibres. This makes the Miller tire fabric stronger than the average. It is never dried out—never brittle. Our way takes advantage of Nature's great safeguard. And more than that, Miller Tires are **Geared-to-the-Road.**

Look how the ratchet-like tread takes hold of the ground. This keeps the wheels from spinning when you start—it gives positive traction while you are going.

Authorized Dealers Only

Uniform Tires can't be produced in great quantities. They require more time to build—and few men can be trained to such perfection.

This year, we'll produce enough for only one motorist in fifty. Better speak to the authorized Miller dealer at once for your supply.

Miller Cord Tires are the fine, big fellows with the extra large air-capacity. There is nothing more luxurious, yet they cost less per mile than the regulation type.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

A Powerful Battery - Guaranteed

JUST two things determine Storage Battery worth—capacity and endurance. When you get a Columbia, you get both—both guaranteed.

When a Columbia Service Dealer puts a Columbia Storage Battery in your car, you can bank on that battery's being adapted to do all the work required of it.

Its electrical capacity is guaranteed. You know definitely what you are getting.

More important still, the sustained electrical capacity of the Columbia—its capacity for service a week, a month, or a year from now—is definitely guaranteed. You are sure of at least 80% of its original electrical capacity at the end of a year. If for any reason your Columbia Storage Battery falls short of this guarantee, you get another battery of such capacity without any "adjustment" payment or delay.

And a full year of service represents the minimum you may expect from the Columbia Storage Battery. With ordinary attention and care, which may be easily given the Columbia because of its many features of convenience, you can insure much longer service.

Eighteen distinctive features of construction make this guarantee possible. Somewhere near you there's a Columbia Service Station or a Columbia Service Dealer who will be glad to explain to you all features of Columbia "Standardized" Service.

Look for the Columbia Service sign and examine the only Storage Battery that you can purchase with a real guarantee covering definite performance, definite capacity, definite life, and definite service.

National Carbon Company, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Columbia Dry Battery

Columbia Storage Battery

RED TAPE

(Continued from Page 7)

ideas on which to base a judgment of your own. Stories of injustice and inequity, mistakes and inexcusable delay constitute a tragic chapter of everyday life in the national capital, and the only consolation the average citizen can feel is that in time of war all governments are clumsy institutions, and that hardship is a misfortune of war. Some things, of course, are unavoidable and can never be remedied so long as humans err. But military men themselves admit that a good deal of red tape can be dispensed with, and it is from their own admissions in testimony before Congress that suggestions and cures are devised and applied.

Some instances of red tape in the Government are amusing; others are pathetic. Not long ago a National Guard regiment was being mobilized in a Southern training camp. Its lieutenant colonel was ordered to Washington for instruction in certain staff duties. Three months later the regiment was ready to sail for France as a part of the Rainbow Division. The colonel wired Washington for his lieutenant colonel. For days he received no answer. Finally came a telegram: "Where did you hear from Jones last?" The colonel promptly telegraphed back he supposed his lieutenant colonel was in Washington. The War Department finally said it couldn't locate the lieutenant colonel, and the regiment sailed for France without that officer, who had been at work every day in the War Department Building, from which very place somebody had been telegraphing. He was at a desk not more than two hundred feet from the officer who couldn't locate him!

Why did this happen? Because no real system of registration had been devised at the time. Think of a business institution that didn't know where to locate its employees—and especially a man who corresponded in importance to a lieutenant colonel!

Again: An important official in the government service cabled Washington from Manila for a skilled mechanic. The request was referred to one division after another. Each bureau chief wrote that such a request did not seem to be within his jurisdiction. Somebody should have telegraphed immediately to San Francisco to get a skilled mechanic there and send him on the first transport to the Philippines. Before it was determined who had the authority to employ such a skilled mechanic the papers had gone from office to office for two months!

Departmental Etiquette

Perhaps that case isn't so bad as the failure to fix responsibility for the heating of National Guard camps. Building arrangements were made during the summer; but it was October before someone discovered that there had been no authorization for heating apparatus. The order was filled in remarkable time—a month after it was issued; but it should have been done in June. Who should have done it? It would be as difficult to locate that error of omission as to find a needle in a haystack. Of course a certain department is responsible; but who inside of it should have attended to this? The fact that divisional and bureau duties are so carefully delineated by red tape makes men do what they are asked to do and nothing more. It is the system which makes one man believe that someone else is attending to everything else. To interfere in the affairs of another bureau and suggest that perhaps somebody may not have thought of a certain thing would be in military or naval circles a rank intrusion—or rather an intrusion on rank.

Here is a case in point: A certain officer in the quartermaster's corps at an Atlantic port had twenty-five stenographers. They had very little work to do and were getting anxious about their jobs. On the same pier, not more than one hundred yards away, was a branch of the Ordnance Department. The employees of the first officer heard that the neighboring bureau had telegraphed to Washington for permission to hire extra clerical help. They sent a delegation to see whether they couldn't be employed; they feared their work in the quartermaster's corps might end abruptly. But the ordnance captain told them he was sorry, but he couldn't avail himself of their kind ofier. He couldn't say to an officer in another branch of the service that he believed he had too many idle employees about, and wouldn't he transfer them to a place where they were urgently needed!

"That would not be proper," added the captain. "I must ask Washington and receive help through the War Department there."

So for nearly a month the ordnance officer struggled along with insufficient assistance. His employees were forced to work overtime every day, and it was with difficulty he obtained the extra stenographers; and at last reports there were twenty-five still idle within a stone's throw of his office, hired by Uncle Sam, paid by Uncle Sam, but not being used by Uncle Sam. Why? Red tape that forbids business intercourse between divisions or bureaus in the army, but insists on roundabout communication that consumes weeks of time, money and patience.

One of the most amusing instances heard in Washington is that of two bureau chiefs, with offices just across the corridor from each other in a certain building. One had to obtain supplies in a hurry, but he couldn't get them without the necessary authorization from the other. The office where the request ultimately would have to be filed was only a few yards away, accessible by telephone or by half a minute's walk; but those two bureaus maintained a correspondence with each other for nearly three weeks. Their papers went through half a dozen other bureaus, traveled all round Washington, and finally were honored by the man across the corridor!

No Use for a Soldier

Contractors who go to Washington, often at great sacrifice of time and money, tell countless stories of red tape. They have been shunted from place to place like freight cars. They are referred to one officer, who discovers that his authority is insufficient. He suggests seeing somebody else, who may not happen to be in at the time; but an assistant thinks it might be a good idea to see a third man. This official announces that the matter is in his charge, but he must consult the War Industries Board, or some other of the numerous boards and commissions, before he can give a definite answer. Some persons have been referred to at least ten officers before finding the right one.

Some men who have gone to Washington to volunteer their services have come away feeling that Uncle Sam was a mighty ungrateful person. But if the civilian has a hard time getting the attention of the Government, what is to be said of the following case? A man who had been a soldier ever since he was fifteen years old, who had fought in Mexico, Honduras and Nicaragua, and when the European War broke out had enlisted in Canada, became a major in the Princess Pat's Regiment, and was one of the few who got out alive at the second battle of Ypres. After a period in an English hospital, recovering from four wounds, he entered the British Flying Corps.

Anxious to fight under his own flag—he was born in Missouri—he resigned his commission when the United States entered the war and went to Washington to offer his services. For five weeks he was sent from office to office. His only request was that he should be given a chance to fight under the Stars and Stripes. One officer who examined his record asked the soldier whether he was of draft age. He was. And he advised him to register at once, which he did.

At last reports this individual had been waiting five weeks to hear from the United States Government as to whether it would commission him. Here was a fighting man, brought up on warfare, who had spent half his life fighting, who had a fine military record, attested by Canada and England, and who was eager to go; yet red tape prevented any army officer from saying: "Come into my division. I will make a place for you." All the officers were courteous; but there were rules about such things, and it was hard, they said, to make a special case. Such a man might have been used as an instructor, if nothing else. Two years in the trenches isn't an experience that many men now captains and majors in the United States Army have had; nor is the stiff morale of a man who

The Story of Raymond Starr

RAYMOND STARR, of California, has now gone to war.

Before he joined Uncle Sam's forces he was earning, as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, more than many older and "successful" men. His income from Curtis work often exceeded

$100.00 a week

Besides the money, he enjoyed the freedom of being his own boss, the health of an out-door worker, and the pleasure of knowing that his business and his profits were permanent.

Many of our successful young men, like Starr, have enlisted. We can offer you unusual opportunities right now.

In your own vicinity you can build up a list of subscribers for the Curtis periodicals that will equal Starr's. It may take you a year or two to reach his mark, but your profits will begin with your first order! In spare time alone you can easily add $40.00 a month to your present income.

Let us send you our offer. We're sure you will like it.

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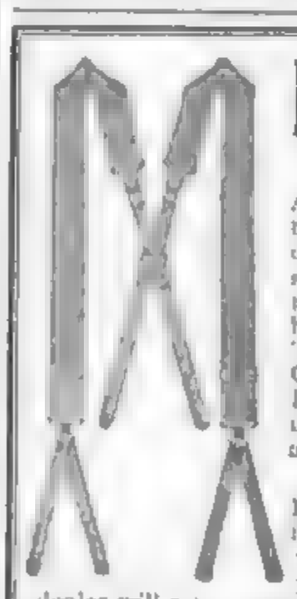
YOUR DUTY TO INVENT NOW
Material, labor and time-saving devices. Write Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Patent Lawyers, [illegible] Washington, D. C., New York, or Chicago. Booklet Free



KADY Suspenders

Adjust themselves to every movement of the body—do not strain or bind, and make the trousers hang just right. The famous Double Crown Roller of the KADY provides the utmost in comfort and style.

Get a pair of KADY SUSPENDERS [illegible] wear them for a week. If you are not satisfied, dealer will return your money.

Refuse substitutes; look for name KADY on buckles. 50 cents and 75 cents at leading dealers!

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Order today [illegible] delivery to the one you love, at
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[illegible] oatmeals, Malaga grapes in [illegible] brown roasted nuts all [illegible] velvety cream of [illegible] buckets of Dream Chocolate
Every package is doubly boxed in Smith's Safety Carriers, insured and Parcel Posted to any reachable [illegible] on receipt of $1—$2—$3—or $5
J. George Smith "Smith's on Sixth" Saint Paul, Minn. U.S.A. "Smith's on Nicollet" Minneapolis
Delivered wherever Uncle Sam goes.

Standard Motor Pep

A scientific energizer for gasoline. Saves labor, batteries, fuel and money. Gives an easy start, a quick pick-up, a smooth run, softens carbon and adds 20% to the mileage. Technically correct; fully tested; can't harm tank, line or engine; perfectly [illegible] uble and gives immediate results. [illegible] ciency on all cars and trucks fully [illegible]. A Pink Standard Motor-Pep tablet for every gallon of gas in tank gives same result as using a high test gas. [illegible] age exercises 135 gallons and is equal to 25 gallons additional gas in mileage.

The Utilities Company
311 Citizens Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Excellent Opportunity for High Grade Salesmen

Pin a dollar bill [illegible] Watch the results in your car

has been under fire as many times as the aforesaid individual something to be lost.

Those most surprised at the lack of system in Washington have been the business men.

"You'll need large quantities of platinum," said a volunteer adviser at the beginning of the war to a government official.

"But we haven't any money to buy it; Congress hasn't appropriated it," was the answer.

"But platinum will be scarce, and you had better buy it now," suggested the other.

"What can we do without money?"

"Why, I'll give you my personal check for four or five million dollars and we'll get it," suggested the civilian.

But red tape even prevented such a purchase; and only by a circuitous arrangement through private firms was the Government able to get the platinum it needed to make contact points for the ignition systems in thousands of automobile motor trucks.

What American business men have done to aid the Government in the present emergency will some day make an interesting chapter in history. They have come to the rescue at critical moments, but they have been thwarted by red tape time and again. There have been some provoking experiences. Our army officers have not been accustomed to making large contracts. They haven't the authority or the power to negotiate big deals, as a rule, and they are frequently stage-struck by the size of the business they do. As a consequence, they pore over the contracts for weeks.

Contractors, however, must be given the word to go ahead. And, of course, a verbal contract is binding to the extent that the Government cannot change its mind when once it tells a firm to go ahead and make preparations. So by the time the contract is ready either the Government has lost money through lack of foresight or there is difficulty in getting all the supplies needed because the order wasn't large enough and private interests have obtained most of the raw product. The Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense never had power to award contracts; but lately it has taken over more and more of the work of drafting them.

Yet recently, when a certain contract involving several million dollars was negotiated after much difficulty, it was discovered that a decimal point was in the wrong place and the contract had to be sent back to the War Department. The officer who received it was asked to expedite its return by making the change then and there.

"But I have no authority!" he exclaimed. "This must go through the regular channels and be reindorsed."

All that process required two weeks' time. In an institution run on modern business methods it would have been somebody's business to take that contract direct to the man with authority, who would have taken full responsibility for the change.

Hardships of Official Travel

Carrying the comparison further, if a big business house thinks enough of an employee to send him on the road and pay his expenses, it gives him certain discretionary powers. The army has thousands of young officers traveling from place to place—locating supplies, inspecting camps, reporting on sites, and doing virtually the same thing that traveling men do for commercial houses. But a commercial man is reimbursed for actual expenses. An army officer is not; and, because of this, many young men from civilian life, lately commissioned in the army, have had to dig into their own pockets to pay for expenses incurred on behalf of Uncle Sam. Some can afford it, but others cannot.

The War Department allows seven cents a mile to traveling officers. Out of this must come transportation, hotel expenses, meals, and everything else. If the journey is from Washington to New York—a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, round trip—that means thirty-one dollars and fifty cents, out of which the officer must pay, exclusive of war tax, eleven dollars and thirty cents for railroad fare and four dollars for a berth if he travels both ways on a sleeper. This leaves sixteen dollars and twenty cents for hotel expenses, sustenance, and everything else, for two or three days—or even a week.

If he is compelled to stay in New York a long time he must apply for a transfer; but in most cases such things are uncertain, and the officer interested in doing his job well pays the difference and says nothing more about it. If he is sent, say, to San Francisco, a distance of about three thousand miles, the seven-cent arrangement will help to make up the deficiencies of previous trips; but this happens rarely, because men in the Department of the East, for example, are not selected for service in distant territory unless they happen to be permanently transferred.

The controversy over the seven-cents-a-mile arrangement for army officers is almost as old as the War Department. The efficiency and economy commission, headed by the economist F. A. Cleveland and appointed by President Taft, recommended that a system of actual expenses be introduced. The War Department refused to accept the change. It was argued that it would make too much bookkeeping.

A Prophetic Report

In time of peace, of course, when army officers usually traveled from one fort to another—a long distance—and when trips on duty were not so numerous as they are to-day, the seven-cent arrangement was eminently satisfactory to the officers themselves—the War Department claimed at the time; but judging by the complaints one hears nowadays the system is far from popular.

Should a traveling officer discover, moreover, that he can make a short cut and do additional work for his department, he cannot deviate from the route outlined for him without first telegraphing to Washington. That means a long delay, as the necessary orders have to be issued and authorization must be made for additional expense. By that time the officer has had to wait in a hotel at his own expense, and he gives up all idea of trying to be economical.

He simply goes back to Washington, makes another suggestion, and either he or somebody else must travel back over the same route to the point mentioned before, and the Government pays seven cents a mile for the round trip—a cost that might have been saved had the officer originally had power to make the short cut of fifteen or twenty miles and been permitted to present a voucher of expenses on his return. But it requires the signature of the Secretary of War and red tape measuring a mile long to be reimbursed for an expense incurred without specific orders. Thus does red tape defeat economy.

And speaking of the Taft Commission on Efficiency and Economy, which spent many months diagnosing the Government's troubles in 1910, 1911 and 1912, the fact remains that, had many of the recommendations of that commission been put into effect in time of peace, our present organization would not have been so difficult to expand.

What that efficiency commission wrote in 1912 was remarkably prophetic of the situation to-day. It might have been written yesterday, a month ago—ten months ago, when the United States entered the war. It tells the story thus:

"Administrative officials have been called upon to discharge their duties without that full knowledge of the machinery under their direction which it is imperative that they should have in order to exercise effective administrative direction and control. They have not had full information as to the existing agencies, such as stations, laboratories, shops, divisions, and so on, in their own services; much less that agencies existed in other services which might be used instead of creating similar agencies in their own services. Frequently Congress has been compelled to legislate without the complete data it should have if the most advantageous action is to be had.

"Finally, the people have been without that information necessary to accurate judgment regarding the manner in which their representatives, legislative and executive, are discharging their duties. It is to the lack of this information that must be attributed, in part, the present condition of affairs, where stations, shops and other units are being maintained that perform no useful function, or none of sufficient importance to warrant the expense of their operation; where the most effective use is not being made of such services as should be maintained; where cooperation, and consequent economy, between services is a matter of chance or personal effort on the part of individuals; and where two services, performing the same or closely allied functions, are being operated independently of each other, one duplicating in an uneconomical and inefficient manner the work of the other.

"This could not be otherwise when several services have no adequate means of knowing what is being done by other services, or what plant and equipment they possess. Under such circumstances each is compelled to rely upon itself to build up its own organization and to provide itself with its own facilities, regardless of what may be in existence elsewhere. Not until adequate means are provided through which this information may be secured, and, once secured, may be kept constantly revised to date and made easily available, is it possible to treat the Government of the United States as a great whole in which, so far as practicable, unnecessary motion is avoided, duplication of plant is eliminated, and parts are integrated into one harmonious and efficient administrative mechanism. It is to render possible the achievement of this end, or at least to lay the basis for such achievement, that the preparation of this report has been undertaken."

What did Congress do about it? The report was referred, in 1912, to the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, and has been there ever since! But everything in the extract quoted applies to the situation to-day. The very things the commission recommended were bluntly admitted to have been responsible for many delays in ordnance supply when the Senate investigating committee recently cross-examined army officers.

"Frankly now, general, there is too much red tape, isn't there?" asked Senator Hitchcock.

"Yes, there is," replied General Crozier, who admitted, moreover, that his offices were located in fifteen different buildings, and that his subordinates carried on lengthy correspondence with each other daily.

Multiple indorsements and the paper system were under discussion, and senators wanted to know why the Ordnance Department hadn't gone ahead and ordered supplies without money in advance. And General Crozier said some things about not being able to make any changes without authority from men higher up. Discussion of what Congress granted in answer to repeated requests for funds from the War Department resulted, as do all such inquiries, in a running round the circle.

A Confession of Failure

It is the system, or lack of it, and not so much incompetent individuals, that has been chiefly responsible for delays. "Penny wise, pound foolish," is the maxim that best expresses it; for, though solicitude and caution in expenditures are wise, hesitation and indecision have cost the Government much in time and money many times over. And Congress, as well as the Executive branch of the Government, must share the blame for not having long ago put the government departments on a basis of efficiency so carefully outlined by commission after commission of experts especially appointed to suggest ways and means of reorganization.

One division in a department to-day doesn't know what another does. There is duplication everywhere, with antiquated methods of indexing and filing. Bureaus of the War Department still send out with every letter a carbon copy of the same, so that the recipient may inclose it with his reply—a confession that no system has been introduced for decentralization of correspondence into divisions and bureaus which can keep track of their own letters. Telegraph lines are used to excess. Things that can be sent by mail are sent by telegraph, thus clogging the wires and delaying urgent business. Messages that should be sent by wire are intrusted to dilatory mails.

Telephones are constantly "busy!" The Council of National Defense has thirty trunk lines to Central and several hundred branch telephones in the building. Calculating the number of outgoing calls, long-distance conversations and messages made necessary by the council itself, it is small wonder that a contractor, or anybody else who has important business with the council, gets "Busy" as a reply all day long. Men have tried for hours to get a telephone line to the War Department.

And if, in despair, they go to the building itself, the officers are engaged. It is harder to see some subordinate officials of the United States Government on urgent business than it is to see the President of the United States; which is saying a great deal. If you have something that simply must have the attention of the President it can be gotten to him by his secretaries. They are never too busy to talk to callers. The White House is one of the few business-like places in Washington; and yet the man at the top has more responsibility than all the other officials combined, because he must direct them and do his own work as well.

Worst of all, subordinates can't see their superior officers. In private business this might be a good thing, because it forces men to assume responsibility; but in the Government, where authorization to proceed is sharply defined by rules and regulations, it can readily be understood what chaos must result from an attempt to manage the war by peacetime methods.

Many Rules, No Authority

Lately the agitation against red tape has been renewed. It is a periodic outburst and usually amounts to a verbal denunciation, and nothing more. Mere exhortations to employees of the Government to eliminate red tape are not sufficient. The statute books are filled with provisions of law that are no small part of the whole system of red tape. Many an officer who would willingly eliminate red tape finds himself hedged about by Acts of Congress intended for times of peace, but nevertheless applicable, unless repealed, to times of war. Legal entanglements galore were encountered in getting sites for government plants; in securing title to land needed to construct camps and factories required by the military establishment.

The chief of ordnance of the army, for example, can rent an arsenal or an office anywhere in the United States out of his general funds; but he cannot do the same in the District of Columbia, except by specific appropriation of Congress. The object of this originally was to prevent more money being spent in Washington than throughout the country for branches of the Ordnance Department. It was intended as a protection for Congressmen who wanted to see all such additional buildings erected in the districts where army posts were already located. There are analogous instances of legislation that requires bureau chiefs to follow specific lines laid down by Congress.

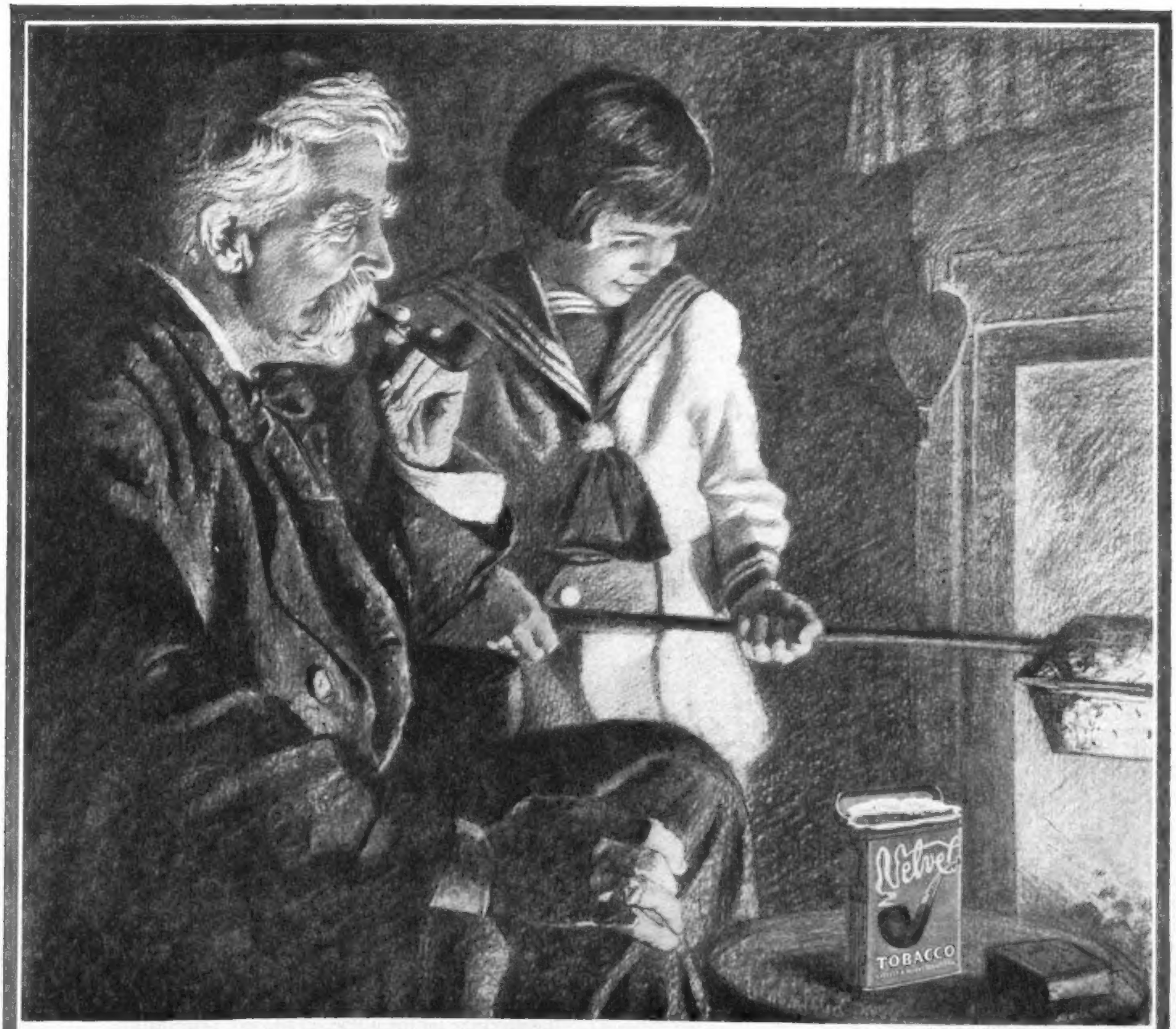
Until there is a general revision by Congress of those laws, which were intended for days of peace, but which are embarrassing obstacles to the swift prosecution of war to-day, the officers of the executive departments alone will not be able to abolish red-tape methods.

When that is done, those responsible for the management of the war must do another thing: they must delegate authority to subordinates and not surround the latter with such rules of intimidation as to make them hesitate to take responsibility. The only test of efficiency, after all, is the result obtained.

But even with these instances of inefficiency and cluttered machinery, foreign observers publicly and privately say that in ten months America has done better than England or France in the same period. It is not characteristic, however, of Americans to be satisfied merely to outdo their associates; they are not content with pleasant comparisons, but are eager to prove superiority to their true rivals—the enemy.

England and France had more red tape than America, but gradually discarded it. The United States, which has set out to beat the record of the Entente Allies, and win the war even more rapidly, should strip its governmental machine of the knots and tangles that restrict its motion.

Reconstruction days, after peace comes, will require no less efficiency than war. There's only one way, after all, to get rid of red tape—and that's to cut it.



Copyright 1918, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THAR'S hardly a man so small an' mean
That you won't find him real worth while
If you ask him a "howdye" now an' then
An' smile him a shore 'nuff smile;
An' pass him yo' Velvet neighbor-like—
Why, bless you, the man ain't born,
That friendly warmth won't make expand
Like this here poppin' corn.

He'll mellow right out with the mellowness
That long years' agein' imparts
To the Velvet that warms each cockle there is
In his innermost heart of hearts.
So let's not let any fellow we know
Live friendless an' lone an' lorn,
When a bit of warmth would bring him out
Just like this poppin' corn.

Velvet Joe.

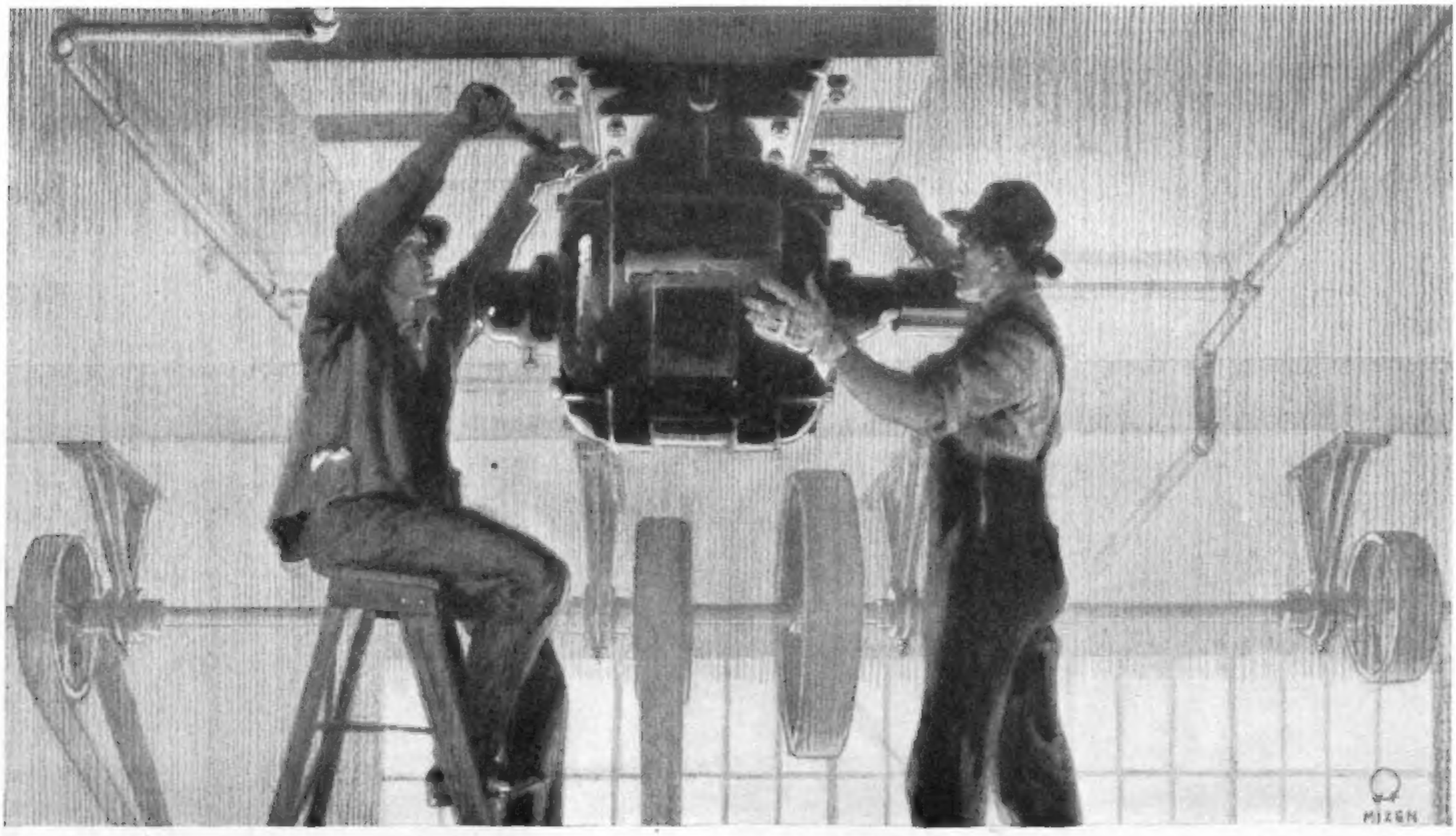
THERE'S mellowness in Velvet—a mellowness combined with flavor, smoothness, coolness and mildness.

Nature puts that mellowness into Velvet during two long years of ageing in wooden hogsheads. It's the slow way and the expensive way, but one pipeful of Velvet proves that it's right. Try Velvet today and see for yourself.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Velvet Joe's Almanac for the year 1918 is now ready. If you want a copy write to him at 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and he will mail it to you.

5c bags **10c tins** **1 lb. glass humidors**



Safeguarding Production

A machine is no better than its power—and the power is no better than the motor that delivers it. Of a host of production factors power is all important. Any shortcoming here spells disaster to production, progress and profit.

Uninterrupted power service is the imperative demand of modern industry. That is why progressive manufacturers in ever-increasing number are installing Robbins & Myers Motors. They have come to learn that the best motors mean overhead economy.

Every R & M Motor is the embodiment of the best that has developed in 21 years of fine motor building. The name is a guarantee of motor excellence just as it is an assurance of uninterrupted production.

You will find the name on motors ranging from 1-40 to 30 horsepower—motors for the factory, store, office and home.

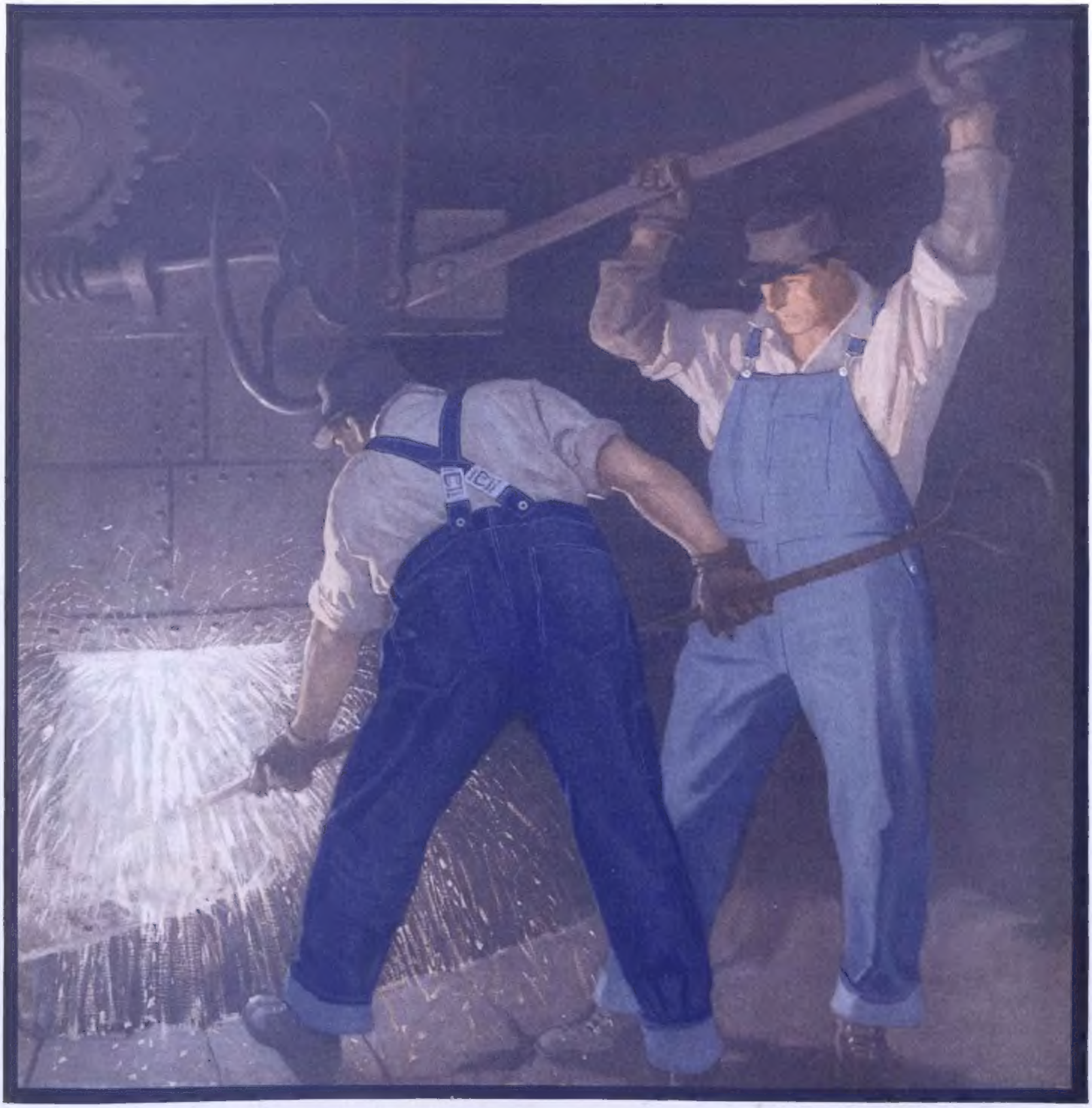
In addition to the standard designs for general power services, Robbins & Myers Motors are made in hundreds of special designs as a built-in part of electrically-driven labor saving devices for the home, office, store and factory. Leading manufacturers of these devices equip their product with R & M Motors to insure an operating performance in keeping with their own high standards of construction.

A Robbins & Myers Motor on any electrical device you buy—whether a vacuum cleaner or washing machine for the home, an addressing or mailing machine for the office, or coffee grinder or meat chopper for the store—is a sure sign of a quality-built machine.

Power users, electrical-device manufacturers and dealers find in Robbins & Myers Motors an unusual value, performance and prestige.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio
The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors



ENGINEERS, farmers, mechanics—men who do world's work of every sort—wear loose-cut, roomy guaranteed Blue Buckle OverAlls for work *comfort* and work *economy* because they are scientifically "oversize" where strain, twist or pull hits hardest! Blue Buckles give more service than is expected, *or demanded!* Every trying test proves their exceptional merit. They are unquestionably the nation's *first-of-all* economy clothes!

Men who putter around their automobiles, cellars or gardens get into Blue Buckles because they are great for saving clothes! Motorists should carry a pair of Blue Buckles in their tool boxes for road emergencies.

Merchants who have not yet had an opportunity to handle Blue Buckle Union Made OverAlls should write at once for detailed information. Kindly send jobber's name and address. Wherever shown, Blue Buckles quickly become the overall standard—*they give such fine satisfaction!* Light and dark blue denims used in the manufacture of Blue Buckle OverAlls are shown in the painting reproduced in this announcement.

Made by Jobbers OverAll Company, Lynchburg, Va., largest manufacturers of union made overalls in the world. Selling Agents: W. T. Stewart Dept., Leonard Sales Co., 64 Leonard Street, New York.

Blue Buckle OverAlls Union Made

The Fighting Man's Favorite Since History Began

THOSE who think that women alone are concerned with toilet luxury do not know how well our soldiers like Palmolive. It is the soap selected by popular vote for the Post Exchange stores at the various cantonments where the national army is training.

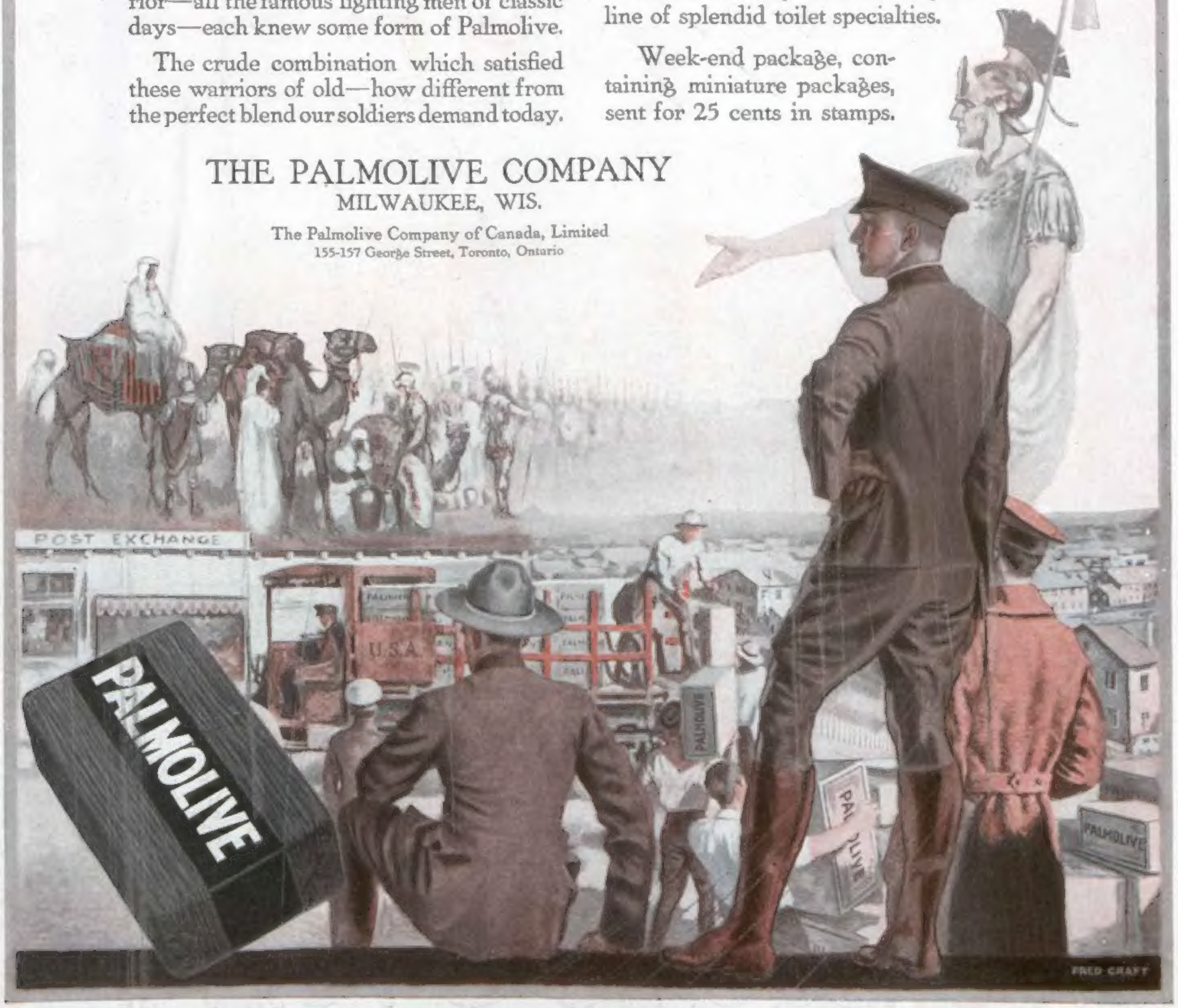
For the splendid cleansing qualities of palm and olive oils have made them popular with active men since history began. The Roman centurion—the Grecian warrior—all the famous fighting men of classic days—each knew some form of Palmolive.

The crude combination which satisfied these warriors of old—how different from the perfect blend our soldiers demand today.

Only the twentieth century has enjoyed the luxury of the fragrant, creamy cake known as PALMOLIVE.

Palmolive Soap heads a complete line of splendid toilet specialties.

Week-end package, containing miniature packages, sent for 25 cents in stamps.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ontario